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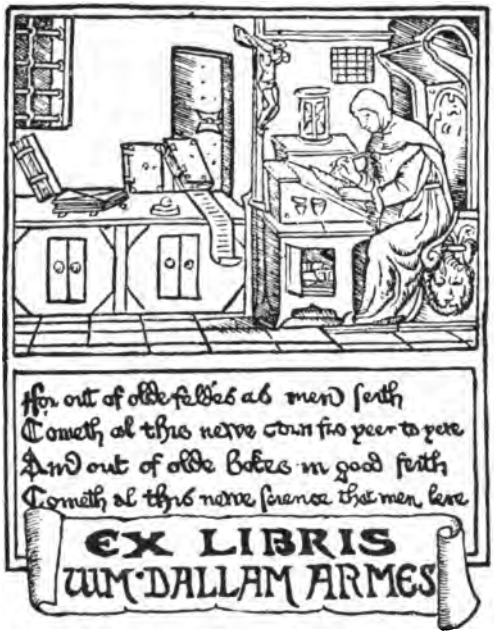

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THE INHABITANTS OF THE NETHERLANDS;

BY

B. S. NAYLER,

Teacher of

CALIGRAPHY, ELOCUTION, & STENOGRAPHY.

UNIV. OF

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TO

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PROFESSOR of JURISPRUDENCE,

AND

RECTOR MAGNIFICUS/

for the time being,

OF

LEYDEN UNIVERSITY.

Esteemed Sir,

This Volume does not, in its nature, require any Dedication; but I choose to embrace so favorable an opportunity of making known to the Public how much I have been indebted to your Countenance, in my profession; to acknowledge, with unfeigned sincerity my deep sense of the Interest you have been pleased to take in my welfare; and to tell the World, that you have given repeated proofs of my being honored with your Friendship.

The many handsome things you have said to me, and the very flattering things you have said of me — during the last two Winter Seasons — lead me to suppose, that you will not be offended at my Dedicating these sheets to One who has so disinterestedly laid obligation on obligation upon,

Your very grateful,

and most obedient Servant,

May, 1830. B. S. NAYLER.

434474

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is, however, another Lesson learned by *experience*, and may be of use hereafter; therefore, I will not repine; but endeavour to console myself with the Commendations which have already been passed upon the Selection, by several of my respected Subscribers.

Wishing you as much pleasure in the perusal, as I have had trouble in furnishing the following pages, I am,

very respectfully and gratefully,

your Servant ever,

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TO

THE GENERAL READER.

The following Pieces were printed expressly for the benefit of *the Subscribers to a Course of Lectures*, the Heads of which are inserted in the Order they were delivered, in Amsterdam and in Leyden, during the last Winter Season.

Most of the Pieces I Read before the Two Societies, which may account for their arrangement in this Volume: many of them are well written; and contain Instruction and Amusement sufficient to entitle the Volume to Public regard.

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UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

LECTURE I.

On the English Language — its Simplicity, Harmony, and Copiousness.

Shakespeare was born in 1564; and died in 1616.

On the Universality of SHAKESPEARE'S Genius.

Never, perhaps, was there so comprehensive a talent for the delineation of character as Shakespeare's. It not only grasps the diversities of rank, sex, and age, down to the dawnings of infancy; not only do the king and the beggar, the hero and the pick-pocket, the sage and the idiot, speak and act with equal truth; not only does he transport himself to distant ages and foreign nations, and portray, in the most accurate manner — with only a few apparent violations of costume — the spirit of the ancient Romans, of the French in their wars with the English, of the English themselves during a great part of their history, of the Southern-Europeans, (in the serious part of many comedies,) the Cultivated Society of that time, and the former Rude and Barbarous state of the North; his human characters have not only such depth and precision that they can be arranged under classes, and are inexhaustible even in conception: — no — this Prometheus not merely forms Men, he opens the gates of the magical world of Spirits; calls up the midnight ghost; exhibits before us witches, amidst their unhallowed mysteries; peoples the air with sportive fairies and sylphs: — and, these beings, existing only in imagination, possess such truth and consistency, that, even when deformed monsters like Caliban, he extorts the conviction, that if there should be such beings, they would so conduct themselves. In a word, as he

carries with him the most fruitful and daring fancy into the kingdom of Nature — on the other hand, he carries nature into the regions of Fancy, lying beyond the confines of reality. We are lost in astonishment at seeing the extraordinary, the wonderful, and the unheard of, in such intimate nearness.

If Shakespeare deserves our admiration for his Characters, he is equally deserving of it for his exhibition of Passion — taking this word in its widest signification, as including every mental condition, every tone, from indifference or familiar mirth, to the wildest rage and despair. He gives us the history of Minds; he lays open to us, in a single word, a whole series of preceding conditions. His passions do not at first stand displayed to us in all their height — as is the case with so many tragic poets, who, in the language of Lessing, are thorough masters of the legal style of love — he paints, in a most inimitable manner, the gradual progress, from the first origin. "He gives", as Lessing says, "a living picture of all the most minute and secret artifices by which a feeling steals into our souls; of all the imperceptible advantages which it there gains; of all the stratagems by which every other passion is made subservient to it, till it becomes the sole tyrant of our desires and our aversions." Of all Poets, perhaps, he alone has portrayed the mental diseases, Melancholy, Delirium, Lunacy, with such inexpressible, and, in every respect, definite truth, that the Physician may enrich his observations from *them*, in the same manner, as from real cases. &c.

The objection, that Shakespeare wounds our feelings by the open display of the most disgusting moral odiousness, harrows up the soul unmercifully, and tortures even our minds by the exhibition of the most insupportable and hateful spectacles, is one of considerable importance. He has never, in fact, varnished over wild and blood-thirsty passions with a pleasing exterior — never clothed crime and want of principle, with a false show of greatness of soul; and, in that respect, he is every way deserving of praise. Twice he has portrayed downright Villains; and the masterly manner in which he has contrived to elude impressions of too painful a nature, may be seen in *Iago* and *Richard III.* The constant reference to a petty and puny race, must cripple the boldness of the poet. Fortunately, for his art, Shakespeare lived in an age extremely susceptible of noble and

tender impressions; but which had still enough of the firmness inherited from a vigorous olden-time not to shrink back with dismay from every strong and violent picture. We have lived to see tragedies of which the catastrophe consists in the Swoon of an enamored princess! If Shakespeare falls occasionally into the opposite extreme, it is a noble error, originating in the fulness of a gigantic strength; and yet this tragical Titan, who storms the heavens, and threatens to tear the world from off its hinges; who, more fruitful than Eschylus, makes our hair stand on end, and congeals our blood with horror, possessed, at the same time, the insinuating loveliness of the sweetest poetry. He plays with Love like a child; and his Songs are breathed out like melting sighs. He unites, in his genius, the utmost elevation and the utmost depth; and the most foreign, and even apparently irreconcileable properties, subsist in him peaceably together. The world of Spirits and Nature have laid all their treasures at his feet. In strength a demi-god, in profundity of view a prophet, in all-seeing wisdom a protecting spirit of a higher order, he lowers himself to mortals, as if unconscious of his superiority, and is as open and unassuming as a child.

Shakespeare's Comic talent is equally wonderful with that which he has shown in the pathetic and tragic; it stands on an equal elevation, and possesses equal extent and profundity. So little is he disposed to Caricature, that we may rather say many of his traits are almost too nice and delicate for the Stage; that they can be properly seized by a *great actor*, and fully understood by a *very acute* audience *only*, &c. SCHLEGEL.

A. W. Schlegel b. 1767; d. ——.

Milton b. 1608; d. 1674.

Milton's chief talent, and indeed his distinguishing excellence, lies in the Sublimity of his thoughts. There are others of the Moderns who rival him in every other part of poetry, but in the greatness of his sentiments he triumphs over all the poets, both modern and ancient, Homer only excepted. It is impossible for the imagination of Man to distend itself with greater ideas, than those which he has laid together, in his I, II, and IV Books.

The opening of his Speech to the Sun is very bold and noble — "O thou that with surpassing glory crowned", &c This Speech is, I think, the finest that is ascribed to Satan in the whole poem.

ADDISON.

Milton's literature was unquestionably great. He read all the languages which are considered either as learned or polite; Hebrew with its two dialects, Greek, Latin, Italian, French, and Spanish. In Latin his skill was such as places him in the first rank of Writers and Critics; and he appears to have cultivated Italian with uncommon diligence.

Before the greatness displayed in Milton's poem, all other greatness shrinks away. The *weakest* of his agents are the *highest* and *noblest* of human beings, the original parents of mankind.

The heat of Milton's mind may be said to sublimate his learning; to throw off into his work the spirit of science, unmingled with its grosser parts.

He had considered Creation in its whole extent, and his descriptions are therefore learned. He had accustomed his imagination to unre trained indulgence, and his conceptions therefore were extensive. The characteristic quality of his poem is Sublimity. He sometimes *descends to the Elegant*, but his element is the Great. He can occasionally invest himself with grace; but his natural port is gigantic loftiness. He can please when pleasure is required; but it is his peculiar power to astonish.

His great works were performed under discountenance and in blindness; but difficulties vanished at his touch; he was born for whatever is arduous; and his work is not the greatest of heroic poems, only because it is not the first.

JOHNSON.

SATAN'S Soliloquy.

O Thou that, with surpassing glory crowned,
Lookest from thy sole dominion, like the God
Of this New-world; at whose sight all the stars
Hide their diminished heads; to thee I call —
But with no friendly voice, and add thy name,
O Sun! to tell thee how I hate thy beams,
That bring to my remembrance from what state
I fell — How glorious once above thy sphere!
Till pride — and worse — ambition! threw me down,
Warring in heaven against heaven's matchless King.
Ah, wherefore! he deserved no such return
From me, whom he created what I was
In that bright eminence — and with his good
Upbraided (*a*) none: nor was his service hard. —
What could be less than to afford him praise,
The easiest recompense; and pay him thanks,
How due! yet all his good proved ill in me,
And wrought but malice; lifted up so high
I 'sdained (*b*) subjection, and thought one step higher
Would set me highest, and in a moment quit (*c*)
The debt immense of endless gratitude —

(*a*) Upbraided, *voorwerpen*, *in den zin van verwyten.*
(*b*) 'Sdained, an unallowable abreviation of *disdained.*
(*c*) Quit, *get rid of*, *annul* — afdoen.

So burdensome, still paying, still to owe;
Forgetful what from him I still received;
And understood not that a grateful mind,
By owing, owes not, but still pays; at once
Indebted and discharged: what burden then!
O had his powerful destiny ordained
Me some inferior angel! I had stood
Then happy; no unbounded hope had raised
Ambition. Yet why not? some other power,
As great, might have aspired, and me, though mean,
Drawn to his part — but other powers as great
Fell not, but stand unshaken, from within
Or from without, to all temptations armed.
Hadst thou (*a*) the same free-will and power to stand?
Thou hadst. Whom hast thou then, or what to accuse,
But Heaven's free love, dealt equally to all.
Be then his Love accursed! since love or hate —
To me alike — it deals eternal woe.
Nay, cursed be thou! (*a*) since against his thy will
Chose freely what it now so justly rues.
Me miserable! which way shall I flee
Infinite wrath, and infinite despair!
Which way I flee is hell; myself am hell;
And in the lowest deep; a lower deep
Still threatening to devour me, opens wide —
To which the hell I suffer seems a heaven.
O then at last Relent —— Is there no place
Left for repentance, none for pardon left?
None left — but by Submission! and that word
Disdain forbids me, and my dread of shame
Among the spirits beneath, whom I seduced
With other promises and other vaunts,
Than to submit — boasting I could subdue
The Omnipotent. Ah me! they little know
How dearly I abide (*b*) that boast, so vain —
Under what torments inwardly I groan,
While they adore me on the throne of hell:
With diadem and sceptre high advanced,
The lower still I fall — only supreme
In misery —— Such joy Ambition finds!
But say (*c*) I could repent, and could obtain,
By act of grace, my former state; how soon
Would height recal high thoughts? how soon unsay (*d*)

(*a*) Satan is here addressing himself.
(*b*) Abide, *bear*, or *support* the consequences of it.
(*c*) Say, *Suppose*, *take for granted*.
(*d*) Unsay, *recal*, *retract*, *recant*, *deny*.

What faint submission swore? Ease would recant
Vows made in pain, as violent and void;
For never can true Reconcilement grow
Where wounds of deadly hate have pierced so deep:
Which would but lead me to a worse relapse,
And heavier fall: so should I purchase dear
Short intermission, bought with double smart.
This knows my Punisher — therefore, as far
From granting He, as I from begging peace:
All hope excluded thus — behold instead
Of us outcast, exiled, his new delight,
Mankind created, and for him this world.
So farewel Hope, and with hope, farewel Fear —
Farewel Remorse — all good, to me, is lost;
Evil, be thou my good! by thee, at least
Divided empire with heaven's King I hold—
And more than Half perhaps will reign;
As Man, ere long, and this New-world, shall know.

MILTON's *Paradise Lost*, Book IV.

Sterne b. 1713; d. 1768.

An Account of Sterne, by Sir W. Scott, may be found among the Pieces after VIII Lecture.

The Starling;
with some Reflections on
Liberty and Slavery.

— As for the Bastile — the terror is in the word —— Make the most of it you can, said I to myself, the Bastile is but another word for a Tower — and a Tower is but another word for a House you can't get out of —— (Mercy on the Gouty for they are in it twice a year!) but with Nine Livres a day, and pen and ink, and paper and patience, albeit a man can't get out, he may do very well within — at least for a month, or six-weeks; at the end of which, if he is a harmless fellow, his innocence appears, and he comes out a better and wiser man than he went in.

I had some occasion (I forget what) to step into the court-yard, as I settled this account; and remember I walked down stairs in no small triumph with the conceit of my reasoning. Beshrew the sombre pencil! said I, vauntingly — for I envy not its powers, which paints the evils of life with so hard and deadly a coloring. The mind sits terrified at the objects she herself has magnified and blackened: reduce them to their proper size and hue, she overlooks them. 'Tis true, said I, correcting the proposition — the Bastile is not an evil to be despised —— but, strip it of its towers — fill up the fosse — unbarricade the doors — call it simply a confinement, and suppose 'tis some tyrant of a distemper, and not of a man, which holds you in it — the evil vanishes, and you bear the other half without complaint.

I was interrupted in the heydey of this Soliloquy by a voice which I took to be that of a Child, which complained *it could not get out.* —— I looked up and down the passage, and seeing neither man, woman, nor child, I went out without further attention.

On my return back through the passage, I heard the same words repeated twice over; and looking up, I saw it was a Starling, which was hung in a little cage —— "I can't get out — I can't get out!" said the Starling.

I stood looking at the Bird — and to every one who came through the passage, it rushed flutteringly to the side towards which they approached it, uttering the same lamentations of its captivity — "I can't get out!" said the Starling —— God help thee! said I, but I will let thee out, cost what it may; so I turned about the cage to get at the door; it was twisted and doubly twisted so fast with wire, there was no getting it open, without pulling the cage to pieces — I took both hands to it: the Bird flew to the place where I was attempting its deliverance, and thrusting its head through the trellis, pressed its breast against it, as if impatient. — I fear, poor creature! said I, I cannot set thee at liberty — "No!" said the Starling — "I can't get out! I can't get out!"

I vow I never had my affections so tenderly awakened; nor do I remember any incident in my life, where the dissipated spirits, to which my reason had been a bubble, were so suddenly called home. Mechanical as the notes were, yet so true in tune to Nature were they chanted, that in one moment they overthrew all my systematic reasonings upon the Bastile; and I heavily walked up stairs,

unsaying every word I had said in going down them.

Disguise thyself as thou wilt, still, Slavery! said I — still thou art a bitter draught! and though thousands, in all ages, have been made to drink of thee, thou art no less bitter on that account. 'Tis thou, thrice sweet and gracious goddess — addressing myself to Liberty, whom all in public and in private worship — whose taste is grateful, and ever will be so, till Nature herself shall change — no tint of words can spot thy snowy mantle, nor chymic power turn thy sceptre into iron —— with thee to smile upon him as he eats his crust, the swain is happier than his monarch, from whose court thou art exiled! — Gracious Heaven! — cried I, kneeling down upon the last step but one in my ascent — grant me but health, thou Great Bestower of it, and give me but this fair goddess as my companion — and shower down thy mitres, if it seem good unto thy Divine Providence, upon those heads which are aching for them!

The Bird in its cage pursued me into my room — I sat down close by my table, and leaning my head upon my hand, I began to figure to myself the miseries of confinement; I was in a right frame for it, and so I gave full scope to my imagination.

I was going to begin with the millions of my fellow creatures, born to no other inheritance than Slavery; but finding, however affecting the picture was, that I could not bring it near me, and that the multitude of sad groups in it did but distract me — I took a single captive; and having first shut him up in his dungeon, I then looked through the twilight of his grated door, to take his picture.

I beheld his body half wasted away, with long expectation and confinement; and felt what kind of sickness of the heart it was, which arises from hope deferred. Upon looking nearer, I saw him pale and feverish; in thirty years the western breeze had not once fanned his blood — he had seen no sun, no moon, in all that time — nor had the voice of friend, nor kinsman, breathed through his lattice — his children —— but here my heart began to bleed — and I was forced to go on with another part of the portrait.

He was sitting upon the ground, upon a little straw, in the farthest corner of his dungeon, which was, alternately, his chair and bed; a little calendar of small sticks was laid at the head, notched all over with the dismal days and nights he had passed there — he had one of

these little sticks in his hand, and, with a rusty nail, he was etching another day of misery to add to the heap. As I darkened the little light he had, he lifted up a hopeless eye toward the door —— then — cast it down — shook his head — and went on with his work of affliction. I heard his chains upon his legs, as he turned his body to lay his little stick upon the bundle —— He gave a deep sigh — I saw the iron enter into his soul —— I burst into tears — I could not sustain the picture of confinement which my fancy had drawn.

STERNE's *Sentimental Journey.*

Pope b. 1688; d. 1744.

See Dryden and Pope compared, by Johnson, after VI Lecture.

The Dying Christian, to his Soul.

Vital spark of heavenly flame!
Quit, oh quit this mortal frame!
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying —
Oh the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into Life.

Hark! they whisper — angels say,
'Sister spirit, come away!'
What is this absorbs me quite —
Steals my senses — shuts my sight —
Drowns my spirits — draws my breath —
Tell me, my soul, can this be Death?

The world recedes — it disappears —
Heaven opens on my eyes — my ears
With sounds seraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings — I mount! I fly!
O grave, where is thy Victory!
O Death, where is thy Sting!

In one of POPE's Letters *to Steele.*

Johnson b. 1709; d. 1784.

See Article *Johnson* after V Lecture.

When Johnson's Dictionary was on the eve of publication Chesterfield furnished *The World* (a periodical work) with two Essays;

dated Nov. 28, and Dec. 5, 1754; not so much to prepare the public for the appearance of so great and important a work, as tacitly to solicit a Dedication of the Dictionary to himself; which apparent civility, Johnson treated with merited disdain; and said, "I have sailed a long and painful voyage round the world of the English Language — and does he now send out two Cock-boats to tow me into harbour?" Johnson was not to be caught with the lure thrown out by his Lordship; he remembered with indignation, that he had in vain sought Chesterfield's patronage; that he had dedicated the Plan of his Dictionary to him, in the year 1747, and that he had been neglected by that nobleman during the Compilation of his great and masterly work — a lasting monument of labor and learning; partaking of the fallabilities of human nature, but unrivalled in the annals of literary productions. Chesterfield's Essays seemed to call for some acknowledgement, and the following Letter was penned in consequence: it is Johnson "all over."

To the Right Honorable — Feb: 1755.

The Earl of Chesterfield.

My Lord,

I have been lately informed, by the proprietors of *the World*, that two Papers, in which my Dictionary is recommended to the public, were written by your Lordship. To be so distinguished is an honor which, being very little accustomed to favors from the great, I know not well how to receive, or in what terms to acknowledge.

When, upon some slight encouragement, I first visited your Lordship, I was overpowered, like the rest of mankind, by the enchantment of your address; and could not forbear to wish, that I might boast myself *le vainqueur du vainqueur de la terre*; that I might obtain that regard for which I saw the world contending. But I found my attendance so little encouraged, that neither pride nor modesty would suffer me to continue it. When I had once addressed your Lordship in public, I had exhausted all the art of pleasing, which a retired and uncourtly scholar can possess. I had done all that I could; and no man is well pleased to have his all neglected, be it ever so little.

Seven years, my Lord, have now passed, since I waited in your outward room, or was repulsed from your door; during which time I have been pushing on my work through difficulties, of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it, at last, to the verge of publication, without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favor. Such treatment I did not expect — for I never had a Patron before.

The Shepherd in Virgil grew acquainted with Love, and found him a native of the rocks.

Is not a Patron, my Lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for Life in the water, and when he has reached ground, encumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labors, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary, and cannot impart it; till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity not to confess obligations where no benefit has been received; or to be unwilling that the public should considder me as owing that to a Patron, which Providence has enabled me to do for myself.

Having carried on my work thus far with so little obligation to any favorer of learning, I shall not be disappointed, though I should conclude it — if less be possible — with less; for I have been long wakened from that dream of hope, in which I once boasted myself with so much exultation,

My Lord,
Your Lordship's most humble
and most obedient servant,
SAMUEL JOHNSON.

Byron b. 1788; d. 1824.

See Byron and Scott contrasted, by Hazlitt, after IV Lecture.

An Address to the Ocean.

CLXXIX.

Roll on, Thou deep and dark blue Ocean — roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over Thee in vain;
Man marks the Earth with ruin — his control
Stops with the shore; upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all Thy deed; nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into Thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknelled, (*a*) uncoffined, and unknown.

(*a*) Unknelled, *zonder doodklok gelui.*

CLXXX.

His steps are not upon Thy paths — Thy fields
Are not a spoil for him — Thou dost arise
And shake him from Thee; the vile strength he wields
For Earth's destruction Thou dost all despise,
Spurning him from Thy bosom to the skies,
And send'st him, shivering, in Thy playful spray,
And howling, to his gods, where haply lies
His petty hope in some near port or bay,
And dashest him again to earth — there let him lay!

CLXXXI.

The armaments which thunder-strike the walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
And monarchs tremble in their capitals,
The oak-leviathans, whose huge ribs make
Their clay-creator the vain title take
Of *Lord of Thee*, and arbiter of war —
These are Thy toys; and, as the snowy flake,
They melt into Thy yest of waves, which mar
Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar. (*a*)

CLXXXII.

Thy shores are empires — changed in all, save Thee —
Assyria, Greece, Rome; Carthage, what are they!
Thy waters wasted them while they were free,
And many a tyrant since! their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts: not so Thou —
Unchangeable! save to Thy wild waves play —
Time writes no wrinkle on Thy azure brow;
Such as creation's dawn beheld, Thou rollest now.

CLXXXIII.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time —
Calm, or convulsed; in breeze, or gale, or storm;
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark-heaving — boundless, endless, and sublime —

(*a*) The Spanish Armada became a prey to the Seas on two different occasions, in 1588; and the Prizes of Trafalgar were scattered by the Winds, through Admiral Collingwood's neglecting Lord Nelson's orders — to bring the Fleet to anchor, in 1805. *Trafalgar* is here accented contrary to good usage; Canning has preserved the proper accent in —

O price, his conquering Country grived to pay —
O dear-bought glories of Trafalgar's day!
Ulm and Trafalgar.

The image of Eternity — the throne
Of the Invisible! even from out Thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
Obeys Thee; Thou goest forth — dread, fathomless, alone!

CLXXXIV.

And I have loved Thee, Ocean! and my joy
Of youthful sports, was, on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward: from a boy
I wantoned with thy breakers; they, to me,
Were a delight; and if the freshening Sea
Made them a terror, 'twas a pleasing fear;
For I was, as it were, a Child of Thee,
And trusted to thy billows, far and near,
And laid my hand upon Thy mane — as I do here.

BYRON's *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, Canto IV.

Francis Bacon b. 1561; d. 1626.

Human intellect seems divided into two great classes — a talent for discovery, and a talent for the acquisition of knowledge. In the latter class instances are to be found, within the observation of most persons, where elastic powers of the mind have exceeded all belief; so much so, as in some cases to have procured for them the appellation of "walking Encyclopedias." But a talent for discovery, which in order of intellect ranks the highest, is of a different kind; for we seldom see any great proficiency made in any one department of discovery, but by men wholly absorbed in that pursuit, and almost totally unacquainted with the other fields of science. If occasionally these two talents be combined, Nature seems to ordain such instances rather to excite humility than emulation; and, on examination, it will appear, that he who imitates an Aristotle, or a Bacon, in the intellectual, or a Cyrus, or an Alexander, in the political world, generally suffers disappointment in the individual, and brings destruction upon his species.

MS.

If Parts allure thee, think how Bacon shined —
The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind.

POPE's *Essay on Man.*

On Study and Books.

Studies serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight, is in privateness, and retiring; for ornament, is in discourse; and for ability, is

in the judgement and disposition of business: for expert men can execute, and perhaps judge of particulars one by one; but the general counsels, and the plots and marshalling of affairs, come best from those who are learned. To spend too much time in Studies is sloth; to use them too much for ornament is affectation; to make judgement wholly by their rules is the humor of a scholar. They perfect nature, and are perfected by experience; for natural abilities are like natural plants, that need pruning by Study; and Studies themselves do give forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded in by experience. Crafty men contemn Studies, simple men admire, and wise men use them; for they teach not their own use; but that is a wisdom without them, and above them, won by observation. Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider. Some Books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested: that is, some Books are to be read only in parts; others to be read, but not curiously; and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention. Some Books also may be read by deputy, and extracts made of them by others; but that would be only in the less important arguments, and the meaner sort of books; else distilled Books are like common distilled waters, flashy things. Reading maketh a full man; Conference a ready man; and Writing an exact man: and, therefore, if a man write little, he had need have a great memory; if he confer little, he had need have a present wit; and if he read little, he had need have much cunning, to seem to know that he doth not. Histories make men wise, Poets witty, the Mathematics subtle; Natural-philosophy deep; Moral grave; Logic and Rhetoric able to contend; "*Abeunt studia in mores*"; nay, their is no stand or impediment in the Wit, but may be wrought out by fit Studies — like as diseases of the Body may have appropriate exercises; Bowling is good for the stone and reins; Shooting for the lungs and breast; gentle Walking for the stomach; Riding for the head; and the like — so, if a man's Wits be wandering, let him study the Mathematics; for in demonstrations, if his wit be called away never so little, he must begin again; if his Wit be not apt to distinguish or find differences, let him study the Schoolmen; if he be not apt to beat over matters, and to call upon one thing to prove and illustrate another, let him

study the Lawyer's cases; so, every defect of the mind may have a special Receipt.

BACON.

Note. I have given this Piece as a specimen of Bacon's style — concise, comprehensive, deep, and now obsolete. Many of the words are signs of other ideas than such as we attach to them in the present day; and explanatory notes would occupy more space than the Piece itself; therefore, I leave it as it is.

Byrom b. 1691; d. 1763.

There is a manly and nervous style employed in all Byrom's serious writings, which distinguishes them as the works of one who was capable of executing high designs.

JAMES NICHOLS.

His invention was fertile, his allusions happy, his imagery just; and in no part of his poetry does there appear a defect, except in the finishing. Each piece may be considered as a kind of rapid *impromptu* that never afterwards had one moment of polishing bestowed on it — with the exception of but *thirteen* pieces, in the two volumes of his poetry.

Life of Byrom.

St. PHILIP NERI and a Student.

Seek ye first the Kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you. *Mat.* VI. 33.

Saint Philip Neri, as old readings say,
Met a young Stranger in Rome's streets one day;
And being ever courteously inclined
To give young folks a sober turn of mind,
He fell into discourse with him; and, thus,
The dialogue they held comes down to us ——
" Tell me, what brings you, gentle youth, to Rome?"
' *To make myself a Scholar*, (*a*) *Sir, I come.*'
" And when you are one, what do you intend?"
' *To be a Priest, I hope, Sir, in the end.*'
" Suppose it so — what have you next in view?"
' *That I may get to be a Canon too.*'
" Well — and how then?" ' *Why then, for aught I know,*
I may be made a Bishop!' " Be it so —
What then?" ' *Why, Cardinal's a high degree* —
And yet, my lot it possibly may be!
" Well, if it should, what then?" ' *Why, who can say*
But I've a chance of being Pope one day!'

(*a*) Scholar; *geleerde.*

"Well, having worn the Mitre, the Red-hat,
And Triple-crown, what follows after that?"
'*Nay, there is nothing further, to be sure,*
Upon this earth that wishing would procure:
When I've enjoyed a dignity so high,
As long as God shall please, then — I must Die!
"What! *must* you die, fond youth! and at the best
But *wish*, and *hope*, and *may be* all the rest?
Take my advice — whatever may betide,
For that which *must* be first of all provide;
Then think of that which *may* be: and, indeed,
When well prepared, who knows, what may succeed?
You yet *may* be, as you are pleased to Hope,
Priest, Canon, Bishop, Cardinal, and Pope."

BYROM.

Chatham b. 1708; d. 1778.

Note. In July 1766, *Mr. Pitt* was created *Earl of Chatham*, and entered the House of Peers: the following Speech is addressed to the *Speaker of the House of Commons* — "Sir" — before *Pitt* became *Chatham;* but I attach the name of *Chatham* to all the Extracts from this Speaker, that the reader may not attribute those of the Father, *Lord Chatham*, to his Son, the *Right Hon. Wm. Pitt.*

On a Charge brought against certain Members of the House, as Sowers of Sedition in America.

Sir,

A Charge is brought against certain gentlemen sitting in this House, for giving birth to Sedition in America. The freedom with which they have spoken their sentiments against this unhappy act, is imputed to them as a crime; but the imputation shall not discourage me. It is a liberty which I hope no gentleman will be afraid to exercise: it is a liberty by which the gentleman who calumniates it, might have profited. He ought to have desisted from his project. We are told America is obstinate! America is almost in open rebellion. Sir, I rejoice that America has resisted — three millions of people so dead to all the feelings of liberty as voluntarily to submit to be slaves, would have been fit instruments to have made slaves of all the rest. I came not here, Sir, armed at all

points with law cases and acts of parliament; with the statute book folded down in dogs' ears to defend the cause of liberty; but for the defence of liberty upon a general Constitutional principle: it is a ground upon which I dare meet any man. I will not debate points of law; but what, after all, do the cases of Chester and Durham prove, but that, under the most arbitrary reigns, Parliament were ashamed of Taxing a people without their consent, and allowed them representatives? A higher and better example might have been taken from Wales; that Principality was never taxed by parliament till it was incorporated with England. We are told, Sir, of many classes of persons in this kingdom not Represented in parliament; but are they not all virtually represented as Englishmen resident within the realm? Have they not the option, many of them at least, of becoming themselves Electors? Every inhabitant of this Kingdom is necessarily included in the general system of representation. It is a misfortune that more are not actually represented. The honorable gentleman boasts of his bounties to America — are not these bounties intended finally for the benefit of this Kingdom? If they are not, he has misapplied the national Treasures. I am no courtier of America. I maintain that parliament has a right to bind, to restrain America. Our legislative power over the colonies is sovereign and supreme. The honorable gentleman tells us, he understands not the difference between Internal and External taxation — but surely there is a plain difference between taxes levied for the purpose of raising a Revenue, and duties imposed for the regulation of Commerce. *When*, said the honorable gentleman, *were the Colonies emancipated? At what time*, say I in answer, *were they made Slaves?* I speak from accurate knowledge, when I say, that the profits to Great-Britain, from the trade of the Colonies, through all its branches, is Two millions per Annum! This is the fund which carried you triumphantly through the last war; this is the price America pays you for her protection: and shall a miserable Financier come down with a boast that he can fetch a Pepper-corn into the Exchequer, at the loss of Millions to the nation? I know the valor of your troops; I know the skill of your officers; I know the force of this coutry; but in such a cause, your success would be hazardous. America if she fell, would fall like the strong man — she would embrace the Pillars of the state, and pull down the Constitution with her! Is this your boasted peace — not to sheathe

the sword in the scabbard, but to sheathe it in the bowels of your Countrymen? The Americans, Sir, have been wronged; they have been driven to madness by injustice. Will you punish them for the madness you have occasioned? No, No; let this country be the first to resume its prudence and temper — I will pledge myself for the Colonies, that, on their part, animosity and resentment will cease. Let Affection be the only bond of Coercion. The system of policy, I would earnestly exhort Great Britain to adopt, in relation to America, is happily expressed in the words of a favorite poet —

Be to her faults a little blind,
Be to her virtues very kind;
Let all her ways be unconfined,
And clap your padlock on her mind. PRIOR.

Upon the whole, I will beg leave to tell the House in a few words what is really my opinion — it is, that the Stamp-Act be repealed *absolutely* — *totally* — and *immediately*. CHATHAM.

What needs my SHAKESPEARE, for his honored bones,
The labor of an age in piled stones?
Or that his hallowed relics should be hid
Under a starry-pointing pyramid?
Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,
What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name?
Thou in our wonder and astonishment
Hast built thyself a live-long monument;
Thou, so sepulchered, in such pomp dost lie,
That Kings for such a Tomb would wish to die.
MILTON. *Written in* 1630.

ANTONY'S Oration,

Over the Dead Body of CESAR.

Friends, Romans, Countrymen, lend me your ears;
I come to bury Cesar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do, lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones;
So let it be with Cesar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you, Cesar was ambitious:
If it were so, it was a grievous (*a*) fault;
And grievously (*b*) hath Cesar answered it!
Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest —
For Brutus is an honorable man;
So are they all, all honorable men —

(*a*) grievous, *onverdragelyk*, *hatelyk*.
(*b*) grievously, *duur*.

Come I to speak at Cesar's funeral.
He was my Friend, faithful and just to me —
But Brutus says, he was Ambitious;
And Brutus is an honorable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this, in Cesar, seem Ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Cesar hath wept:
Ambition should be made of sterner (*a*) stuff —
Yet, Brutus says, he was Ambitious;
And Brutus is an honorable man.
You all did see, that, on the Lupercal,
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse; was this Ambitious?
Yet, Brutus says, he was Ambitious;
And, sure, He is an honorable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once — not without cause, (*b*)
What cause (*c*) withholds you then to mourn for him?
O Judgement! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men — have lost their reason! — Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there, with Cesar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

(Here the Citizens converse, on the Injustice done to Cesar.)

But Yesterday, the word of Cesar might
Have stood against the world; now lies he there,
And none so poor (*d*) to do him reverence. (*e*)
O masters! if I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honorable men:
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,
Than I will wrong such honorable men.
But here's a Parchment, with the seal of Cesar —
I found it in his closet — 'tis his Will;
Let but the Commons (*f*) hear this Testament —
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to Read —
And they would crowd to Kiss dead Cesar's wounds,
And dip their napkins (*g*) in his sacred blood;

(*a*) Sterner, *onmededoogender.* (*b*) Cause, *oorzaak.*
(*c*) Cause, *beweegreden.* (*d*) Poor, *gering.*
(*e*) Reverence, *eerbetooning.* (*f*) Commons, *volk.*
(*g*) Napkins, *zakdoeken.*

Yea, beg a hair of him for memory, (*a*)
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
Unto their issue.

(Here they wish Antony to read the Will.)

Have patience, gentle friends, I must not Read it;
It is not meet (*b*) you know how Cesar loved you:
You are not wood, you are not stones, but Men —
And being Men, hearing the Will of Cesar,
It will inflame you! it will make you mad!
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;
For, if you should, O, what would come of it!

(Here they call for the Will.)

Will you be patient? will you stay awhile?
I have o'ershot myself, (*c*) to tell you of it.
I fear, I wrong the honorable men,
Whose daggers have stabbed Cesar — I do fear it.

(Here they clamor for the Will.)

You will compel me then to Read the Will —
Then make a ring about the Corpse of Cesar,
And let me show you Him that made the Will.
Shall I descend? And will you give me leave?

(Here Antony descends from the Rostrum, and stands by the Corpse of Cesar.)

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this Mantle: I remember
The first time ever Cesar put it on;
'Twas on a Summer's evening, in his tent —
That day he overcame the Nervii.
Look, in this place, ran Cassius's dagger through;
See, what a rent the envious Casca made;
Through this, the well-beloved Brutus stabbed —
And, as he plucked his cursed steel away,
Mark, how the blood of Cesar followed it —
As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
If Brutus so unkindly knocked, or no —
For Brutus, as you know, was Cesar's angel:
Judge, O ye Gods, how dearly Cesar loved him!
This was the most unkindest cut of all:
For when the noble Cesar saw Him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquished him: then burst his mighty heart!

(*a*) Memory, *gedachtenis.* (*b*) Meet, *geschikt.*
(*c*) I have o'ershot myself, *ik ben te ver gegaan.*

And, in his mantle, muffling up his face —
Even at the base of Pompey's statue —
Which all the while ran blood, great Cesar fell!
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and You, and All of us, fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourished over us.
O, now you weep, and, I perceive, you feel
The dint (*a*) of pity: these are gracious drops. (*b*)
Kind souls, what, weep you, when you but behold
Our Cesar's Vesture wounded? Look you here,

(Here Antony exposes the Body.)

Here is Himself — marred — (*c*) as you see, by Traitors!

(Here they bellow for Revenge.)

Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny:
They, that have done this deed, are honorable;
What private griefs they have, alas! I know not,
That made them do it; they are wise and honorable,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts;
I am no Orator, as Brutus is:
But, as you know me all, a plain, blunt man
That loves my friend; and that they know full (*d*) well
Who gave me public leave to speak of him —
For I have neither writ (*e*), nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood; I only speak right on;
I tell you that, which you yourselves do know;
Show you sweet Cesar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me: but were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony — there were an Antony
Would ruffle (*f*) up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cesar, that should move
The Stones of Rome to rise and mutiny!

SHAKESPEARE'S *Julius Cesar*, Act. III.

(*a*) Dint, *kracht*. (*b*) Gracious drops, *beminnelyke tranen*.
(*c*) Marred, *mishandeld*, *opgereten*. (*d*) Full, *zeer*.
(*e*) Writ, *schrift*.
(*f*) Ruffle, is *opwinden*, *ontvlammen*, *opbruischen*, &c. but none of these words express *ruffle*.

LECTURE II.

An Historical account of the English Language, down to the Age of Elizabeth.

FIELDING and SMOLLETT,

Compared.

In leaving Smollett's personal for his literary character, it is impossible not to consider the latter as contrasted with that of his eminent contemporary Fielding. It is true, that such comparisons, though recommended by the example of Plutarch, are not in general the best mode of estimating individual merit. But in the present case, the history, accomplishments, talents, pursuits, and, unfortunately, the fates of these two great authors, are so closely allied, that it is scarcely possible to name the one without exciting recollections of the other. Fielding and Smollett were both born in the highest rank of society, both educated to learned professions, yet both obliged to follow miscellaneous literature as the means of subsistence. Both were confined, during their lives, by the narrowness of their circumstances, both united a humorous cynicism with generosity and good nature, both died of the diseases incident to a sedantary life, and to literary labor, and both drew their last breath in a foreign land, * to which they retreated under the adverse circumstances of a decayed constitution, and an exhausted fortune.

Their studies were no less similar than their lives. They both wrote for the Stage, and neither of them succesfully. They both meddled in Politics; they both wrote Travels, in which they showed that their good humor was wasted under the sufferings of their disease; and, to conclude, they were both so eminently successful as Novelists, that no other English author, of that class, has

* Fielding died, in his 48th year, in October 1754, at Lisbon; Smollett died at Leghorn, in October 1771, in his 42nd year.

a right to be mentioned in the same breath with Fielding and Smollett.

If we compare the works of these two great masters yet more closely, we may assign to Fielding, with little hesitation, the praise of a higher and a purer taste than was shown by his rival; more elegance of composition and expression; a nearer approach to the grave irony of Swift and Cervantes; a great deal more address or felicity in the conduct of his story; and, finally, a power of describing amiable and virtuous characters, and of placing before us heroes, and especially heroines, of a much higher as well as pleasing character than Smollett was able to present. &c.

But the deep and fertile genius of Smollett afforded resources sufficient to balance these deficiencies; and when the full weight has been allowed to Fielding's superiority of Taste and Expression, his northern contemporary will still be found fit to balance the scale with his great rival. If Fielding had superior taste, the palm of more Brilliancy of genius, more inexhaustible richness of Invention, must, in justice, be awarded to Smollett. &c.

Every successful Novelist must be more or less a Poet, even although he may never have written a line of Verse. The quality of Imagination is absolutely indispensable to him: his accurate power of examining and embodying human character and human passion, as well as the external face of nature, is not less essential; and the talent of describing well what he feels with accuteness, added to the above requisites, goes far to complete the poetic character. Smollett was, even in the ordinary sense, which limits the name to those who write Verses, a Poet of distinction; and, in this particular, superior to Fielding, who seldom aims at more than a slight Translation from the classics. Accordingly, if he is surpassed by Fielding in moving pity, the northern novelist soars far above him in his powers of exciting terror. &c.

It is, however, chiefly in his profusion, which amounts almost to prodigality, that we recognise the superior richness of Smollett's fancy. He never shows the least desire to make the most either of a character, or a situation, or an adventure, but throws them together with a carelessness which argues unlimited confidence in his own powers. Fielding pauses to explain the principles of his art, and to congratulate himself and his readers on the felicity with which he constructs his narrative, or makes his characters evolve themselves in the progress. These appeals to

the reader's judgement, admirable as they are, have sometimes the fault of being diffuse, and always the great disadvantage, that they remind us we are perusing a work of fiction, and that the beings with whom we have been conversant during the perusal, are but a set of evanescent phantoms, conjured up by a magician for our amusement. Smollett seldom holds communication with his readers in his own person. He manages his delightful puppet-show without thrusting his head beyond the curtain, to explain what he is doing; and hence, besides that our attention to the story remains unbroken, we are sure that the author, fully confident in the abundance of his materials, has no occasion to eke them out with extrinsic matter. &c.

In the Comic part of their writings, we have already said, Fielding is pre-eminent in grave irony; a Cervantic species of pleasantry, in which Smollett is not equally successful. On the other hand, the Scotchman (notwithstanding the general opinion denies that quality to his countrymen) excels in broad and ludicrous humor. His fancy seems to run riot in accumulating ridiculous circumstances one upon another, to the utter destruction of all power of gravity; and perhaps no books ever written, have excited such peals of inextinguishable laughter as those of Smollett. Smollett may be said to resemble Rubens. His pictures are often deficient in grace; sometimes coarse, and even vulgar in conception; deficient too in keeping, and in the due subordination of parts to each other, and intimating too much carelessness on the part of the artist. But these faults are redeemed by such richness and brilliancy of colors; such a profusion of imagination — now bodying forth the grand and terrible; now the natural, the easy, and the ludicrous; there is so much of life, action, and bustle in every group he has painted; so much force and individuality of character, that we readily grant to Smollett an equal rank with his great rival Fielding — while we place *both* far above any of their successors in the same line of fictious composition.

Sir W. Scott.

The *Essay on Criticism*, which was published some months since, is a master-piece in its kind. The observations follow one another like those in *Horace's Art of Poetry*, without that methodical regularity which would have been requisite in a prose writer. They are some of them uncommon, but such as the reader must assent to when he sees them explained with that ease and perspicuity in which they are delivered. As for those which are the most known and the most received, they are placed in so beautiful a light, and illustrated with such apt allusions, that they have

in them all the graces of novelty; and make the reader, who was before acquainted with them, still more convinced of their truth and solidity. There are three poems in our tongue of the same nature, and each a master-piece in its kind — the *Essay on Translated Verse;* the *Essay on the Art of Poetry;* and the *Essay on Criticism.*

ADDISON.

One of Pope's greatest, though of his earliest works, is the *Essay on Criticism*, which if he had written nothing else would have placed him among the first Critics and the first Poets; as it exhibits every mode of excellence that can embellish or dignify didactic composition, selection of matter, novelty of arrangement, justness of precept, splendor of illustration, and propriety of digression. It is a work which displays such extent of comprehension, such nicety of distinction, such acquaintance with mankind, and such knowledge both of Ancient and Modern learning, as are not often attained by the maturest age and longest experience.

JOHNSON.

Extracts,

From an Essay on Criticism.

Canto I.

'Tis hard to say if greater want of skill
Appear in writing, or in judging, ill;
But of the two, less dangerous is the offence
To tire our patience, than mislead our sense.
Some few in that, but numbers err in this;
Ten censure wrong for one who writes amiss. &c.

'Tis with our Judgements as our Watches, none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.
In Poets as true genius is but rare,
True taste as seldom is the Critic's share;
Both must alike from Heaven derive their light;
These born to judge, as well as those to write.
Let such teach others who themselves excel,
And censure freely who have written well:
"Authors are partial to their Wit" — 'tis true;
But are not Critics to their Judgement too? &c.

But you who seek to give and merit fame,
And justly bear a critic's noble name,
Be sure yourself, and your own Reach, to know —
How far your genius, taste, and learning, go;
Lanch not beyond your depth, but be discreet,
And mark that point where Sense and Dulness meet. &c.

First follow Nature, and your judgement frame
By her just standard, which is still (*a*) the same:

(*a*) Still, *always*, *evermore*, *invariably*, *unalterably*.

Unerring Nature — still divinely bright,
One clear, unchanged, and universal light —
Life, Force, and Beauty, must to all impart;
At once the Source, and End, and Test of Art. &c.

You then, whose Judgement the right course would steer,
Know well each Ancient's proper character;
His fable, subject, scope in every page,
Religion, country, genius of his age:
Without all these at once before your eyes,
Cavil (*a*) you may, but never Criticise. &c.

Some beauties yet no precepts can declare,
For there's a happiness as well as care.
Music resembles Poetry; in each
Are nameless graces which no methods teach,
And which a master-hand alone can reach.
If, where the Rules not far enough extend,
(Since rules were made but to promote their end,)
Some lucky License answer to the full
The intent proposed, that License is a Rule. &c.

Canto II.

A little Learning is a dangerous thing —
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierean spring;
There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely sobers us again. &c.

A perfect judge will read each work of Wit
With the same spirit that its Author writ —
Survey the whole, nor seek slight faults to find
Where Nature moves, and Rapture warms the mind;
Nor lose, for that malignant dull delight,
The generous pleasure to be charmed with Wit. &c.

Whoever thinks a Faultless piece to see,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.
In every work regard the writer's End,
Since none can compass more than they intend;
And if the Means be just, the Conduct true,
Applause, in spite of trivial faults, is due.
As men of breeding, sometimes men of wit,
To avoid great errors, *must* the less commit;
Neglect the rules each verbal critic lays —
For not to know some trifles, is a Praise. &c.

(*a*) Cavil, *dispute, contend;* redekavelen

Some to Conceit alone their taste confine,
And glittering thoughts struck out at every line;
Pleased with a work where nothing's just or fit;
One glaring chaos and wild heap of wit. &c.

Others for Language all their care express,
And value books, as women men, for Dress:
Their praise is still — "The Style is excellent!"
The Sense they humbly take upon content.
Words are like leaves; and where they most abound,
Much fruit of Sense beneath is rarely found.
False eloquence, like the prismatic glass,
Its gaudy colors spreads on every place;
The face of Nature we no more survey,
All glares alike, without distinction gay:
But true Expression, like the unchanging sun,
Clears and improves whate'er it shines upon;
It gilds all objects, but it alters none.
Expression is the dress of Thought, and still
Appears more decent as more suitable:
A vile conceit in pompous words expressed,
Is like a clown in regal purple dressed:
For different Styles with different Subjects sort,
As several garbs with country, town, and court.
Some by Old Words to fame have made pretence,
Ancients in Phrase, mere Moderns in their Sense. &c.

In words, as fashions, the same rule will hold;
Alike fantastic if too new, or old:
Be not the First by whom the new are tried,
Nor yet the Last to lay the old aside.

But most by Numbers judge a poet's song,
And smoothe or rough, with them, is right or wrong;
In the bright muse though thousand charms conspire,
Her Voice is all these tuneful fools admire;
Who haunt Parnassus but to please their ear,
Not mend their minds; as some to Church repair,
Not for the doctrine, but the music there.
These equal syllables alone require,
Though oft the ear the open vowels tire;
While expletives their feeble aid do join,
And ten low words oft creep in one dull line:
While they ring round the same unvaried chimes,
With sure returns of still expected rhymes;
Where'er you find "the cooling western breeze,"
In the next line it "whispers through the trees;"

If crystal streams "with pleasing murmurs creep,"
The reader's threatened (not in vain) with "sleep:"
Then at the last and only couplet fraught
With some unmeaning thing, they call a Thought,
A needless Alexandrine ends the song,
Which, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along.

Leave such to tune their own dull rhymes, and know
What's roundly smoothe, or languishingly slow;
And praise the easy vigor of a line
Where Denham's (*a*) strength and Waller's (*b*) sweetness join.
True ease in writing comes from Art not chance,
As those move easiest who have learned to dance;
'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence—
The Sound must seem an echo to the Sense:
Soft is the strain when Zephyr gently blows,
And the smoothe stream in smoother numbers flows;
But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
The hoarse, rough verse should, like the torrent, roar;
When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
The line too labors, and the words move slow;
Not so when swift Camilla scours the plain,
Flies o'er the unbending corn, and skims along the main.
Hear how Timotheus' varied lays surprise,
And bid alternate passions fall and rise!
While, at each change, the son of Lybian Jove
Now burns with glory, and then melts with love;
Now his fierce eyes with sparkling fury glow,
Now sighs steal out, and tears begin to flow:
Persians and Greeks like turns of nature found,
And the World's victor stood subdued by Sound!
The power of Music all our hearts allow,
And what Timotheus was, is Dryden (*c*) now. &c.

(*a*) Denham is one of the writers that improved our taste, and advanced our language, and whom we ought therefore to read with gratitude, though, having done much, he left much to do. JOHNSON.

(*b*) Waller was rather *smoothe* than *strong*; of "the full resounding line," which Pope attributes to Dryden, he has given very few examples; but it cannot be denied that he added something to our elegance of diction, and something to our propriety of thought.

JOHNSON.

(*c*) Denham and Waller improved our versification, and Dryden perfected it. PRIOR.

Every English generation must mention Dryden with Reverence as a Critic and a Poet. From his Prose, however, Dryden derives only his accidental and secondary praise; the veneration with which his name is

Some, *foreign* writers, some, *our own* despise;
The Ancients *only*, or the Moderns prize:
Thus wit, like faith, by each man is applied
To One small Sect, and all are damned beside. &c.

Some ne'er advance a judgement of their own,
But catch the spreading notion of the town;
They reason and conclude by Precedent,
And own (*a*) stale nonsense, which they ne'er invent.

Some judge of authors' Names, not Works, and then
Nor praise nor blame the Writings, but the Men. &c.

The vulgar, thus, through imitation err;
As oft the Learned, by being singular:
So much they hate *the crowd*, that if the throng
By chance go right, they purposely go wrong. &c.

Some praise at morning what they blame at night,
But always think the *last* opinion right. &c.

Some, valuing those of their own side, or mind,
Still make themselves the measure of mankind:
Fondly we think we honor merit, then,
When we but praise ourselves in other men. &c.

Be thou the First true merit to befriend;
His praise is lost who stays till all commend. &c.

Canto III.

Be silent always, when you *doubt* your sense;
And speak, though sure, with *seeming* diffidence:
Some positive, persisting fops we know,
Who, if once wrong, will needs be always so;
But you, with pleasure, own your errors past,
And make each day a critique on the last.

'Tis not enough your counsel still be True;
Blunt truths more mischief than nice falsehoods do;
Men must be taught as if you taught them not,
And things unknown proposed as things forgot. &c.

pronounced by every cultivator of English literature, is paid to him as he refined the language, improved the sentiments, and tuned the numbers of English Poetry. He had more music than Waller, more vigor than Denham; and more nature than Cowley.

Denham was born in 1615, and died in 1668; Cowley b. 1618, d. 1667; Waller b. 1605, d. 1687; and Dryden b. 1631, d. 1701.

(*a*) Own, *teesigenen*.

"Nature's chief Master-piece is writing Well."
Such was Roscommon, (*a*) not more learned than good,
With manners generous as his noble blood;
To him the wit of Greece and Rome was known,
And *every* author's merit — but his own.
Such late was Walsh, (*b*) the muses judge and Friend,
Who justly knew to blame or to commend;
To failings mild, but zealous for desert;
The clearest head, and the sincerest heart.
This humble praise, lamented Shade! receive, —
This praise, at least, a Grateful muse may give:
The muse, whose early voice you taught to sing,
Prescribed her heights, and pruned her tender wing:
Her Guide now lost, no more attempts to rise,
But in low numbers short excursions tries;
Content, if hence the Unlearned their wants may view,
The Learned reflect on what before they knew:
Careless of censure, nor too fond of fame;
Still pleased to Praise, yet not afraid to Blame:
Averse, alike, to flatter or offend;
Not free from faults, nor yet too vain to mend.

POPE.

(*a*) Of Roscommon's works, the judgement of the public seems to be right. He is elegant, but not great; he never labors after exquisite beauties, and he seldom falls into gross faults. His versification is smoothe, but rarely vigorous; and his rhymes are remarkably exact. He improved taste, if he did not enlarge knowledge, and may be numbered among the benefactors to English literature. JOHNSON.

(*b*) Walsh is the best Critic in the nation. DRYDEN.

Roscommon b. ——; d. 1684. Walsh b. 1663; d. 1709.

Chesterfield. b. 1694; d. 1773.

Chesterfield's Letters to his Son are translated into different languages; and various are the opinions respecting them. I am one of those who think highly, very highly of them — as a whole: for there are parts which are censurable, immoral, abominable; parts which render them altogether unfit for general perusal. In passing judgement on these Letters, the critic should (I.) never lose sight of their not having been written for the Public eye, (II.) of the Age of his Son when each particular Letter was penned, (III.) of the Son's habits and acquirements, (IV.) of the immediate object of his Education, (V.) of the Licentiousness of the age in which he lived, and, (VI.) of the *Questionableness* of several vile Letters which have been incorporated since the publication of Dodsley's Edition, 1774, in Two Volumes Quarto. In my humble opinion, these Letters — with the exception of the immoral passages, in the second volume — ought to be placed in the hands of all liberally educated Youth. They contain much general instruction; are replete with useful

lessons on Men and Manners; they unveil numerous stratagems of the Human heart; and constantly tend to make mankind Agreeable to each other: they embody so much worldly wisdom that every attentive reader may add something to his stock of knowledge by perusing them; and even the unthinking themselves, must be profited, however indolently they may read them.

From Lord CHESTERFIELD to his Son.

(*The Son in his Seventeenth Year.*)

London, September the 27th, O. S. 1749.

Dear Boy,

A vulgar, ordinary way of thinking, acting, or speaking, implies a *low education*, and a habit of *low company*. Young people contract it at School, or among Servants, with whom they are too often used to converse; but after they frequent Good-company, they must want attention and observation very much, if they do not lay it quite aside. And, indeed, if they do not, Good-company will be very apt to lay them aside. The various kinds of Vulgarisms are infinite; I cannot pretend to point them out to you; but I will give some samples, by which you may guess at the rest.

A Vulgar man is captious and jealous, eager and impetuous about trifles. He suspects himself to be slighted, thinks everything that is said is meant at him; if the Company happens to laugh, he is persuaded they laugh at him; he grows angry and testy, says something very impertinent; and draws himself into a scrape, by showing what he calls *a proper spirit*, and *asserting himself*. A man of Fashion does not suppose himself to be either the sole or principal object of the thoughts, looks, or words of the Company; and never suspects that he is either slighted or laughed at, unless he is conscious that he deserves it. And if (which very seldom happens) the Company is absurd or ill-bred enough to do either, he does not care two-pence — unless the insult be so gross and plain as to require satisfaction of *another kind*. As he is above Trifles, he is never vehement and eager about them; and wherever they are concerned, rather acquiesces than wrangles. A Vulgar man's Conversation always savors strongly of the lowness of his Education and Company. It turns, chiefly, upon his Domestic affairs; his servants, the excellent order he keeps in his own family, and the little anecdotes of the neigh-

bourhood; all which he relates with emphasis, as interesting matters. He is *a Man-gossip.*

Vulgarism in Language is the next, and distinguishing characteristic of Bad-company, and a Bad-education. A man of Fashion avoids nothing with more care than that. Proverbial expressions, and trite sayings, are the flowers of the rhetoric of a Vulgar man. Would he say, that Men differ in their Tastes — he both supports and adorns that opinion, by the "good old saying", as he respectfully calls it, that *What is one man's Meat is another man's Poison.* If anybody attempts being "smart" (as he calls it) upon him — he gives them *Tit for Tat*, aye, that he does. He has always some favorite word for the time being, which, for the sake of using often, he commonly abuses — such as *vastly* angry, *vastly* kind, *vastly* handsome, and *vastly* ugly. Even his Pronunciation of Proper words carries "the mark of the beast" along with it: he calls the *earth*, YEARTH; he is OBLIEGED not *obliged* to you, he goes TO WARDS, and not *towards* such a place. He sometimes affects Hard words, by way of ornament, which he always mangles, &c. A man of Fashion never has recourse to Proverbs, and vulgar Aphorisms; uses neither favorite words nor hard words; but takes great care to speak very Correctly and Grammatically, and to pronounce properly — that is, *according to the Usage of the Best-Companies.*

An awkward Address, ungraceful Attitudes and Actions, and a certain *Left-handedness* (if I may use that word) loudly proclaim Low-education and Low-company; for it is impossible to suppose that a man can have frequented good-company, without having caught something, at least, of their air and motions. A new-raised man is distinguished in a Regiment by his Awkwardness; but he must be impenetrably dull, if, in a month or two's time, he cannot perform, at least, the common manual exercise, and look like a Soldier. The very Accoutrements of a man of fashion are grievous incumbrances to a Vulgar man. He is at a loss what to do with his Hat when it is not upon his head; his Cane (if unfortunately he wears one) is at perpetual war with every Cup of tea or coffee he drinks; destroys them first and then accompanies them in their fall. His sword is formidable only to his own legs, which would possibly carry him fast enough out of the way of any sword but his own. His Clothes fit him so ill, and constrain him so much, that he seems rather their prisoner than their proprietor. He Presents himself in company like a Criminal in a court of justice — his very Air con-

demns him; and people of Fashion will no more connect themselves with the one, than people of Character with the other. This repulse drives and sinks him into Low-company — a gulph from whence no man, after a certain age, ever emerged.

Les Manières nobles et aisées, la Tournure d'un homme de condition, le Ton de la bonne compagnie, les Graces, le je ne sçais quoi, qui plaît, are necessary to adorn and introduce your intrinsic merit and knowledge, as the Polish to the Diamond, which, without that polish, would never be worn, whatever it might weigh. Do not imagine that these Accomplishments are only useful with Women; they are much more so with Men. In a Public-assembly what an advantage has a Graceful speaker, with Genteel motions, a Handsome figure, and a Liberal air, over one who shall speak full as much *good sense*, but destitute of these ornaments! in Business how prevalent are the Graces—how detrimental is the want of them! By the help of these I have known some men refuse favors less offensively than others granted them. The utility of them in Courts, and Negociations, is inconceivable. You gain the Hearts, and, consequently, the Secrets, of nine in ten, that you have to do with, in spite even of their Prudence; which will, nine times in ten, be the Dupe of their hearts and of their senses. Consider the importance of these things as they deserve, and you will not lose one moment in the pursuit of them.

You are travelling now in a country once so famous both for Arts and Arms, that (however degenerated at present) it still deserves your attention and reflection. View it therefore with care, compare its former with its present state, and examine into the causes of its rise, and its decay. Consider it *classically* and *politically*, and do not run through it, as too many of your young countrymen do, *musically*, and (to use a ridiculous word) *knick-knacktically*. No Piping nor Fiddling, I beseech you; no days lost in poring upon almost imperceptible *Intaglios* and *Cameos*: and do not become a Virtuoso of small wares. Form a taste of Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture, if you please, by a careful examination of the works of the best ancient and modern artists; those are Liberal-arts, and a real taste and knowledge of them become a Man of Fashion very well. But, beyond certain bounds, the Man of Taste ends, and the Frivolous Virtuoso begins. &c.

Pitt b. 1759; d. 1806.

See an Account of Canning among the Pieces after the VII Lecture.

Eulogy on PITT.

If hushed the loud whirlwind that ruffled the deep,
The Sky if no longer dark tempests deform;
When our perils are past, shall our gratitude sleep?
No; here's to the Pilot that weathered the storm.

At the footstool of Power let Flattery fawn,
Let Fashion her idols extol to the skies;
To virtue, in humble retirement withdrawn,
Unblamed may the accent of gratitude rise.

And shall not His memory to Britons be dear,
Whose example with envy all nations behold;
A Statesman unbiased by interest or fear,
By power uncorrupted, untainted by gold?

Who, when terror and doubt through the universe reigned,
While rapine and treason their ensigns unfurled,
The heart and the hopes of his Country maintained,
And One kingdom preserved midst the wrecks of the world?

Unheeding, unthankful, we bask in the blaze,
While the beams of the sun in full majesty shine;
When he sinks into twilight with fondness we gaze,
And mark the mild lustre that gilds his decline —

So, Pitt! when the course of thy greatness is o'er,
Thy talents, thy virtues, we fondly recal;
Now justly we praise thee, whom lost we deplore,
Admired in thy zenith, beloved in thy fall.

O, take then, for dangers by wisdom repelled,
For evils by courage and constancy braved;
O, take, for a throne by thy counsels upheld,
The thanks of a people thy firmness has saved.

And oh! if again the rude whirlwind should rise,
The dawning of peace should fresh darkness deform;
The regrets of the good, and the fears of the wise,
Shall turn to the Pilot that weathered the storm.

CANNING.

Mrs. Chapone, b. 1727; d. 1801.

7. Mrs. CHAPONE'S *Letters on the Improvement of the Mind*, originally designed for the use of her Niece only, but published, in 1775, at the suggestion of Mrs. Montague, ought to be placed in the Library of every young lady.

Some account of the Manner in which a Modern Lady of Fashion Spends her Time.

If a Modern Lady of Fashion were called upon to account for the Disposition of her Time, I imagine her defence would run in this style,—

"I cannot, you know, be out of the world, nor act differently from every body in it. The hours are every where late — consequently, I rise late. I have scarcely breakfasted before morning visits begin, or 'tis time to go to an auction, or a concert, or to take a little exercise for my health. Dressing my hair is a long operation, but one cannot appear with a head unlike everybody else. One must sometimes go to a play, or an opera; though I own it hurries one to death. Then, what with necessary visits, the perpetual engagements to card-parties at private houses, and attendance on public assemblies — to which all persons of fashion subscribe — the evenings you see, are fully disposed of. What time then can I possibly have for what you call domestic duties? You talk of the offices and enjoyments of friendship — alas, I have no hours left for friends! I must see them in a crowd, or not at all. As to cultivating the friendship of my Husband, we are very civil when we meet, but we are both of us too much engaged to spend much time with each other: and with regard to my Daughters, I have given them a French-governess, and proper masters — I cannot do more for them. You tell me, I should instruct my servants — but I have not time to inform myself, much less can I undertake anything of that sort for them; I am not even able to guess what they do with themselves the greatest part of the twentyfour hours. I go to church, if possible, once on a Sunday, and, then some of my servants attend me; and if they will not mind what the Minister says, how can I help it! The management of our fortune, as far

as I am concerned, I must leave to the steward and housekeeper — for I find I can barely snatch a quarter of an hour just to look over the bill of fare when I am to have Company, that they may not send up anything frightful or oldfashioned. Respecting the christian duty of Charity, I can assure you I am not illnatured; and — considering that the great expense of being always dressed for company, losses at cards, subscriptions, and public spectacles, leave me very little to dispose of — I am ready enough to give my money when I meet with a miserable object. You say, I should inquire out such, inform myself thoroughly of their cases, make an acquaintance with the poor of my neighbourhood, and plan out the best methods of relieving the unfortunate and assisting the industrious — but this supposes much more time, and much more money, than I have to bestow. I have had hopes, indeed, that my summers in the country would have afforded me more leisure; but we stay pretty late in town; and then we generally pass several weeks at one or other of the water-drinking-places, where every moment is spent in public; and, for the few months, in which we reside at our own seat, our house is always full, with a succession of company, to whose amusement one is obliged to dedicate every hour of the day."

Such is the Account of that Time which was given you to prepare and educate yourself for Eternity! Yet you believe in the immortality of the soul, and a future state of rewards and punishments. Ask your own heart what rewards you deserve, or what kind of felicity you are fitted to enjoy? Which of those faculties or affections, that Heaven can be supposed to gratify, have you cultivated and improved? If, in that eternal world, the stores of knowledge should be laid open before you, have you preserved that thirst of knowledge, or that taste for truth, which is to be indulged with endless information? If, in the society of saints and angels, the purest benevolence and most cordial love is to constitute your happiness, where is the Heart that should enjoy this delightful intercourse of affection? Has yours been exercised and refined to a proper capacity for it, during your state of discipline, by the energies of generous friendship, by the meltings of parental fondness, or by that union of heart and soul, that mixed exertion of perfect friendship and ineffable tenderness, which approaches nearest to the full satisfaction of our nature, in the bands of conjugal love? Alas! you scarce know you have a heart, except when you

feel it swell with pride, or flutter with vanity. Has your piety and gratitude to the Source of all Good been exercised and strengthened by constant acts of praise and thanksgiving? Has it been nourished by frequent meditation, and silent recollection of all the wonders he hath done for us, till it burst forth in fervent prayer and praise? I fear that Decency rather than Devotion carries you once a week to the place of public worship; and, that, for the rest of the week, your thoughts and time are so very differently filled up, that the idea of a Ruler of the Universe can but seldom occur, and then, more as an object of terror, than of hope and joy. How then shall a soul so dead to divine love, so lost to all but the most childish pursuits, be able to exalt and enlarge itself to a capacity for that bliss which we are encouraged to hope for, in a more intimate perception of the Divine Presence, in contemplating more nearly the perfections of our Creator, and in pouring out before his throne our ardent gratitude, love, and adoration! What kind of training is the life you have passed through, for such an Immortality!

CHAPONE.

Montgomery b. 1771; yet Living.

The Joy of Grief.

Sweet the hour of Tribulation,
When the heart can freely sigh;
And the tear of resignation
Twinkles in the mournful eye.

Have you felt a kind emotion
Tremble through your troubled breast,
Soft as evening o'er the ocean
When she charms the waves to rest?

Have you lost a friend, or brother?
Heard a father's parting breath?
Gazed upon a lifeless mother,
Till she seemed to wake from death?

Have you felt a spouse expiring
In your arms, before your view?
Watched the lovely soul retiring
From her eyes that broke on you?

Did not Grief then grow romantic,
  Raving on remembered bliss?
Did you not, with fervor frantic,
  Kiss the lips that felt no kiss?

Yes! but, when you had resigned her,
  Life and you were reconciled;
Anna left — she left behind her,
  One, one dear, one only Child.

But before the green moss, peeping,
  His poor mother's grave arrayed,
In that grave the infant, sleeping,
  On the mother's lap was laid.

Horror then, your heart congealing,
  Chilled you with intense despair;
Can you call to mind that feeling?
  No; — there was no Feeling there.

From that gloomy trance of sorrow,
  When you woke to pangs unknown,
How unwelcome was the morrow!
  For it rose on You alone.

Sunk in self-consuming anguish,
  Can the poor heart always ake?
No; the tortured nerve will languish,
  Or the strings of life must break.

O'er the yielding brow of Sadness
  One faint smile of comfort stole;
One soft pang of tender gladness
  Exquisitely thrilled your soul.

While the wounds of wo are healing,
  While the heart is all resigned,
'Tis the solemn feast of feeling —
  'Tis the Sabbath of the mind!

Pensive memory then retraces
  Scenes of bliss for ever fled;
Lives in former times and places,
  Holds communion with the Dead.

And when night's prophetic slumbers
  Rend the veil to mortal eyes,
From their tombs the sainted numbers
  Of our lost companions rise.

You have seen a friend, a brother,
Heard a dear dead father speak;
Proved the fondness of a mother,
Felt her tears upon your cheek.

Dreams of love your Grief beguiling,
You have clasped a consort's charms:
And received your infant, smiling,
From his mother's sacred arms.

Trembling, pale, and agonizing,
While you mourned the vision gone,
Bright the Morning-Star arising
Opened heaven, from whence it shone.

Thither all your wishes bending,
Rose in ecstacy sublime;
Thither all your hopes ascending,
Triumped over Death and Time.

Thus afflicted, bruised, and broken,
Have you known such Sweet Relief?
Yes, my friend — and by this token,
You have felt the "*Joy of Grief.*"

MONTGOMERY.

Locke b. 1632; d. 1704.

Locke's Works are read by few, though every one considers it necessary to appear acquainted with his Writings. There is too much *thought* in Locke to render him agreeable to the generality of readers. The number of those who can be interested in his Writings, must be limited to that class of readers who have *learned to think* — and to think *deliberately;* not as Rousseau, Diderot, and Helvetius have done — hastily and wildly; for it has been publicly made known by Simmonds, whose knowledge of the two languages and indisputable ability of passing judgement on such questions, render his authority conclusive, that these three Writers "have exaggerated Locke." Nor should this writer ever be read in Translations by those who are capable of comprehending English.

Species of Spirits.

It is not impossible to conceive, nor repugnant to reason, that there may be many Species of Spirits, as much separated and diversified one from another, by distinct

properties, whereof we have no ideas, as the species of sensible things are distinguished one from another, by qualities, which we know, and observe in them. That there should be more Species of Intelligent creatures above us, than there are of sensible and material below us, is probable to me from hence, that in all the visible corporeal world, we see no chasm or gaps. All quite down from us, the descent is by easy steps, and a continued series of things, that in each remove differ very little one from the other. There are fishes that have wings, and are not strangers to the airy region: and there are some birds, that are inhabitants of the water, whose blood is cold as fishes, and their flesh so like in taste, that the scrupulous are allowed them on fish-days. There are animals so near of kin both to birds and beasts, that they are in the middle between both: amphibious animals link the terrestrial and aquatic together; seals live at land and at sea, and porpoises have the warm blood and entrails of a hog, not to mention what is confidently reported of mermaids, or seamen. There are some brutes, that seem to have as much knowledge and reason, as some that are called men: and the animal and vegetable kingdoms are so nearly joined, that if you will take the lowest of one, and the highest of the other, there will scarce be perceived any great difference between them; and so on, till we come to the lowest and the most inorganical parts of matter, we shall find every where, that the several species are linked together, and differ but in almost insensible degrees. And when we consider the infinite power and wisdom of the Maker, we have reason to think, that it is suitable to the magnificent harmony of the universe, and the great design and infinite goodness of the architect, that the Species of creatures should also, by gentle degrees, ascend upward from us, toward his infinite perfection, as we see they gradually descend from us downwards; which, if it be probable, we have reason then to be persuaded, that there are far more Species of Creatures above us, than there are beneath, we being in degrees of perfection, much more remote from the infinite being of God, than we are from the lowest state of being, and that which approaches nearest to nothing.

LOCKE.

Note. The following Verses have not only been attributed to the pen of Lord Byron, but are actually inserted among his Works, by some of the French editors. I remember having read an able disquisition upon the subject, in *The Times*, some years ago, which convinced me that they are the composition of Charles Wolfe — and I have, in the confidence of my memory, changed several words, which were pointed out in that Criticism as belonging to the Reverend author, in contradistinction to other words contained in the Copy attributed to his Lordship.

On the Burial of Sir JOHN MOORE;

Who fell, at the Battle of Corunna, in Spain, in 1808.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his Corpse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewel shot,
O'er the grave where our Hero we buried.

We buried him darkly, at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning,
By the straggling moonbeam's dusky light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Not in sheet, nor in shroud, we bound him;
But he lay, like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few, and short, were the prayers we said,
And we spake not a word of sorrow;
But we mournfully gazed on the face of the dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow:

We thought, as we hollowed his confined bed
And smoothed down his narrow pillow,
That the fo and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
While we should be far on the billow.

Lightly they'll talk of the Spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;
But nothing he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where his Soldiers have laid him.

Not half of our heavy task was done
When the bell tolled the hour for retiring;
And we heard the distant and random gun
Which the fo was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the Field of his Fame, fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, we raised not a stone,
But we left him — alone with his Glory.

Rev. Mr. WOLFE.

On TATE'S Alteration

of

SHAKESPEARE'S Tragedy of King Lear.

The great critic, Dr. Johnson, says, "Cordelia, from the time of Tate, has always retired with victory and felicity. And, if my sensations could add anything to the general suffrage, I might relate, I was, many years ago, so shocked by Cordelia's death, that I know not whether I ever endured to read again the last Scenes of the play till I undertook to revise them as an editor."

Gen. Obs. on Shakespeare's Plays.

Notwithstanding Johnson declares in favor of Tate's alteration, I must say, with Addison, "*King Lear* is an admirable Tragedy, as Shakespeare wrote it; but as it is reformed, according to the chimerical notion of poetical justice, in my humble opinion it has lost half its beauty."

Spectator, No. 40.

Schlegel and Hazlitt alike condemn the "happy ending," as it is commonly called; and I am desirous of adding my disapprobation to theirs: for I have seen *King Lear* with Tate's alteration, in different theatres, and was invariably disgusted with it; I have seen it also according to the original text — at Drury-lane, where Kean gave Shakespeare to the very letter — and was gratified. But that I may not seem to cast Johnson's judgement aside for the mere honor of daring to differ with so able a critic, much less for contradiction's sake, I shall transcribe a paragraph from the writings of an acute observer, which appears to me unanswerable.

"The *Lear* of Shakespeare cannot be Acted. The contemptible machinery with which they mimic the storm which he goes out in, is not more inadequate to represent

the horrors of the real elements, than any actor can be to represent *Lear*. The greatness of *Lear* is not in corporal dimension, but in intellectual; the explosions of his passions are terrible as a volcano: they are storms turning up and disclosing to the bottom that rich sea, his mind, with all its vast riches. It is his Mind which is laid bare. This case of flesh and blood seems too insignificant to be thought on; even as he himself neglects it. On the stage we see nothing but corporal infirmities and weakness, the impotence of rage; while we read it, we see not *Lear*, but we are *Lear;* — we are in his mind; we are sustained by a grandeur, which baffles the malice of daughters and storms; in the aberrations of his reason, we discover a mighty irregular power of reasoning, immethodised from the ordinary purposes of life, but exerting its powers, as the wind blows where it listeth, at will, on the corruptions and abuses of mankind. What have looks or tones to do with that sublime identification of his Age with that of *the Heavens themselves*, when in his reproaches to them, for conniving at the injustice of his children, he reminds them that *they themselves are Old!* What gesture shall we appropriate to this? What has the voice, or the eye, to do with such things? But the Play is beyond all Art, as the tamperings with it show: it is too hard and stony: it must have Love scenes, and a happy ending. It is not enough that Cordelia is a daughter, she must shine as a lover too. Tate has put his hook in the nostrils of this Liviathan, for Garrick and his followers, the showmen of the scene, to draw it about more easily. A happy ending! — as if the living martyrdom that *Lear* had gone through — the flaying of his feelings alive, did not make a fair dismissal from the stage of life the only decorous thing for him. If he is to live and be happy after, if he could sustain this world's burden after, why all this pudder and preparation — why torment us with all this unnecessary sympathy? As if the childish pleasure of getting his gilt robes and sceptre again, could tempt him to act over again his misused station — as if, at his years and with his experience, any thing was left but to die."

CHARLES LAMB.

Ten years ago, I should have thought Mr. Lamb's paragraph as ridiculous as I now think it excellent — I mean in matter, not in manner, for it is very unhappily expressed. Since I have become a little better acquainted with Shakespeare, and have been at the pains to acquire

a little of the Art of Thinking — for, till very recently, I was contented to let others think for me — I cannot persuade myself that Shakespeare's *Lear* can be personated by any actor whatever. Garrick I never saw, John Philip Kemble I never saw, but I have seen Kean, and Others, in *Lear;* and have been highly gratified by Kean's personation of the character; yet I never saw Shakespeare's *King Lear* till I beheld him in Amsterdam, where I saw him — "in my mind's eye."

B. S. N.

King LEAR'S Soliloquy, in the Storm.

Blow winds, and crack your cheeks! rage! blow!
You cataracts, and hurricanoes, spout
Till you have drenched our steeples, drowned the cocks!
You sulphurous and thought-executing (*a*) fires,
Singe my white head! and thou all-shaking thunder
Strike flat the thick rotundity o' the world!
Crack nature's mould, all germins spill at once,
That make ingrateful man!

Fool. O nuncle, court holy-water in a dry house is better than this rain-water out o' door. Good nuncle, in, and ask thy daughter's blessing: here's a night pities neither wise men nor fools.

Rumble thy bellyful! Spit, fire! Spout, rain!
Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my Daughters!
I tax not you, ye elements, with unkindness,
I never gave you kingdoms, called you children,
You owe me no subscription; (*b*) why then, let fall
Your horrible pleasure? Here I stand, your slave;
A poor, infirm, weak, and despised old man —
But yet, I call you servile ministers,
That have with two pernicious (*c*) daughters joined
Your high-engendered battles 'gainst a head
So old and white as this. O, O, 'tis foul!

Kent. Alas, Sir, are you here? things that love night
Love not such nights as these; the wrathful skies
Gallow the very wanderers of the dark,
And make them keep their caves: since I was a man;

(*a*) Thought-executing, *snel als de gedachten.*
(*b*) Subscription, *gehoorzaamheid*, *onderdanigheid.*
(*c*) Pernicious, fell; *onmenschelyk*, *snood*, *wreed.*

Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder,
Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never
Remember to have heard: man's nature cannot carry
The affliction, nor the fear.

Let the great Gods,
That keep this dreadful pother (*a*) o'er our heads,
Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch,
That hast within thee undivulged crimes
Unwhipped of justice. Hide thee, thou bloody hand;
Thou perjure, and thou similar of virtue,
That art incestuous. Caitiff to pieces shake,
That under covert and convenient seeming
Hast practised on man's life! Close pent-up (*b*) guilts,
Rive your concealing continents! and cry
These dreadful Summoners grace. I am a man
More sinned against, than sinning.

SHAKESPEARE'S *King Lear*, Act. III.

(*a*) Pother, *gebulder*. (*b*) Pent-up, *opgesloten*, *verborgen*.

LECTURE III.

Historical account continued, down to the Present Day.

Addison, b. 1672; d. 1719.

Character of ADDISON, as a Writer.

It is not uncommon for those who have grown wise by the labor of others, to add a little of their own, and overlook their masters. Addison is now despised by some who, perhaps, would never have seen his defects, but by the lights which he afforded them. That he always wrote as he would think it necessary to write now, cannot be affirmed; his instructions were such as the characters of his readers made proper. That general knowledge which now circulates in common talk, was in his time rarely to be found. Men not professing learning were not ashamed of ignorance; and, in the female world, any acquaintance with books was distinguished only to be censured. His purpose was to infuse literary curiosity, by gentle and unsuspected conveyance, into the gay, the idle, and the wealthy; he therefore presented knowledge in the most alluring form: not lofty and austere, but accessible and familiar. When he showed them their defects, he showed them likewise that they might easily be supplied. His attempt succeeded; enquiry was awakened, and comprehension expanded. An emulation of intellectual elegance was excited, and from his time to our own, life has been gradually exalted, and conversation purified and enlarged.

Dryden had, not many years before, scattered criticism over his Prefaces with very little parsimony (*a*) but, though he some-times condescended to be some-what familiar, his manner was, in general, too scholastic for those who had yet their rudiments to learn, and found it not easy to understand their master. His observations were framed rather for those that were learning to write, than for those that read only to talk.

(*a*) With very little parsimony, pretty liberally, plentifully; *niet karig*, *ruim*.

An instructer like Addison was now wanting; whose remarks being superficial, (a) might be easily understood, and being just, might prepare the mind for more attainments. Had he presented *Paradise Lost* to the public with all the pomp of system and severity of science, the criticism would perhaps have been admired; and the poem still have been neglected; but by the blandishments of gentleness and facility he has made Milton a universal favorite, with whom readers of every class think it necessary to be pleased.

Before the profound observers of the present race repose too securely on the consciousness of their superiority to Addison, let them consider his *Remarks on Ovid*; in which may be found specimens of criticism sufficiently subtle and refined: let them peruse likewise his *Essays on Wit*, and on the *Pleasures of Imagination*, in which he founds art on the base of nature; and draws the principles of invention from dispositions inherent in the mind of man; with skill and elegance, such as his contemners will not easily attain.

As a describer of life and manners, he must be allowed to stand perhaps the first of the first rank. His humor, which, as Steele observes, is peculiar to himself, is so happily diffused, as to give the grace of novelty to domestic scenes and daily occurrences. He never "outsteps the modesty of nature," nor raises merriment or wonder by the violation of truth. His figures neither divert by distortion, nor amaze by aggravation. He copies life with so much fidelity, that he can be hardly said to invent; yet his exhibitions have an air so much original, that it is difficult to suppose them not merely the product of imagination.

As a teacher of wisdom, he may be confidently followed. His religion has nothing in it enthusiastic or superstitious; he appears neither weakly credulous, nor wantonly sceptical; his morality is neither dangerously lax nor impracticably rigid. All the enchantment of fancy, and all the cogency of argument, are employed to recommend to the reader his real interest, — the care of pleasing the Author of his being. Truth is shown sometimes as the phantom of a vision, sometimes attracts regard in the robes of fancy, and sometimes steps forth in the confidence of reason. She wears a thousand dresses, and in all is pleasing.

His Prose is the model of the middle style; on grave

(a) Superficial, not profound.

subjects not formal, on light occasions not grovelling, pure without scrupulosity, and exact without apparent elaboration; always equable, and always easy, without glowing words or pointed sentences. Addison never deviates from his track to snatch a grace; he seeks no ambitious ornaments, and tries no hazardous innovations. His page is always luminous, but never blazes in unexpected splendor.

It was, apparently, his principal endeavour to avoid all harshness and severity of diction; he is therefore sometimes verbose in his transitions and connections, and sometimes descends too much to the language of conversation; yet if his language had been less idiomatical, it might have lost somewhat of its genuine Anglicism. What he attempted, he performed; he is never feeble, and he did not wish to be energetic; he is never rapid, and he never stagnates. His sentences have neither studied amplitude, nor affected brevity: his periods, though not diligently rounded, are voluble and easy. Whoever wishes to attain an English style, familiar but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison.

JOHNSON.

— There is one who, to judge from the Dramatic Sketch he has given us in *Manfred*, must be considered as a match for Æschylus, even in his sublimest moods of Horror.

SCOTT.

MANFRED'S Nocturnal Soliloquy.

The Stars are forth, the Moon above the tops
Of the snow-shining mountains — Beautiful!
I linger yet with Nature, for the Night
Hath been to me a more familiar face
Than that of Man; and in her Starry shade
Of dim and solitary loveliness,
I learned the language of another world.
I do remember me, that, in my youth,
When I was wandering, upon such a night
I stood within the Coliseum's wall,
'Midst the chief Relics of almighty Rome;
The Trees, which grew along the broken arches,
Waved dark in the blue midnight; and the Stars

Shone through the rents of ruin; from afar,
The Watch-dog bayed beyond the Tiber; and,
More near, from out the Cesars' palace, came
The Owl's long cry; and, interruptedly,
Of distant Sentinels the fitful song
Begun and died upon the gentle wind.
Some Cypresses, beyond the time-worn breach,
Appeared to skirt the horizon, yet they stood
Within a bowshot; where the Cesars dwelt,
And dwell the tuneless birds of night, amidst
A grove which springs through levelled battlements,
And twines its roots with the imperial hearths,
Ivy usurps the Laurel's place of growth;
But the Gladiators' bloody Circus stands —
A noble wreck in ruinous perfection!
While Cesar's chambers, and the Augustan halls,
Grovel on earth, in indistinct decay.
And Thou didst shine, thou rolling Moon, upon
All this, and cast a wide and tender light,
Which softened down the hoar austerity
Of rugged Desolation, and filled up,
As 'twere, anew, the gaps of centuries;
Leaving that beautiful which still was so,
And making that which was not — till the place
Became Religion, and the heart ran o'er
With silent Worship of the great of old!
The dead, but sceptered Sovereigns, who still rule
Our spirits from their urns.
'Twas such a Night —
'Tis strange that I recal it at this time!
But I have found our thoughts take widest flight
E'en at the moment when they should array
Themselves in pensive order.

BYRON.

January 25th, 1818. Drove at midnight to see the Coliseum by Moonlight; — but what can I say of the Coliseum? it must be *seen*: to describe it, I should have thought impossible, if I had not read *Manfred*. To see it aright, as the Poet of the North tells us of the fair Melrose, one must "Go visit it by the pale Moonlight." The stillness of night, the whispering echoes, the moonlight shadows, and the aweful grandeur of the impending ruins, form a scene of romantic sublimity, such as Byron alone can describe as it deserves. His description is the very thing itself; but what cannot He do on such a subject, the touch of whose pen, like the wand of Moses, can produce waters even from the barren rock!

A man should go *alone* to enjoy, in full perfection, all the enchantment of this moonlight scene; and if it do not excite in him emotions that he never felt before — let him hasten home, eat his

supper, say his prayers, and thank Heaven that he has not one single grain of romance or enthusiasm in his whole composition.

Jan. 27th. Escaped from the noisy crowd of the Corso, to the silent solitude of the Coliseum. Considering the depredations which have for so many ages been committed upon this pile, it is wonderful that so much remains. It must have been a noble sight, to behold this vast Amphitheatre filled with Spectators. The very lowest computation allows that it would certainly contain Eighty thousand.

HENRY MATTHEWS.

Henry VIII b. 1490; crowned 1509; d. 1547.

Queen ANNE BULLEN to HENRY VIII.

Sir,

Your grace's displeasure and my imprisonment are things so strange unto me, as what to write, or what to excuse, I am altogether ignorant. Whereas you send unto me (willing me to confess a truth, and so obtain your favor) by such a one whom you know to be my ancient professed enemy; I no sooner received this message by him, (a) than I rightly conceived your meaning; and if, as you say, confessing a truth indeed, may procure my safety, I shall, with all willingness and duty, perform your command.

But let not your grace ever imagine, that your poor wife, will ever be brought to acknowledge a fault, where not so much as a thought thereof preceded. And, to speak a truth, never prince had wife more loyal in all duty, and in all true affection, than you have ever found in Anne Bullen; with which name and place I could willingly have contented myself, if God and your grace's pleasure had been so pleased. Neither did I at any time so far forget myself in my exaltation or received queenship, but that I always looked for such an alteration as now I find; for the ground of my preferment being on no surer foundation than your grace's fancy, the least alteration, I knew, was fit and sufficient to draw that fancy to some other subject. You have chosen me from a low estate to be your queen and companion — far beyond my desert and desire. If, then, you found me worthy of such honor, good your grace, let not any light fancy or bad counsel of my enemies withdraw your princely favor from me; neither let that stain, that unworthy stain, of a disloyal

(a) Duke of Norfolk.

heart towards your good grace, ever cast so foul a blot on your most dutiful wife and the infant princess, your daughter. Try me, good king, but let me have a lawful trial; and let not my sworn enemies sit as my accusers and judges; yea, let me receive an open trial, (for my truth shall fear no shame,) then shall you see either my innocence cleared, your suspicion and conscience satisfied, the ignominy and slander of the world stopped, or my guilt openly declared. So that whatsoever God or You may determine of me, your grace may be freed from an open censure, and, my offence being so lawfully proved, your grace is at liberty, both before God and man, not only to execute worthy punishment on me, as an unlawful wife, but to follow your affection, already settled on that party for whose sake I am now as I am, whose name (*b*) I could some good while since have pointed unto your grace; being not ignorant of my suspicion therein. But, if you have already determined of me, and that not only my death, but an infamous slander must bring you the enjoying of your desired happiness, then I desire of God that He will pardon your great sin therein, and likewise my enemies, the instruments thereof; and that He will not call you to a strict account for your unprincely and cruel usage of me, at his general Judgement-seat, where both you and myself must shortly appear, and in whose judgement, I doubt not (whatsoever the world may think of me) my Innocence shall be openly known and sufficiently cleared. My last, and only request, shall be, that myself may only bear the burden of your grace's displeasure; and that it may not touch the innocent souls of those poor gentlemen, (*a*) who, as I understand, are likewise in strait imprisonment for my sake. If ever I found favor in your sight, if ever the name of Anne Bullen hath been pleasing in your eyes, then let me obtain this request; and I will so leave to trouble your grace any farther, with my earnest prayers to the Trinity to have your grace in His good keeping, and to direct you in all your actions.

From my doleful prison in the Tower, the 6th of May. (*b*)

Your most loyal and ever faithful wife,

ANNE BULLEN.

(*a*) Lady Jane Seymour.
(*b*) Messieurs Norris, Weston, Breton, and Smeton, who were all executed.
(*c*) In 1536.

The Morning Hymn is written in imitation of one of those Psalms where, in the overflowings of gratitude and praise, the Psalmist calls not only upon the angels, but upon the most conspicuous parts of the inanimate creation, to join with him in extolling their common Maker. Invocations of this nature fill the mind with glorious ideas of God's works, and awaken that divine enthusiasm which is so natural to devotion. But if this calling upon the *dead parts* of nature is at all times a proper kind of worship, it was in a particular manner suitable to our first parents, who had the Creation fresh upon their minds, and had not seen the various dispensations of Providence, nor, consequently, could be acquainted with those many topics of praise which might afford matter to the devotions of their posterity. I need not remark the beautiful Spirit of Poetry which runs through this whole Hymn, nor the Holiness of that Resolution with which it concludes.

ADDISON.

Morning Hymn.

These are thy glorious works, Parent of good!
Almighty! Thine this universal frame —
Thus wonderous fair — Thyself how wonderous then!
Unspeakable — who sit'st above these heavens
To us invisible, or but dimly seen
In these thy lower works; yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine.
Speak ye! who best can tell, ye sons of light,
Angels — for ye behold Him, and with songs
And choral symphonies, day without night,
Circle his throne rejoicing: ye in Heaven!
On Earth! join all ye Creatures — to extol
Him first, Him last, Him midst, and without end.
Fairest of Stars! last in the train of night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn
With thy bright circlet, praise Him in thy sphere,
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.
Thou Sun! of this great world both Eye and Soul,
Acknowledge Him thy greater — sound His praise
In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,
And when high noon hast gained, and when thou fallest.
Moon! that now meet'st the orient sun, now fliest
With the fixed stars, fixed in their orb that flies —
And ye Five other wandering Fires! that move
In mystic dance, not without song, resound
His praise, who out of darkness called up light.
Air! and ye Elements! the eldest birth
Of nature's womb, that in quaternion run
Perpetual circle, multiform, and mix,

And nourish all things, let your ceaseless change
Vary to our great Maker still new praise.
Ye Mists! and Exhalations! that now rise
From hill or steaming lake, dusky or grey,
Till the Sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
In honor to the world's great Author rise —
Whether to deck with clouds the uncolored sky,
Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers —
Rising, or falling, still advance His praise.
His praise, ye Winds! that from four quarters blow,
Breathe, soft or loud: and wave your tops, ye Pines!
With every Plant! in sign of worship wave.
Fountains! and ye that warble, as ye flow,
Melodious Murmurs! warbling tune His praise.
Join voices, all ye Living Souls! ye Birds!
That, singing, up to heaven's gate ascend,
Bear on your wings and in your notes His praise.
Ye that in Waters glide! and ye that walk
The Earth! and stately tread, or lowly creep,
Witness if I be silent, morn or even,
To hill or valley, fountain or fresh shade,
Made vocal by my song, and taught His praise.

Hail, Universal Lord! be bounteous still
To give us only good; and if the night
Have gathered aught of evil, or concealed,
Disperse it! as now light dispels the dark.

MILTON.

Satirical Wit.

——Trust me! this unwary Pleasantry of thine will, sooner or later, bring thee into scrapes and difficulties, which no After-wit can extricate thee out of. In these sallies, too oft I see, it happens, that the person *laughed at* considers himself in the light of a person injured, with all the rights of such a situation belonging to him; and when thou viewest him in that light too, and reckonest upon his friends, his family, his kindred, and allies — and musterest up with them the many recruits which will list under him, from a sense of common danger — 'tis no extravagant arithmetic to say, that for every *ten jokes*, thou hast got a *hundred enemies;* and, till thou hast gone on, and raised a swarm of wasps about thy ears, and art half stung to

death by them, thou wilt never be convinced that it is so.

I cannot suspect it in the man whom I esteem, that there is the least spur from spleen, or malevolence of intent, in these sallies. I believe and know them to be truely honest and sportive; but consider — *fools* cannot distinguish this, and *knaves* will not; and thou knowest not what it is, either to provoke the one, or to make merry with the other: for whenever they associate for mutual defence, depend upon it! they will carry on the war in such a manner against thee, my dear friend, as to make thee heartily sick of it — and of thy life too.

Revenge, from some baneful corner, shall level a tale of dishonor at thee, which no innocence of heart or integrity of conduct shall set right. The fortunes of thy house shall totter—thy character, which led the way to them, shall bleed on every side—thy faith questioned—thy works belied—thy wit forgotten— thy learning trampled on! To wind up the last scene of thy tragedy — Cruelty and Cowardice, twin-ruffians, hired and set on, by Malice, in the dark, shall strike together at all thy Infirmities and Mistakes — the best of us, my friend, lie open there! and trust me, when, to gratify a private appetite, it is once resolved upon, that an innocent and a helpless creature shall be sacrificed, it is an easy matter to pick up sticks enow, from any thicket where it has strayed, to make a fire to offer it up with.

STERNE.

The Beggar and the Divine.

In some good books one reads of a Divine,
Whose memorable case deserves a line;
Who, to serve God the best and shortest way,
Prayed, for eight years together, every day,
That in the midst of Doctrines and of Rules,
However taught and practised by the Schools,
He would be pleased to bring him to a Man
Prepared to teach him the Compendious plan.

He was himself a Doctor, and well read
In all the points to which Divines were bred;
Nevertheless, he thought, that what concerned
The most illiterate as well as learned,

To *Know* and *Practise*, must be something still
More independent on such kind of skill:
True Christian worship had, within its root,
Some *simpler secret*, clear of all dispute;
Which, by a Living proof that he might know,
He prayed for some Practitioner to show.

One day, possessed with an intense concern
About the Lesson which he sought to learn,
He heard a Voice, that sounded in his ears —
" Thou hast been praying for a Man eight years —
Go to the Porch of yonder Church, and find
A Man, prepared, according to thy mind!"

Away he went to the appointed ground —
When, at the entrance of the Church, he found
A poor old Beggar, with his feet full sore,
And not worth two-pence all the cloaths he wore:
Surprised, to see an object so forlorn —
" My friend," said he, " I wish thee a good morn—"
' Thank thee!' replied the Beggar, ' but a bad
I don't remember that I ever had.'
Sure he mistakes, the Doctor thought, the phrase—
" Good fortune, friend, befal thee all thy days?"
' Me,' said the Beggar, ' many days befal,
But none of them unfortunate at all —'
" God bless thee! answer plainly, I request —"
' Why, plainly then, I never was unblessed!'
" Never! thou speakest in a mystic strain,
Which, more at large, I wish thee to explain ——"

'With all my heart! — Thou first didst condescend
To wish me, kindly, a " good morning", friend;
And I replied, that I remembered not
A bad one ever to to have been my lot;
For let the morning turn out how it will,
I praise my God for every new one still:
If I am pinched with hunger, or with cold,
It does not make me to let go my hold;
Still I praise God —— Hail, rain, or snow, I take
This blessed Cordial, which has power to make
The foulest morning, to my thinking, fair;
For cold and hunger yield to praise and prayer.
Men pity me, as wretched, or despise;
But, whilst I hold this noble exercise,
It cheers my heart to such a due degree,
That every morning is still good to me.'

'Thou didst, moreover, wish me "lucky days"—
And I, by reason of continual praise,
Said that I had none else; for come what would,
On any day, I knew it must be good,
Because God sent it; sweet or bitter, joy
Or grief, by this angelical employ,
Of praising Him, my heart was at its rest;
And took whatever happened for the best —
So that my own experience might say,
It never knew of an unlucky day.'

'Then didst thou pray—"God bless thee"—and I said,
I never was unblessed; for being led,
By the Good Spirit of imparted grace,
To praise His name, and ever to embrace
His Righteous Will, regarding that alone,
With total resignation of my own,
I never could, in such a state as this,
Complain for want of happiness or bliss;
Resolved, in all things, that the Will Divine,
The Source of all True Blessing, should be mine.'

The Doctor, learning, from the Beggar's case,
Such wonderous instance of the Power of Grace,
Proposed a question— with intent, to try
The happy Mendicant's direct reply —
"What wouldst thou say," said he, "should God think fit
To cast thee down to the Infernal Pit?"

'He cast me down! He send me into Hell!
No! — He loves Me, and I love Him too well —
But, put the case, he should — I have two arms
That will defend me from all Hellish harms —
The one *Humility*, the other *Love* —
These I would throw below Him and above —
One under his *Humanity* I'd place,
His *Deity* the other should embrace;
With both together so to hold Him fast,
That He should *go* wherever He would *cast* —
And then, whatever thou shalt call the sphere,
"Hell"— if thou wilt! 'tis Heaven if He be there.'

Thus was a great Divine, whom some have thought
To be the justly famed Taulerus, taught
The holy art, for which he used to pray —
That to serve God the most compendious way,
Was to possess a *loving*, *humble* mind,
Still *praising* Him, and to His Will *resigned*.

BYROM.

Duelling.

Duelling as a Punishment is absurd; because it is an equal chance, whether the punishment fall on the offender or the person offended. Nor is it much better as a Repairation; it being difficult to explain in what *satisfaction* consists, or how it tends to undo the Injury, or to afford a compensation for the Damage already sustained.

The truth is, it is not considered as either. *A law of Honor* having annexed the imputation of Cowardice to Patience under affront, Challenges are given and accepted with no other design than to prevent or wipe off this suspicion; without malice against the adversary, generally without a wish to destroy him, or any other concern than to preserve the Duellist's own reputation and reception in the world.

The *unreasonableness* of this Rule of Manners is one consideration; the *duty* and *conduct* of individuals, while such a rule exists, is another.

As to which, the proper and single question is this — Whether a regard for our own Reputation is, or is not, sufficient to *justify* the taking away the Life of another?

Murder is forbidden — and wherever Human-life is *deliberately* taken away, otherwise than by public authority, there is Murder. The value and security of human-life make this rule necessary; for I do not see what other idea or definition of Murder can be admitted, which will not let in so much private violence, as to render society a scene of peril and bloodshed.

If *unauthorised laws of honor* be allowed to create exceptions to *divine prohibitions* — there is an end of all Morality, as founded in the Will of the Deity; and the obligation of every duty, may at one time or other, be discharged by the caprice and fluctuations of Fashion.

"But a sense of shame is so much Torture; and no relief "presents itself otherwise than by an attempt upon the "Life of our adversary." What then? The Distress which men suffer by the want of Money is oftentimes extreme, and no resource can be discovered but that of removing a Life, which stands between the distressed person and his inheritance. The motive in this case is as urgent, and the means much the same, as in the former: yet this case finds no advocate.

Take away the circumstance of the Duellist's exposing his own life, and it becomes *assassination;* add this cir-

cumstance, and what difference does it make? None but this — that fewer, perhaps, will imitate the example, and Human-life will be somewhat more safe, when it cannot be attacked without equal danger to the aggressor's own. Experience, however, proves that there is fortitude enough in most men to undertake this hazard; and were it otherwise, the defence, at best, would be only that which a Highwayman or Housebreaker might plead, whose attempt had been so daring and desperate, that few were likely to repeat the same.

In expostulating with the Duellist, I all along suppose his Adversary to fall: which supposition I am at liberty to make; because, if he have no right to *kill* his adversary, he has no right to *attempt* it.

In return, I forbear from applying to the case of Duelling the Christian principle of the *forgiveness of injuries*; because it is impossible to suppose the injury to be forgiven, and the Duellist to act intirely from a concern for his own reputation: where this is not the case, the *guilt* of Duelling is manifest, and is greater.

In this view it seems unnecessary to distinguish between him who *gives*, and him who *accepts* a Challenge; for, on the one hand, they incur an equal hazard of destroying Life; and, on the other, both act upon the same persuasion, that what they do is necessary, in order to recover or preserve the good opinion of the world.

Public opinion is not easily controlled by civil institutions: for which reason I question whether any Regulations can be contrived, of sufficient force, to suppress or change the *rule of honor*, which stigmatizes all scruples about Duelling with the reproach of Cowardice.

The *insufficiency* of the Redress which the Law of the Land affords, for those Injuries which chiefly affect a man in his *sensibility* and *reputation*, tempts many to redress themselves. Prosecutions for such offences, by the trifling Damages that are recovered, serve only to make the sufferer more ridiculous — THIS OUGHT TO BE REMEDIED.

For the Army, where the *point of honor* is cultivated with exquisite attention and refinement, I would establish *a Court of Honor*, with a Power of awarding those *submissions* and *acknowledgements*, which it is generally the purpose of a Challenge to obtain; and it might grow into a Fashion, with persons of rank, of all professions, to refer their quarrels to this Tribunal.

Duelling, as the Law now stands, can seldom be over-

taken by Legal Punishment. The Challenge, Appointment, and other previous circumstances, which indicate the *intention* with which the Combatants met, being suppressed, nothing appears to a Court of Justice, but the *actual rencounter;* and if a person be slain when actually fighting with his adversary, the Law deems his Death nothing more than *man-slaughter.*

PALEY'S *Mor. and Prac. Philosophy.*

Pope began his Version of the *Iliad* in 1712, his twenty-fifth year; and concluded it in 1718, his thirtieth year.

It is certainly the noblest Version of poetry the world has ever seen; and its publication must therefore be considered as one of the great events in the annals of Learning.

JOHNSON.

The Parting of HECTOR and ANDROMACHE.

Silent the warrior smiled, and, pleased, resigned
To tender passions all his mighty mind:
His beauteous princess cast a mournful look,
Hung on his hand, and then, dejected, spoke;
Her bosom labored with a boding sigh,
And the big tear stood trembling in her eye —
"Too daring prince! ah, whither dost thou run?
Ah, too forgetful of thy wife and son!
And thinkest thou not how wretched we shall be?
A widow I, a helpless orphan he!
For sure such courage length of life denies,
And thou must fall, thy virtue's sacrifice.
Greece in her single heroes strove in vain —
Now hosts oppose Thee, and thou must be slain!
Oh, grant me, gods! ere Hector meets his doom,
All I can ask of heaven, an early tomb!
So shall my days in one sad tenor run,
And end, with sorrows, as they first begun.
No parent now remains, my griefs to share,
No father's aid, no mother's tender care!
The fierce Achilles wrapped our walls in fire,
Laid Thebe waste, and slew my warlike sire!
His fate compassion in the victor bred —
Stern as he was, he yet revered the dead;
His radiant arms preserved from hostile spoil,

And laid him decent on the funeral pile;
Then raised a mountain where his bones were burned—
The mountain nymphs the rural tomb adorned.
Jove's sylvan daughters bade their elms bestow
A barren shade, and in his honor grow.
By the same arm my seven brave brothers fell,
In one sad day beheld the gates of hell;
While the fat herds and snowy flocks they fed,
Amid their fields, the hapless heroes bled!
My mother lived to bear the victor's bands,
The queen of Hippoplacia's sylvan lands:
Redeemed too late, she scarce beheld again
Her pleasing empire and her native plain,
When ah! oppressed by life-consuming wo,
She fell a victim to Diana's bow.
Yet while my Hector still survives, I see
My father, mother, brethren, all, in thee.
Alas! my parents, brothers, kindred, all,
Once more will perish if my Hector fall!
Thy wife, thy infant, in thy danger share:
Oh prove a husband's and a father's care!
That quarter most the skilful Greeks annoy
Where yon wild fig-trees join the wall of Troy;
Thou, from this tower defend the important post;
There Agamemnon points his dreadful host;
That pass Tydides, Ajax, strive to gain;
And there the vengeful Spartan fires his train.
Thrice our bold foes the fierce attack have given,
Or led by hopes, or dictated from heaven—
Let others in the field their arms employ,
But stay my Hector here, and guard his Troy."
The chief replied: 'That post shall be my care,
Nor that alone, but all the works of war.
How would the sons of Troy, in arms renowned,
And Troy's proud dames, whose garments sweep the ground,
Attaint the lustre of my former name,
Should Hector basely quit the field of fame!
My early youth was bred to martial pains,
My soul impels me to the embattled plains;
Let me be foremost to defend the throne,
And guard my father's glories, and my own!
'Yet come it will, the day decreed by fates—
(How my heart trembles while my tongue relates!)
The day when thou, imperial Troy! must bend,
And see thy warriors fall, thy glories end!
And yet no dire presage so wounds my mind,

My mother's death, (the ruin of my kind!)
Not Priam's hoary hairs defiled with gore,
Not all my brothers gasping on the shore,
As thine, Andromache! thy griefs I dread:
I see thee, trembling, weeping, captive led—
In Argive looms our battles to design,
And woes, of which so large a part was thine!
To bear the victor's hard commands, or bring
The weight of waters from Hyperia's spring.
There, while you groan beneath the load of life,
They cry, "Behold the mighty Hector's wife!"
Some haughty Greek, who lives thy tears to see,
Embitters all thy woes by naming me.
The thoughts of glory past, and present shame,
A thousand griefs shall waken at the Name;
May I lie cold before that dreadful day,
Pressed with a load of monumental clay!
Thy Hector, wrapped in everlasting sleep,
Shall neither hear thee sigh, nor see thee weep!"
Thus having spoke, the illustrious chief of Troy
Stretched his fond arms to clasp his lovely boy:
The babe clung crying to his nurse's breast,
Scared at the dazzling helm, and nodding crest:
With secret pleasure each fond parent smiled,
And Hector hasted to relieve his child;
The glittering terrors from his brows unbound,
And placed the beaming helmet on the ground;
Then kissed the child, and, lifting high in air,
Thus to the gods preferred a father's prayer —
'O Thou, whose glory fills the ethereal throne,
And all ye Deathless-Powers! protect my son!
Grant him, like me, to purchase just renown,
To guard the Trojans, to defend the crown;
Against his country's foes the war to wage,
And rise the Hector of the future age!
So when triumphant from successful toils
Of heroes slain, he bears the reeking spoils,
Whole hosts may hail him with deserved acclaim,
And say, *This Chief transcends his Father's fame!*
While, pleased amidst the general shouts of Troy,
His mother's conscious heart o'erflows with joy!'
He spoke, and fondly gazing on her charms,
Restored the pleasing burden to her arms;
Soft on her fragrant breast the babe she laid,
Hushed to repose, and with a smile surveyed:
The troubled pleasure soon chastised by fear,

She mingled with the smile a tender tear.
The softened chief with kind compassion viewed,
And dried the falling drops, and thus pursued —
'Andromache! my soul's far better part,
Why with untimely sorrows heaves thy heart?
No hostile hand can antedate my doom,
Till fate condemns me to the silent tomb:
Fixed is the term to all the race of earth,
And — such the hard condition of our birth —
No force can then resist, no flight can save,
All sink alike, the fearful and the brave.
No more!—but hasten to thy tasks at home,
There guide the spindle and direct the loom:
Me glory summons to the martial scene,
The field of combat is the sphere for Men!
Where heroes war, the foremost place I claim —
The first in danger, as the first in fame!'
Thus having said, the glorious chief resumes
His towery helmet, black with shading plumes:
His princess parts with a prophetic sigh —
Unwilling parts, and oft reverts her eye,
That streamed at every look: then, moving slow,
Sought her own palace, and indulged her wo.
There, while her tears deplored the godlike man,
Through all her train the soft infection ran;
The pious maids their mingled sorrows shed,
And mourned the living Hector, as the dead.

Pope.

Finite and Infinite.

I. Finite, or what has an end, compared with Infinite or what has no end, is nothing. A hundred millions of years compared with Eternity, are nothing. II. There is more proportion betwixt the least Finite and the greatest Finite, than there is between a hundred millions of years and Eternity. Because the least Finite makes part of the greatest; whereas the greatest Finite makes no part of Infinite. An hour makes part of a hundred millions of years; because a hundred millions of years are only an hour repeated a certain number of times: whereas, a hundred millions of years make no part of Eternity; and Eternity is not a hundred millions of years repeated a

certain number of times. III. With regard to Infinite, the least or greatest Finite are the same thing. With regard to Eternity, an hour or a hundred millions of years are the same thing. So are the duration of the life of man and the duration of the world itself; because both of them are nothing: and *nothing* admits not of *more* or *less*.

All this being granted, I now suppose God to grant you but a Quarter of an Hour to live, wherein to secure an Eternity of happiness and avoid an Eternity of misery; and at the same time to reveal to you, that the World itself should come to an end an Hour after your death — I ask you, on this supposition, What account would you make of the World and its judgements? What account would you make of the pains or the pleasures you might experience during your life? With what care would you think yourselves obliged to employ yourselves every moment of your life, to prepare for Death? O, fools that you are! Do you not perceive, that, with respect to God, with respect to Eternity, the supposition I have just made is, indeed, a reality! that the duration of your life, compared to Eternity, is less than a Quarter of an Hour, and the duration of the universe less than an Hour?

I make another supposition — If you had a Hundred years to live, and for your support the whole of this period, must only have what you could carry away in the space of an Hour from a treasury of gold and silver coin, the entrance to which should be open during that hour — I ask, in what you would employ the hour? In sleeping, walking, feasting, diversion? Doubtless not; but in amassing riches, and even in loading yourself with gold in preference to silver. O, fools that we are! we must exist to all Eternity, and during this Eternity, we shall only have the reward secured in Time, and during the short space of our life: and yet we employ not all our time in endeavouring to obtain a great reward!

But you will say to me —"during Life it is necessary to sleep, to drink, to eat, and take some slight recreation." I grant it; but what hinders, that, like St Paul, you may do all for the Love of God, and thereby obtain a recompense for all?

It must be confessed, that the Passions are so lively, and opportunities so seducing, that it is a wonder there should be one Righteous man upon earth; nevertheless there are such: and this is the effect of the Mercy of God and the Grace of the Redeemer — on the other hand, Death, Judgement, and Eternity, are truths so aweful,

that it is astonishing that there should be one obstinate Sinner upon earth; such, however, is the effect of forgetting these great truths. Let us then meditate, watch, and pray, that we may be of the number of the Righteous in Time and Eternity.

Evangelical Mag. for Aug. 1811.

OTHELLO'S Apology.

Duke. What, in your own part, can you say to this?

Othello. Most potent, grave, and reverend, Signiors—
My very noble, and approved, good, Masters—
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true; true, I have married her —
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent; no more. Rude am I in speech,
And little blessed with the soft phrase of peace;
For since these arms of mine had seven-years' pith,
Till now some nine moons wasted, they have used
Their dearest action in the tented field;
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broils and battles;
And, therefore, little shall I grace my cause
In speaking for myself. Yet, by your patience,
I will a round, unvarnished tale deliver,
Of my whole course of love; what Drugs, what Charms,
What Conjurations, and what mighty Magic—
For such proceedings I am charged withal —
I won his Daughter with.

Brabantio. A maiden never bold; &c.
— with some dram conjured to this effect,
He wrought upon her.
Duke. To vouch this, is no proof; &c.
Senator. But, Othello, speak —
Did you, by indirect and forced courses,
Subdue and poison this young maid's affections?
Or came it by request, and such fair question,
As soul to soul affordeth?
Othello. I do beseech you,
Send for the Lady &c.
Duke. Fetch Desdemona hither.
Othello. Ancient, conduct them; &c.
And till she come, as truely as to Heaven
I do confess the vices of my blood,
So justly I'll to your grave ears present
How I did thrive in this fair lady's Love,
And she in mine.
Duke. Say it, Othello.

Othello. Her father loved me, oft invited me;
Still questioning me the story of my life
From year to year; the battles, sieges, fortunes,
That I'd passed.
I ran it through, e'en from my boyish days
To the very moment that he bade me tell it:
Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents, by flood and field;
Of hair-breadth 'scapes in the imminent, deadly breach;
Of being taken by the insolent fo,
And sold to slavery: of my redemption thence;
Of battles bravely, hardly fought; of victories
O'er which the conquerors mourned so many fell:
Sometimes I told the story of a siege,
Wherein I had to combat plagues, and famine,
Soldiers unpaid — fearful to fight,
Yet bold in dangerous mutiny. All these to hear
Would Desdemona seriously incline:
But oft the house affairs would draw her thence,
Which ever as she could with haste despatch,
She'd come again, and, with a greedy ear,
Devour up my discourse; which I observing
Took once a pliant hour, and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate;
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
But not distinctively. I did consent,
And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I related some distressful stroke
That my youth suffered. My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs:
She swore, in faith,— 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange;
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful —
She wished she had not heard it — yet she wished
That Heaven had made her such a man; — she thanked me
And bade me, if I had a friend that loved her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her. On this hint I spake —
She loved me for the dangers I had passed;
And I loved her that she did pity them!
This, only, is the witchcraft I have used.
Here comes the Lady, let her witness it.

SHAKESPEARE.

LECTURE IV.

An Historical account of English Composition.

Byron b. 1788; d. 1824: Scott b. 1771.

Note. The following Essay was written just before Lord Byron's death.

BYRON and SCOTT Contrasted.

Lord Byron and Sir Walter Scott are, among writers now living, the two, who would carry away a majority of suffrages as the greatest geniuses of the Age. The former would, perhaps, obtain the preference with the fine gentlemen and ladies (squeamishness apart)—the latter with the critics and the vulgar. We shall treat of them in the same connection, partly on account of their distinguished pre-eminence, and partly because they afford a complete contrast to each other. In their Poetry, in their Prose, in their Politics, and in their Tempers, no two men can be more unlike.

If Sir Walter Scott may be thought by some to have been

> "Born universal heir to all humanity,"

it is plain Lord Byron can set up no such pretention. He is, in a striking degree, the creature of his Own Will. He holds no communion with his kind; but stands alone, without mate or fellow —

> "As if a man were author of himself,
> And owned no other kin."

He is like a solitary peak, all access to which is cut off, not more by elevation than distance. He is seated on a lofty eminence, cloud-capped, or reflecting the last rays of setting suns; and in his poetical moods, reminds us of the fabled Titans, retired to a ridgy steep, playing on their pan's-pipes, and taking up ordinary men and things in their hands with haughty indifference. He raises his subject to himself, or tramples on it: he neither stoops to, nor loses himself in it. He exists not by sym-

pathy, but by antipathy. He scorns all things, even himself. Nature must come to him to sit for her picture — he does not go to her. She must consult his time, his convenience, and his humor; and wear a sombre or a fantastic garb, or his Lordship turns his back upon her. There is no ease, no unaffected simplicity of manner, no golden-mean. All is strained or petulent in the extreme. His thoughts are sphered and crystalline; his style "prouder than when blue Iris bends"; his spirit fiery, impatient, wayward, indefatigable. Instead of taking his impressions from without, in entire and almost unimpaired masses, he moulds them according to his own temperament, and heats the materials of his imagination in the furnace of his passions.

Lord Byron's verse glows like a flame, consuming every thing in its way; Sir Walter Scott's glides like a river, clear, gentle, harmless. The poetry of the former scorches, that of the latter scarcely warms. The light of the one proceeds from an internal source, ensanguined, sullen, fixed; the other reflects the hues of heaven, or the face of nature, glancing vivid and various. The productions of the Northern Bard have the rust and the freshness of antiquity about them; those of the Noble Poet cease to startle from their extreme ambition of novelty, both in style and matter. &c.

Lord Byron, who, in his politics, is a *liberal*, in his genius is haughty and aristocratic: Sir Walter Scott, who is an *aristocrat* in principle, is popular in his writings, and is (as it were) equally *servile* to nature and to opinion. The genius of Sir Walter is essentially imitative, or "denotes a foregone conclusion:" that of Lord Byron is self-dependent; or at least requires no aid, is governed by no law, but the impulses of its own will. &c. We had rather be Sir Walter Scott (meaning thereby the *Author of Waverley*) than Lord Byron, a hundred times over. &c. Sir Walter gives us Man as he is, or as he was, in almost every variety of situation, action, and feeling: Lord Byron makes man after his Own Image, woman after his Own Heart; the one is a capricious tyrant, the other a yielding slave; he gives us the misantrophe and the voluptuary by turns; and with these two characters, burning or melting in their own fires, he makes out everlasting centos of Himself. &c. In this point of view, the Author of Waverly is one of the greatest teachers of Morality that ever lived, by emancipating the mind from petty, narrow, bigoted prejudices: Lord Byron

is the greatest pamperer of those prejudices, by seeming to think that there is nothing else worth encouraging but the seeds or the full luxuriant growth of dogmatism and self-conceit. In reading the *Scotch Novels*, we never think about the Author, except from a feeling of curiosity respecting our unknown benefactor: in reading Lord Byron's works, he himself is never absent from our minds. The coloring of Lord Byron's style, however rich and dipped in Tyrian dyes, is, nevertheless, opaque — is in itself an object of delight and wonder: Sir Walter Scott's is perfectly transparent. &c. Or to sum up the distinction in one word — Sir Walter Scott is the most *dramatic* writer now living; and Lord Byron the least so. It would be difficult to imagine that the Author of Waverley is, in the smallest degree, a *pedant;* as it would be hard to persuade ourselves that the Author of Childe Harold and Don Juan is not a *coxcomb*, though a provoking and sublime one. In this decided preference given to Sir Walter Scott over Lord Byron, we distinctly include the Prose-works of the former; for we do not think his Poetry alone, by any means, entitles him to precedence. Sir Walter in his poetry, though pleasing and natural, is a comparative trifler: it is in his anonymous productions that he has shown himself What he is!——

Intensity is the great and prominent distinction of Lord Byron's writings. He seldom gets beyond force of style, nor has he produced any regular work, or masterly whole. He does not prepare any plan beforehand, nor revise and retouch what he has written, with polished accuracy. &c. He composes (as he himself has said) whether he is in the bath, in his study, or on horseback — he writes as habitually as others talk or think — and whether we have the inspiration of the muse or not, we always find the spirit of the Man of Genius breathing in his verse. He grapples with his subject, and moves, penetrates, and animates it, by the electric force of his own feelings. He is often monotonous, extravagant, offensive; but he is never dull, or tedious — except when he writes Prose. &c.

Lord Byron has strength and elevation enough to fill up the mould of our classical and time-hallowed recollections, and to rekindle the earliest aspirations of the mind after greatness and true glory with a pen of fire. The names of Tasso, Ariosto, Dante, Cincinnatus, Cesar, and Scipio, lose nothing of their pomp, or their lustre, in his hands; and when he begins and continues a strain of panegyric on such subjects, we indeed sit down with

him to a banquet of rich praise, brooding over imperishable glories,

"Till Contemplation has her fill." &c.

Lord Byron hallows in order to desecrate; takes a pleasure in defacing the images of beauty his hands have wrought, and raises our hopes and our belief in Goodness to heaven, only to dash them to the earth again, and break them in pieces the more effectually from the very height they have fallen. Our enthusiasm for genius or virtue is thus turned into a jest, by the very person who has kindled it, and who thus fatally quenches the sparks of both. It is not that Lord Byron is sometimes serious and sometimes trifling, sometimes profligate and sometimes moral — but when he is most serious and most moral, he is only preparing to mortify the unsuspecting reader, by putting a pitiful *hoax* upon him. This is a most unaccountable anomaly. &c. There is no *taint* in the writings of the Author of Waverley, all is fair, and natural, and *aboveboard;* he never outrages the public mind; he introduces no anomalous character; broaches no staggering opinion. &c.

We do not like Sir Walter's gratuitous *servility:* we like Lord Byron's preposterous *liberalism* little better. He may affect the principles of equality, but he resumes his privilege of peerage, upon occasion. His Lordship has made great offers of service to the Greeks — Money and Horses. He is at present in Cephalonia, waiting the event!

* * * * * * * *

We had written thus far when News came of the Death of Lord Byron, and put an end at once to a strain of somewhat peevish invective, which was intended to meet his eye, not to insult his memory. Had we known that we were writing his Epitaph, we must have done it with a different feeling. As it is, we think it better and more like himself, to let what we had written stand, than to take up our leaden shafts, and try to melt them into "tears of sensibility", or mould them into dull praise, and an affected show of candor. &c.

Lord Byron is dead! he also died a Martyr to his zeal in the cause of Freedom — for the last, best hopes of man. Let that be his excuse and his epitaph.

HAZLITT.

The Grave.

There is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary Pilgrims found;
They softly lie, and sweetly sleep,
Low in the ground.

The storm that wrecks the winter sky
No more disturbs their deep repose,
Than summer-evening's latest sigh,
That shuts the rose.

I long to lay this painful head,
And aking heart, beneath the soil;
To slumber in that dreamless bed,
From all my toil.

For Misery stole me at my birth,
And cast me helpless on the wild —
I perish! O, my mother earth,
Take home thy child!

On thy dear lap these limbs reclined,
Shall gently moulder into thee;
Nor leave one wretched trace behind
Resembling me.

Hark! a strange sound affrights my ear;
My pulse, my brain runs wild — I rave!
Ah! who art Thou, whose voice I hear?
"I am the Grave!

"The Grave, that never spake before,
Hath found at length a tongue to chide:
O listen! I will speak no more: —
Be silent, Pride!

"Art thou a Wretch of hope forlorn,
The victim of consuming care?
Is thy distracted Conscience torn
By fell despair?

"Do foul misdeeds of former times
Wring with remorse thy guilty breast?
Do ghosts of unforgiven crimes
Murder thy Rest?

" Lashed by the furies of the mind,
From Wrath and Vengeance wouldst thou flee?
Ah! think not, hope not, Fool! to find
A Friend in Me —

" By all the terrors of the Tomb,
(Beyond the power of tongue to tell,)
By the dread Secrets of my womb,
By Death, and Hell,

" I charge thee, Live! — repent and pray;
In dust thy infamy deplore;
There yet is Mercy; — go thy way,
And Sin no more.

" Art thou a Mourner? Hast thou known
The joy of Innocent delights,
Endearing days, for ever flown,
And tranquil nights?

" O, Live! — and deeply cherish still
The sweet Remembrance of the past:
Rely on Heaven's unchanging Will
For Peace at last.

" Art thou a Wanderer? Hast thou seen
O'erwhelming tempests drown thy bark?
A shipwrecked sufferer hast thou been —
Misfortune's mark?

" Though long of winds and waves the sport,
Condemned in wretchedness to roam,
Live! — thou shalt reach a sheltering port,
A quiet Home.

" To Friendship didst thou trust thy fame,
And was thy Friend a deadly Fo,
Who stole into thy breast, to aim
A surer blow?

" Live! — and repine not o'er his loss,
A loss unworthy to be told;
Thou hadst mistaken sordid dross
For friendship's gold:

" Seek the true Treasure, seldom found,
Of Power the fiercest griefs to calm,
To soothe the bosom's deepest wound,
With Heavenly balm.

"Did Woman's charms thy youth beguile;
And did the Fair-One faithless prove?
Hath she betrayed thee with a smile,
And sold thy Love?

"Live! — 'twas a false bewildering fire:
Too often Love's insidious dart
Thrills the fond soul with wild desire,
But kills the heart.

"Thou yet shalt know, how sweet, how dear,
To gaze on listening Beauty's eye;
To ask — and pause, in hope and fear,
Till she reply.

"A nobler flame shall warm thy breast,
A brighter maiden faithful prove;
Thy youth, thy age, shall yet be blessed
In Woman's love.

"Whate'er thy lot, whoe'er thou be —
Confess thy folly, kiss the rod —
And in thy chastening sorrows see
The Hand of God.

"A bruised Reed he will not break;
Afflictions all his children feel;
He wounds them for his Mercy's sake,
He wounds to heal.

"Humbled beneath his mighty hand,
Prostrate his Providence adore:
'Tis done! — Arise! He bids thee stand
To fall no more.

Now Traveller, in the vale of tears,
To realms of Everlasting light,
Through Time's dark wilderness of years,
Pursue thy flight.

"There is a Calm for those who weep,
A Rest for weary Pilgrims found;
And while their mouldering Ashes sleep
Low in the ground,

"The Soul, of origin divine,
God's glorious Image, freed from clay,
In Heaven's eternal sphere shall shine,
A Star of Day!

"The sun is but a Spark of fire,
A transient meteor in the sky,
The Soul, Immortal as its Sire,
Shall Never die."

MONTGOMERY.

From Lord CHESTERFIELD to his Son.

(The Son in his Seventeenth Year.)

London, November the 3d, O. S. 1749.

Dear Boy,

From the time that you have had life, it has been the principal and favorite object of mine, to make you as Perfect as the imperfections of human nature will allow: in this view, I have grudged no pains nor expense in your Education, convinced that Education, more than Nature, is the cause of that great difference which we see in the Characters of men. While you were a Child, I endeavoured to form your Heart habitually to Virtue and Honor, before your Understanding was capable of showing you their beauty and utility. Those Principles, which you then got, like your Grammar Rules, only by Rote, are now, I am persuaded, fixed and confirmed by Reason. And indeed they are so plain and clear, that they require but a very moderate degree of understanding, either to comprehend or practise them. Lord Shaftesbury says, very prettily, that he would be Virtuous for his own sake, though nobody were to know it; as he would be Clean for his own sake, though nobody were to see him. I have, therefore, since you have had the use of your Reason, never written to you upon those subjects: they speak best for themselves; and I should, now, just as soon think of warning you gravely not to fall into the Dirt or the Fire, as into Dishonor or Vice. This view of mine, I consider as fully attained. My next object was, sound and useful Learning. My own care first, Mr. Harte's afterwards, and of late (I will own it to your praise) your own application, have more than answered my expectations in that particular; and, I have reason to believe, will answer even my wishes. All that remains for me then to wish, to recommend, to inculcate, to order,

and to insist upon, is, Good-breeding; without which, all your other qualifications will be lame, unadorned, and, to a certain degree, unavailing. And here I fear, and have much reason to believe, that you are greatly deficient. The remainder of this Letter, therefore, shall be (and it will not be the last by a great many) upon that subject.

A friend (*a*) of yours and mine has very justly defined Good-breeding to be, *the result of much good-sense, some good-nature, and a little self-denial for the sake of others, and with a view to obtain the same indulgence from them.* Taking this for granted, (as I think it cannot be disputed,) it is astonishing to me, that any body, who has good-sense and good-nature (and I believe you have both) can essentially fail in Good-breeding. As to the modes of it, indeed, they vary according to persons, and places, and circumstances; and are only to be acquired by observation and experience, but the substance of it is everywhere, and eternally the same. Good manners are, to particular societies, what good morals are to society in general — their cement, and their security. And, as the Laws are enacted to enforce good morals, or at least prevent the ill effects of bad ones, so there are certain Rules of civility, universally implied and received, to enforce good manners, and punish bad ones. And, indeed, there seems to me to be less difference, both between the crimes and between the punishments, than at first one would imagine. The Immoral man, who invades another man's property, is justly hanged for it; and the Ill-bred man, who, by his ill-manners, invades and disturbs the quiet and comforts of private life, is, by common consent, as justly banished society. Mutual complaisances, attentions, and sacrifices of little conveniencies, are as natural an implied compact between civilised people, as protection and obedience are between Kings and Subjects: whoever, in either case, violates that compact, justly forfeits all advantages arising from it. For my own part, I really think, that, next to the consciousness of doing a good action, that of doing a civil one is the most pleasing: and the epithet which I should covet the most, next to that of Aristides, would be that of Well-bred. Thus much for Good-breeding in general. I will now consider some of the various modes and degrees of it.

Very few, scarcely any, are wanting in the respect which they should show to those whom they acknowledge to

(*a*) Lord Bolingbroke.

be infinitely their superiors; such as Crowned-Heads, Princes, and Public persons of distinguished and eminent posts. It is the *manner of showing* that respect which is different. The man of Fashion, and of the World, express it in its fullest extent; but naturally, easily, and without concern: whereas, a man who is not used to keep Good-company, expresses it awkwardly; one sees that he is not used to it, and that it costs him a great deal: but I never saw the worst-bred man living, guilty of lolling, whistling, scratching his head, and such like indecencies, in company that he respected. In such companies, therefore, the only point to be attended to, is, to show that respect, which everybody means to show, in an easy, unembarrassed, and graceful manner. This is what Observation and Experience must teach you.

In mixed Companies, whoever is admitted to make a part of them, is, for the time, at least, supposed to be upon a footing of equality with the rest; and, consequently, as there is no one principal object of awe and respect, people are apt to take a greater latitude in their behaviour, and to be less upon their guard; and so they may, provided it be within certain bounds, which are upon no occasion to be transgressed. But, upon these occasions, though no one is entitled to distinguished marks of respect, every one claims, and very justly, every mark of Civility and Good-breeding. Ease is allowed, but Carelessness and Negligence are strictly forbidden. If a man accosts you, and talks to you ever so dully or frivolously, it is worse than Rudeness, it is Brutality, to show him, by manifest inattention to what he says, that you think him a fool or a blockhead, and not worth hearing. It is much more so with regard to Women; who of whatever rank they are, are entitled, in consideration of their Sex, not only to an attentive, but an officious Good-breeding from men. Their little wants, likings, dislikes, preferences, antipathies, fancies, whims, and even impertinencies, must be officiously attended to, flattered, and, if possible, guessed at and anticipated, by a Well-bred man. You must never usurp to yourself those conveniencies and *agrémens* which are of common right — such as the best places, the best dishes, &c.; but, on the contrary, always decline them yourself, and offer them to others; who, in their turns, will offer them to you: so that, upon the whole, you will, in your turn, enjoy your share of your common right. It would be endless for me to enumerate all the particular instances in which a Well-bred man shows his

Good-breeding in Good-company; and it would be injurious to you to suppose, that your own Good-sense will not point them out to you; and then your own Good-nature will recommend, and your Self-interest enforce the practice.

There is a third sort of Good-breeding, in which people are the most apt to fail, from a very mistaken notion that they cannot fail at all. I mean, with regard to one's most familiar friends and acquaintances, or those who really are our inferiors; and there, undoubtedly, a greater degree of Ease is not only allowed, but proper, and contributes much to the comforts of a private social life. But that ease and freedom have their bounds too, which must by no means be violated. A certain degree of Negligence and Carelessness becomes injurious and insulting, from the real or supposed inferiority of the persons: and that delightful liberty of Conversation among a few friends, is soon destroyed, as Liberty often has been, by being carried to licentiousness. But example explains things best, and I will put a pretty strong case — Suppose you and I alone together; I believe you will allow that I have as good a right to unlimited freedom in your company, as either you or I can possibly have in any other; and I am apt to believe, too, that you would indulge me in that freedom, as far as any body would. But, notwithstanding this, do you imagine that I should think there were no bounds to that freedom? I assure you, I should not think so; and I take myself to be as much tied down by a certain degree of Good-manners, to you, as by other degrees of them to other people. Were I to yawn extremely, snore, &c., in your company, I should think that I behaved myself to you like a Beast, and should not expect that you would care to frequent me. No — the most familiar and intimate habitudes, connections, and friendships, require a degree of Good-breeding, both to preserve and cement them. &c. The best of us have our bad sides; and it is as Imprudent, as it is Ill-bred, to exhibit them. I shall certainly not use ceremony with you; it would be misplaced between us: but I shall certainly observe that degree of Good-breeding with you, which is, in the first place, *decent;* and which, I am sure, is absolutely *necessary* to make us like one another's company long.

I will say no more, now, upon this important subject of Good-breeding; upon which I have already dwelt too long, it may be, for one Letter; and upon which I shall

frequently refresh your memory hereafter: but I will conclude with these Axioms —

That the deepest Learning, without Good-breeding, is unwelcome and tiresome Pedantry, and of use nowhere but in a man's own closet: and, consequently, of little or no use at all.

That a man who is not perfectly Well-bred, is unfit for Good-company, and unwelcome in it; will dislike it soon, afterwards renounce it, and be reduced to solitude, or, what is worse, Low and Bad-Company.

That a man who is not Well-bred, is full as unfit for Business as for Company.

Make then my dear child, I conjure you, Good-breeding the great object of your thoughts and actions, at least half the day. Observe carefully the *behaviour* and *manners* of those who are distinguished by their Good- breeding; imitate, nay, endeavour to excel, that you may at least reach them; and be convinced that Good-breeding is, to all Worldly qualifications, what Charity is to all Christian virtues. Observe how it adorns merit, and how often it covers the want of it. May you wear it to adorn, and not to cover you! Adieu.

Cowper b. 1731; d. 1800.

The Poems of William Cowper, I recommend to all readers, male and female; young, middle-aged, or old. They may be had in a variety of Editions — *Whittingham's Cabinet Library* Edition, in Two Volumes, price *Three Guilders and Fifty Cents*, is both plain and neat.

B. S. N.

On My Mother's Picture.

O that those lips had language! Life has passed
With me but roughly, since I heard Thee last.
Those lips are thine — thy own sweet smile I see,
The same that oft in childhood solaced me:
Voice only fails, else how distinct they say,
"Grieve not my Child, chase all thy fears away!"
The meek intelligence of those dear eyes —
(Blessed be the Art that can immortalize,
The Art that baffles Time's tyrannic claim
To quench it!) — here shines on me still the same.

Faithful Remembrancer of one so dear,
O, welcome guest! though unexpected here:
Who bidst me honor, with an artless Song,
Affectionate, a Mother lost so long —
I will obey, not willingly alone,
But gladly, as the precept were her own:
And, while that face renews my filial grief,
Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief,
Shall steep me in Elysian revery,
A momentary dream, that Thou art She.
My Mother! when I learned that thou wast dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?
Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing Son,
Wretch, even then, life's journey just begun?
Perhaps thou gavest me, though unfelt, a Kiss —
Perhaps a Tear, if souls can weep in bliss —
Ah, that Maternal smile! it answers — Yes.
I heard the bell tolled on thy burial day,
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,
And, turning from my nursery window, drew
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu.
But was it such? it was! where thou art gone
Adieus and Farewels are a sound unknown:
May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
The parting-word shall pass my lips no more!
Thy maidens grieved themselves at my concern,
Oft gave me promise of thy quick return:
What ardently I wished, I long believed;
And, disappointed still, was still deceived:
By expectation every day beguiled,
Dupe of *Tomorrow* even from a child.
Thus many a sad tomorrow came and went;
Till, all my stock of infant sorrow spent,
I learned, at last, submission to my lot,
But, though I less deplored thee — ne'er forgot.
Where once we dwelt our Name is heard no more;
Children not thine have trod my nursery floor;
And where the gardener, Robin, day by day,
Drew me to school along the public way,
Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapped
In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet capped,
'Tis now become a history little known,
That once we called the Pastoral-House our own.
Short-lifed possession! but the record, fair,
My memory keeps of all thy kindness there,
Still outlives many a storm, that has effaced

A thousand other themes less deeply traced —
Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
That thou mightst know me safe and warmly laid;
Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,
The biscuit, or confectionary plum;
The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestowed,
By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and glowed;
All this — and, more endearing still than all,
Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall;
Ne'er roughened by those cataracts and breaks,
That humor interposed too often makes;
All this still legible in memory's page,
And still to be so to my latest age,
Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay
Such honors to thee as my Numbers may;
Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,
Not scorned in heaven, though little noticed here.
Could Time, his flight reversed, restore the hours
When, playing with thy vesture's tissued flowers,
The violet, the pink, and jassamine,
I pricked them into paper with a pin —
(And thou wast happier than myself the while,
Wouldst softly speak, and stroke my head, and smile,)
Could those few pleasant days again appear,
Might one wish bring them — Would I wish them here?
I would not trust my heart! the dear delight
Seems so to be desired, perhaps, I might —
But, no! what here we call *our life* is such,
So little to be loved, and thou so much,
That I should ill requite thee, to constrain
Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.
Thou as a gallant bark from Albion's coast,
(The storms all weathered and the ocean crossed,)
Shoots into port, at some well-havened isle,
Where spices breathe and brighter seasons smile,
There sits quiescent on the floods, that show
Her beauteous form reflected clear below,
While airs, impregnated with incense, play
Around her, fanning light her streamers gay;
So thou, with sails — how swift! — hast reached the shore:
"Where tempests never beat, nor billows roar:"
And thy loved Consort on the dangerous tide
Of life, long since hast anchored at thy side.
But me! scarce hoping to attain that rest,
Always from port withheld, always distressed —
Me! howling blasts drive devious, tempest-tossed,

Sails ripped, seams opening wide, and compass lost;
And day by day some current's thwarting force
Sets me more distant from a prosperous course!
Yet, O! the thought, that Thou art safe! — and He!
That thought, is Joy! arrive what may to Me.
My boast is not, that I derive my birth
From loins enthroned, and rulers of the earth; (a)
But higher far my proud pretensions rise —
The son of parents passed into the skies!
And now farewel —— Time, unrevoked, has run
His wonted course, yet what I wished is done.
By Contemplation's help, not sought in vain,
I seem to have lived my Childhood o'er again;
To have renewed the joys that once were mine,
Without the sin of violating thine:
And while the wings of Fancy still are free,
And I can view This mimic show of thee,
Time has but half succeeded in his theft —
Thyself removed — thy Power to soothe me left.

COWPER.

(a) Cowper was of Royal descent, by both Father and Mother.

An Extract, from an Old Book.

Guilt and Unbelief *create all our Fears;* make us weary of the day, and watch in the night; our sleep short, the night long; our dreams troublesome, our watchings painful; a pale face, a thoughtful, desponding, perplexed heart; shut up Heaven itself against us, make the God of Truth a liar: Faith opens Heaven, glorifies God, fortifies, confirms the heart, and establishes us; fills us with courage and acquiescence in Him; holds our hearts in a holy tranquillity amidst all the unequal motions of this life; will make us stand upright even among the ruins of the great fall of the old building of Nature, when Heaven and Earth shall tremble and shrink, hasting to a Dissolution. He is sure to be fed, who is able to believe: find out the *word*, and God will find out the *deed:* tell Him what he hath said, and He will make it good. He never yet was worse than his word, or compounded for less than due with any whom his Promise made his Creditor. Joshua throws down the gantlet, and challenges all Israel to show but the *one thing* God had failed them in, of all the

good things He had spoke concerning them. Faith is the substance of things not seen; doubts not of Food, though we see no Corn; despairs not of Cloaths, though we have no Flax; wants not a Sacrifice, though we have no Herd. Faith loves no disputes, hates all doubtful reasonings, banishes all carnal objections, sets not providences against Promises, triumphs over all seeming contradictions, looks upon the greatest impediments as difficulties which cannot check, but only magnify, Almightiness. There is no question left, where God's Promise is engaged; there are no objections against Faith, nothing impossible to him that can believe: no Desert without Provision; no Dungeon without Light; no Fiery-trial without Comfort; no Valley-of-Tears without a Door-of-Hope. Never *fear*, saith Faith, to urge the Promises, to put the Bond in suit; thou hast law on thy side; Bills and Bonds must be paid; a good Man will be as good as his word — much more a good God: He that was so free as to make it, will be so faithful as to make it good. Why then do we stumble at every Straw? Why are we of doubtful Minds? and Why do thoughts arise in our Hearts? We will *then* be distrustful, when we have a *want* He cannot supply; a *danger* He cannot prevent, or remove; a *disease* He cannot heal, or mitigate; an *enemy* He cannot overcome, or reconcile; a *red-sea* He cannot dry up, or divide; a *wall* He cannot throw down, or help us over, who sways the Sceptre of the Universe, and lets loose, or binds up the Creature's Influences at his pleasure: keeps the Lions from eating one Prophet, and the Fish from digesting another; the Fire from touching three captives in a burning furnace; supplies the Israelites forty years, where they neither sow nor reap, toil, beg, nor steal; alters the course of Nature and the Hearts of Men; removes all impediments for their succor, defence, advantage; clothes the naked trees; recovers the verdure of the forlorn earth; exalts the setting sun in its beauty and brightness; spreads every day a table where all may reach convenient food; in the time of famine plants a cornfield in the bottom of a barrel of meal, for Elijah, and an olive-yard in a cruse, for the Widow of Sereptah; fills empty Naomi with a famous offspring; gives Amaziah much more than he had parted with to the army of Israel, and Job double for what he took from him; restores to his penitents what the locusts and catterpillars had eaten; accomplishes his Promise of incredible plenty in Samaria, and rains it not from Heaven neither; recompenses to his people the

comfort of health and liberty, which sickness had impaired; of relations and friends, which the grave had devoured; of houses and estates, which the fire had consumed; builds his Temple against all plots and scandals, weapons and oppositions; discomfits the Philistines by Jonathan and his Armor-Bearer; delivers Asa with a handful, in comparison of a thousand thousand; Hezikiah from Senacherib; Jeosaphat from the children of Ammon, Moab, and Mount Sier — there's none saved by the multitude of a Host — subdues the mightiest prince by an army mustered of his meanest creatures; routs an innumerable host, with a few trumpets, lamps, and pitchers, likelier to fright Children than Armed-Men; discountenances any design, if his Eye be but against it; if He but hiss, his enemies come with speed, and revenge his quarrel against themselves; let Him but arise and His enemies are scattered; with the turning of His hand, He turns them into hell. Not a creature in Heaven, Earth, or Hell, but have an ear to hear Him, and stand ready pressed, at His commission, to perform His pleasure, when He lifts up His ensign against His enemies, for His friends. What can stand before a *Creating-Power?* Who can resist, or oppose *Almightiness?* He can do what He will; and *will do* for His faithful children what is best, according to His infinite wisdom and goodness!

Henceforth, then, I will employ the time I have been used to spend in disquieting thoughts, about things that disturbed me, in acts of Love and Praise, Submission and Resignation, Faith and Confidence in God. I cannot want, or abound, but from Thee who gavest before Thou takest, and takest but what thou gavest. Give me what Thou wilt, so thou give me *Contentment* with it. Frame my heart to my estate, so shall I have an estate to my heart; and not want when I have least — because as free from desire as superfluity.

Religion teaches us to be without that, which others know not how to want; and an ability to be Content with a little, is to be more truely rich, than the having much without being satisfied. I should be much ashamed any should be found more Content, among all those that have less. Had I store, I would not impoverish myself by covetousness; now poor, I will not make a little less, by murmuring, but enrich myself by Content — so I have enough, with less trouble and danger, duty and reckoning, I shall never pay for what I have; I hold all in Capite: I have all with the *love* and *favor* of

a *reconciled* God, with a blessing, with the pardon of my sins, with a thankful heart, and a pledge of Eternal mercies. While others grumble in looking on great men's Estates, I'll tremble to think on their Accounts, and study more how to give a good one of my Little, than how to make it more. Plentiful provisions have large bills of accounts; God's bounty sets all his gifts on the file: the worst servant confessed, though he employed not his talent. Have I not more than I can give a good account of my spending well? Are not my receipts great enough already? Must I complain that I have not more to answer for? Rich men, like Sumpter horses, travel all day under the burden of some rich treasure, at night lie down — in a foul stable, with galled backs — in the grave with galled, distressed Consciences. Many, at the Great-Day, will rejoice they had no more; while others shall wish they had not had so much.

An infallible Way to Contentment.

The Pilgrim.

There is a path, pursued by few,
A way not pleasing to the view,
  A narrow, lonely road;
Through hidden snares and open foes —
That path the Christian Pilgrim goes;
  It leads to his abode.

But many a river flows between,
And rocks and mountains intervene,
  And countries yet unknown;
And many a desert, wild and rude,
With thorns and briers thickly strewed,
  He travels through — alone.

At times, the distant landscape, bright,
In varied beauty, meets the sight,
  And glistens in the beam;
But soon involved, in deeper shades,
The scene so fair in prospect, fades;
  Gone — like a morning dream!

Yet, here and there a spot appears
Refreshing, pleasant, sweet; which cheers
  And animates the mind:
Shadow of better things to come;
Faint type of that Eternal Home
  He journeys on to find.

And now, to ford the stream he wends;
And now, the rocky steep ascends,
  A painful, rugged way!
Where neither moon nor star appear:
And faint with toil, and filled with fear,
  He longs for break of day.

And is the Christian thus bereft,
In weakness and in darkness, left
  To labor, strive, and fight?
To breathe the deep and heavy sigh,
With earnest, full, uplifted eye,
  To turn in vain for light?

No; — He who called him forth, to tread
The Pilgrim path, hath richly shed
  His *blood* — to mark the way;
And He who called him to the field,
Gave to his follower sword and shield,
  And armor, for the fray!

Salvation's casque the Pilgrim bears;
His breastplate, Faith and Love, he wears
  In Righteousness complete;
The dreary desert he must pass!
But shoes, of iron and of brass,
  Support and guard his feet.

Gird up thy strength, thou trembling heart!
Nor let thy confidence depart!
  The thorns once formed a *crown* —
Which He who trod this way before
Upon his sacred forehead bore,
  That thou mightst tread them down.

What, though the night succeed to day,
Should this a traveller dismay
  Who carries light within?
What though thou canst not see, yet *trust;*
Walking by Faith alone, the just
  Shall still the Kingdom win!

Let then thy fearful heart be strong —
However dark, however long,
Thy Pilgrimage appears;
Thy every want shall be supplied;
In every strait, a heavenly guide,
Although unseen, is near.

He is the lion, and the dove;
His arm is power, his voice is love!
Thy strength and peace derive
From Him who puts thy foes to flight;
And still preserves thee, day and night —
Preserves thy soul alive:

He to the river says — "be dry" —
The stream divides, the waters fly,
And leave a passage free;
The mountain sinks into a plain —
All that opposes Him, is vain!
And He hath *chosen* Thee.

Not by thy wisdom, nor thy might,
But by His Spirit in the fight,
Thy arm shall overcome;
In triumph reach the promised land,
Weak as thou art — for his right hand,
Shall bring thee safely Home.

Then shalt thou in His presence rest,
Shalt hear His voice pronounce thee — "blessed" —
From Him receive the crown:
Sorrow and sighing fled away,
Thy sun, in that bright, glorious day,
Shall not again go down.

Far more than conqueror, at last,
Thy trouble and thy warfare past
Shall never come to mind;
Thou shalt rejoice, O child of Grace!
And in the vision of His face
Thy recompense shalt find.

O Thou! the Christian Pilgrim's Lord,
His portion and his high reward,
Thou great supreme I AM!
Lo, cheered by Thee, our songs we bring,
And through the long night-season, sing
"Salvation to the Lamb!"

ANONYMOUS.

Franklin b. 1706; d. 1790.

Franklin is dead! The Genius who freed America, and poured a copious stream of knowledge throughout Europe, is returned into the bosom of the Divinity.

Antiquity would have raised Altars to that vast and mighty Genius, who, for the advantage of Human-kind, embracing Earth and Heaven in his ideas, *could tame the rage of Thunder and of Despotism.* France, enlightened and free, owes at least some testimony of remembrance and regret to one of the greatest men who ever served the cause of Philosophy and of Liberty.

MIRABEAU.

Advice to a Young Tradesman;

Written anno 1748, by

Doctor Benjamin Franklin.

To my Friend, A. B.

As you have desired it of me, I write the following Hints, which have been of service to me, and may, if observed, be so to you.

Remember that *Time* is *Money*. He that can earn Ten shillings a-day by his labor, and goes abroad, or sits idle one half of that day, though he spend but Sixpence during his diversion or idleness, ought not to reckon that the *only* expense; he has really spent, or rather thrown away, Five shillings besides.

Remember that *Credit* is *Money*. If a man lets his money lie in my hands after it is due, he gives me the interest, or so much as I can make of it during that time. This amounts to a considerable sum where a man has good and large credit, and makes good use of it.

Remember that Money is of a prolific generating nature. Money can beget Money; and its offspring can beget more; and so on. Five Shillings turned, is Six; turned again, it is Seven and Threepence; and so on, till it becomes a Hundred Pounds. The more there is of it, the more it produces every turning, so that the profits rise quicker and quicker. He that kills a breeding Sow, destroys all her offspring to the thousandth generation. He that murders a Crown, destroys all that it might have produced — even scores of Pounds.

Remember that Six Pounds a-year is but a Groat a-day. For this little sum, (which may be daily wasted either in *time* or *expense*, unperceived) a man of Credit may, on

his own security, have the constant possession and use of a Hundred Pounds. So much in stock, briskly turned by an industrious man, produces great advantage.

Remember this saying — *The good Paymaster is Lord of another man's Purse* — He that is known to pay punctually and exactly to the time he promises, may at any time, and on any occasion, raise all the Money his friends can spare. This is sometimes of great use. After industry and frugality, nothing contributes more to the raising of a young man in the world, than *punctuality* and *justice* in all his dealings: therefore never keep borrowed money an hour beyond the time you promised, lest a disappointment shut up your friend's purse *for ever*.

The most trifling actions that affect a man's Credit, are to be regarded. The *sound of your hammer* at Five in the morning, or Nine at night, heard by a Creditor, makes him easy Six-months longer; but if he sees you at a Billiard-table, or hears your voice at a Tavern, when you should be at Work, he sends for his money the next day; demands it before he can receive it in a lump.

It shows, besides, that you are mindful of what you owe; it makes you appear a careful as well as an honest man, and that still increases your Credit.

Beware of thinking all is your own that you possess, and of living accordingly. It is a mistake that many people, who have Credit, fall into. To prevent this, keep an exact account, for some time, both of your Expenses and your Income. If you take the pains at first to mention particulars it will have this good effect — you will discover how wonderfully small trifling expenses mount up to large sums, and will discern what might have been, and may for the future be saved, without occasioning any great inconvenience.

In short, the *Way to Wealth*, if you desire it, is as plain as the way to market. It depends chiefly on two words — *industry* and *frugality* — that is, waste neither *Time* nor *Money*, but make the best use of both. Without industry and frugality nothing will do, and with them everything. He that gets all he can honestly, and saves all he gets (necessary expenses excepted) will certainly become *Rich* — if that Being, who governs the world, to whom all should look for a blessing on their honest endeavours, doth not, in His *wise providence*, otherwise determine.

An Old Tradesman.

Thomson b. 1700; d. 1748.

It is said by Lord Lyttleton, in the Prologue to Thomson's posthumous play, that his Works contained —
"No line which, dying, he could wish to blot."

Domestic Love.

O happy they! the happiest of their kind,
Whom gentler stars unite; and, in one fate,
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.
'Tis not the coarser tie of human laws,
Unnatural oft, and foreign to the mind,
That binds their peace; but Harmony itself,
Attuning all their *passions* into *Love;*
Where friendship full exerts her softest power,
Perfect esteem, enlivened by desire
Ineffable, and sympathy of soul;
Thought meeting Thought, and Will preventing Will,
With boundless confidence: for naught but Love
Can answer Love, and render bliss secure.
Let him — ungenerous! who, alone intent
To bless Himself, from sordid parents buys
The loathing Virgin, in eternal care,
Well-merited, consume his nights and days:
Let barbarous nations, whose inhuman love
Is wild desire, fierce as the suns they feel;
Let eastern tyrants from the light of heaven
Seclude their bosom-slaves, meanly possessed
Of a mere lifeless, violated form;
While those whom Love cements in holy faith,
And equal transport, free as nature live,
Disdaining fear. What is the World to them,
Its pomp, its pleasures, and its nonsense all,
Who in each other clasp whatever fair
High fancy forms, and lavish hearts can wish? —
Something than Beauty dearer, should they look
Or on the Mind, or mind-illumined-face —
Truth, goodness, honor, harmony, and — Love!
The richest bounty of indulgent Heaven.
Mean time a smiling offspring rises round,
And mingles both their graces. By degrees,
The human blossom blows: and every day,
Soft as it rolls along, shows some new charm —
The father's lustre, and the mother's bloom.
Then Infant reason grows apace, and calls

For the kind hand of an assiduous care.
Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot,
To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,
To breathe the enlivening spirit, and to fix
The generous purpose in the glowing breast.
Oh speak the joy, ye whom the sudden tear
Surprises often, while you look around,
And nothing strikes your eye but sights of bliss!
All various nature pressing on the heart —
An elegant sufficiency, content,
Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books,
Ease and alternate labor, useful life,
Progressive virtue, and approving Heaven!
These are the matchless joys of virtuous Love;
And thus their moments fly. The seasons, thus,
As ceaseless round a jarring world they roll,
Still find *them* happy; and consenting Spring
Sheds her own rosy garland on their heads;
Till evening comes at last, serene and mild;
When, after the long vernal-day of life,
Enamored more, as more resemblance swells
With many a proof of recollected love,
Together down they sink in social sleep;
Together freed, their gentle spirits fly
To scenes where Love and Bliss immortal reign.

THOMSON.

On Taxing America.

Sir,

The present Ministers, I acknowledge, are men of fair Characters, and such as I am happy to see engaged in his Majesty's service: but I cannot trust them with entire confidence. Confidence, Sir, is a plant of slow growth in an Aged bosom — Youth is the season of credulity. By comparing events with each other, reasoning from effects to causes, methinks I plainly discover the traces of an over-ruling Influence. I have had the honor to serve the Crown; and could I have submitted to Influence, I might still have continued to serve; but I would not be responsible for Others. I have no *local* attachments. It is indifferent to me, whether a man was rocked in his cradle

on this side, or that side the Tweed. (a) I countenanced and protected Merit, wherever it was to be found. It is my boast, that I was the first Minister who sought for it in the Mountains of the North — I called it forth, and drew into your service, a hardy and intrepid race of men, who were once dreaded as the inveterate Foes of the State. When I ceased to serve his Majesty as a Minister, it was not the *country* of the man, by which I was moved, but the *man* of the country who held Principles incompatible with Freedom. It is a long time, Mr. Speaker, since I have attended in Parliament. When the resolution was taken, in this House, to Tax America, I was ill in bed. If I could have endured to have been carried in my bed — so great was the agitation of my mind, for the consequenses — I would have solicited some kind hand to have laid me down on this floor, to have borne my Testimony against it. It is my opinion, that this Kingdom has *No Right* to lay a Tax upon the Colonies. At the same time I assert the authority of this kingdom to be *sovereign* and *supreme*, in every circumstance of Government and Legislation whatsoever. Taxation is no part of the governing or legislative power: the Taxes are a voluntary gift and grant of the Commons alone. The concurrence of the Peers and the Crown, is necessary only as a Form of Law. This House represents the Commons of Great Britain. When in this House we give and grant, therefore, we give and grant what is *our own;* but can we give and grant the *property of the Commons of America?* It is an absurdity in terms! There is an idea in some, that the Colonies are virtually represented in this House — I would fain know by whom? The idea of *virtual representation*, is the most contemptible that ever entered into the head of man: it does not deserve a serious refutation. The commons of America, represented in their several Assemblies, have invariably exercised this *constitutional right*, of giving and granting their own Money: they would have been Slaves, if they had not enjoyed it. At the same time, this Kingdom has ever possessed the power of Legislative and Commercial *control*. The Colonies acknowledge your Authority in all things — with the sole exception, that you shall not take the Money out of their Pockets, without their *consent*.

CHATHAM.

(a) The river Tweed runs between England and Scotland.

MACBETH'S Soliloquy.

Is this a Dagger, which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch (*a*) thee —
I have thee not — and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision! sensible
To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but
A Dagger of the mind; a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
I see thee yet — in form as palpable
As this which now I draw. (*Drawing his Dagger.*)
Thou marshalest me the way that I was going,
And such an Instrument I was to use.
My Eyes are made the fools o' the Other senses —
Or else, worth all the rest! I see thee still;
And on thy blade, (*b*) and dudgeon, (*c*) gouts of blood,
Which was not so before. There's no such thing!
It is the bloody business which informs
Thus to my eyes. Now o'er one half the world
Nature seems dead, and wicked (*d*) dreams abuse
The curtained sleep; now Witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings; and withered Murder,
Alarumed by his sentinel, the Wolf,
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design
Moves like a ghost. Thou sure and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
The very stones prate of my where-about, (*e*)
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it. Whilst I threat, he lives;
Words to the heat of Deeds too cold breath gives.
I go, and it is done; the Bell invites me. (*Bell rings.*)
Hear it not, Duncan! for it is a knell (*f*)
That summons thee to Heaven, or to Hell.

SHAKESPEARE.

(*a*) Clutch, grasp, gripe; *grypen*. (*b*) Blade, *lemmer*.
(*c*) Dudgeon, handle, haft; *handvatsel*, *heft*.
(*d*) Wicked, troublesome, bad, evil; *evil* in effect, as medicinal things are called *virtuous*.
(*e*) Prate of my where-about — lest the very stones should tell, not only *where* I am, but *what* I am about.
(*f*) Knell, *Doodklok*.

LECTURE V.

An Examination of Compositions, in Prose.

JOHNSON.

Of all the men distinguished in this or any other age, Dr. Johnson has left upon posterity the strongest and most vivid impression, so far as person, manners, disposition, and conversation are concerned. We do but name him, or open a book which he has written, and the sound and action recal to the imagination at once his form, his merits, his peculiarities, nay, the very uncouthness of his gestures, and the deep impressive tone of his voice. We learn not only What he said, but How he said it, and have, at the same time, a shrewd guess of the secret motive Why he did so, and Whether he spoke in sport or in anger, in the desire of conviction, or for the love of debate. It was said of a noted wag, that his *bons-mots* did not give full satisfaction when published, because he could not print his face. But with respect to Dr. Johnson, this has been in some degree accomplished; and although the greater part of the present generation never saw him, yet he is, in our mind's eye, a personification as lively as that of Siddons in *Lady Macbeth*, or Kemble in *Cardinal Wolsey*.

All this, as the world well knows, arises from Johnson having found in James Boswell such a biographer, as no man but himself ever had, or ever deserved to have. The performance which chiefly resembles it in structure, is in the life of the philosopher Demophon, in Lucian; but that slight sketch is far inferior in detail and in vivacity to Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, which, considering the eminent persons to whom it relates, the quantity of miscellaneous information and entertaining gossip which it brings together, may be termed, without exception, the best parlour-window book that ever was written. &c.

Johnson's laborious and distinguished career terminated in 1783, when virtue was deprived of a steady supporter, society of a brilliant ornament, and literature of a successful cultivator. The latter part of his life was honored with

general applause, for none was more fortunate in obtaining and preserving the friendship of the wise and the worthy. Thus loved and venerated, Johnson might have been pronounced happy. But heaven, in whose eyes strength is weakness, permitted his faculties to be clouded occasionally with that morbid affection of the spirits, which disgraced his talents by prejudices, and his manners by rudeness.

When we consider the rank which Dr. Johnson held, not only in literature, but in society, we cannot help figuring him to ourselves as the benevolent giant of some fairy tale, whose kindnesses and courtesies are still mingled with a part of the rugged ferocity imputed to the fabulous Sons of Anak, or rather, perhaps, like a Roman Dictator, fetched from his farm, whose wisdom and heroism still relished of his rustic occupation. And there were times when, with all his wisdom, and all his wit, this rudeness of disposition, and the sacrifices and submissions which he unsparingly exacted, were so great, that even Mrs. Thrale seems, at length, to have thought that the honor of being Johnson's hostess was almost counterbalanced by the tax which he exacted on her time and patience.

The cause of those deficiencies in temper and manners, was no ignorance of what was to be done in society, or how far each individual ought to suppress his own wishes in favor of those with whom he associates; for, theoretically, no man understood the rules of good breeding better than Dr. Johnson, or could act more exactly in conformity with them, when the high rank of those with whom he was in company for the time required that he should do so. But during the greater part of his life, he had been in a great measure a stranger to the higher society, in which such restraint became necessary; and it may be fairly presumed, that the indulgence of a variety of little selfish peculiarities, which it is the object of good breeding to suppress, became thus familiar to him. The consciousness of his own mental superiority in most companies which he frequented, contributed to his dogmatism; and when he had attained his eminence as a dictator in literature, like other potentates, he was not averse to a display of his authority: resembling, in this particular, Swift; and one or two other men of genius, who have had the bad taste to imagine that their talents elevated them above observance of the common rules of society. It must also be remarked, that in Johnson's time the Literary

society of London was much more confined than at present, and that he sat the Jupiter of a little circle, prompt, on the slightest contradiction, to lanch the thunders of rebuke and sarcasm. He was, in a word, despotic; and despotism will occasionally lead the best dispositions into unbecoming abuse of power. It is not likely that any one will again enjoy, or have an opportunity of abusing, the singular degree of submission which was rendered to Johnson by all arround him. The unreserved communications of friends, rather than the spleen of enemies, have occasioned his character being exposed in all its shadows, as well as its lights. But those, when summed and counted, amount only to a few narrow-minded prejudices concerning country and party, from which few ardent tempers remain entirely free, and some violences and solecisms in manners, which left his talents, morals, and benevolence, alike unimpeachable.

Sir W. Scott.

London, Feb. 1823.

Thirty-eight years are now elapsed since the death of Dr. Johnson; during which, his character and talents have been scrutinized with a severity unprecedented in literary biography. There never, indeed, was a man of distinction of whom more may be known by those who have had no opportunity of personal acquaintance: and perhaps never was a man whose failings, after having been exposed by imprudence or exaggerated by malice, were sooner forgotten in the esteem excited by his superior talents and steady virtues.

His early works came slowly into notice. They owed nothing to the tricks of popularity now so common; but their intrinsic merit gradually acquired for them a firm establishment. During his life, his individual pieces were frequently reprinted; and since his death, Six large editions of his collected works have been bought up by the Public. A Seventh, which has been loudly called for, is now completed, and with the recommendation of very important additions. What Lord Chesterfield said of Swift, may be as truely applied to our author, "Whoever in the three kingdoms has any books at all, has Johnson."

Alex. Chalmers.

Adver. to Johnson's Works.

As a man, Dr. Johnson stands displayed in open daylight. Nothing remains undiscovered. Whatever he said is known; and without allowing him the usual privilege of hazarding sentiments, and advancing positions, for mere amusement or the pleasure of discussion, Criticism has endeavoured to make him answerable for what, perhaps, he never seriously thought. His diary, which has been printed, discovers still more. We have before us the very Heart of the man, with all his inward consiousness. And yet neither in the open paths of life, nor in his secret recesses, has any one vice been discovered.

ARTHUR MURPHY.

The "*Farewel*" that Byron wrote, and that set so many tender-hearted white handkerchiefs in motion, only resulted from his poetical power of assuming an imaginary position, and taking pity on himself in the shape of another man. He had no *love* for the object of it, or he would never have written upon her in so different a style afterwards.

There never was a greater instance of Lord Byron's Authorship and love of Publicity than his *Fare-Thee-Well*. He sat down to *imagine* what a Husband might say, who had *really loved* his Wife, to a Wife who had really loved him; and he said it so well, that one regrets he had not been encouraged, when younger, to feel the *genuine* passion. But the Verses were nothing more.

LEIGH HUNT.

When we know that Eliza, to whom Sterne wrote such sentimental, such affectionate Letters, was killed through his *brutality* towards her — when we know that Shaw's *ill usage* was the cause of Emma's death, to whose Memory he penned the most affecting Monody in the English language, we need not be surprised at Byron's having been able to compose the following fine verses, without feeling a particle of the *sentiment* they contain. And when we are informed, that, at the very time the noble author was issuing *Fare-Thee-Well* into the world, he was busy in the composition of amorous verses to his kept Mistress, who can give him credit for sincerity of affection?

B. S. N.

Fare Thee Well.

Alas they had been friends in Youth;
But whispering tongues can poison truth;
And constancy lives in realms above:
And life is thorny; and youth is vain:
And to be wrath with one we Love,
Doth work like madness in the brain:

* * * * *

But never either found another
To free the hollow heart from paining —
They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
Like cliffs, which had been rent asunder;
A dreary sea now flows between,
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,
Shall wholly do away I ween,
The marks of that which once hath been.

COLERIDGE'S *Christabel.*

Fare Thee Well! and if for ever,
Still for ever, *fare thee well:*
E'en though unforgiving, never
'Gainst thee shall my heart rebel.
Would that breast were bared before thee
Where thy head so oft hath lain,
While that placid sleep came o'er thee
Which thou ne'er canst know again:
Would that breast, by thee glanced over,
Every inmost thought could show!
Then thou wouldst at last discover
'Twas not well to spurn it so.
Though the World for this commend thee —
Though it smile upon the blow,
E'en its praises must offend thee,
Founded on another's wo —
Though my many faults defaced me,
Could no other arm be found
Than the one which once embraced me,
To inflict a cureless wound?
Yet, oh yet, thyself deceive not!
Love may sink by slow decay,
But, by sudden wrench, believe not
Hearts can thus be torn away!
Still thy own its life retaineth —
Still must mine, though bleeding beat;
And the undying thought which paineth,
Is — that we *no more* may meet.
These are words of deeper sorrow
Than the wail above the Dead;
Both shall *live*, but every morrow
Wake us from a *widowed* bed.
And when thou wouldst solace gather,
When our Child's first accents flow,
Wilt thou teach her to say — "Father!"
Though his care she must forego?

When her little hands shall press thee,
When her lip to thine is pressed,
Think of Him whose prayer shall bless thee,
Think of him thy love *has* blessed!
Should her lineaments resemble
Those thou never more mayest see,
Then, thy heart will softly tremble
With a pulse *yet true to me.*
All my faults, perchance, thou knowest,
All my madness none can know;
All my hopes, where'er thou goest,
Whither, yet *with thee* they go.
Every feeling has been shaken;
Pride, which not a World could bow,
Bows to *Thee* — by thee forsaken,
E'en my soul forsakes me now!
But 'tis done — all words are idle —
Words from me are vainer still;
But the thoughts we cannot bridle
Force their way, without the will.
Fare thee well! — thus disunited,
Torn from every nearer tie,
Seared in heart, and lone, and blighted,
More than this I scarce can die.

BYRON.

Sensibility.

Dear Sensibility! source inexhausted of all that's precious in our joys, or costly in our sorrows! Thou chainest thy martyr down upon his bed of straw, and 'tis Thou who liftest him up to Heaven. Eternal fountain of our feelings — 'tis here I trace Thee! and this is thy "divinity which stirs within me"; not that, in some sad and sickening moments, "my soul shrinks back upon herself, and startles at destruction" — mere pomp of words! — but that I feel some generous joys and generous cares beyond myself, all comes from Thee, great — great Sensorium of the world, which vibrates if a hair of our head, but falls upon the ground in the remotest desert of thy creation. Touched with Thee, Eugenius draws my curtain when I languish; hears my tale of symptoms, and blames the weather for the disorder of his nerves. Thou giveest a per-

tion of it sometimes to the roughest peasant who traverses the bleakest mountains —— he finds the lacerated Lamb of another's flock —— this moment I beheld him, leaning with his head against his crook, with pitious inclination, looking down upon it —— "Oh had I come one moment sooner — it bleeds to death!" —— his gentle heart bleeds with it. Peace to thee, generous swain! I see thou walkest off with anguish —— but thy joys shall balance it; for happy is thy cottage, and happy is the sharer of it, and happy are the lambs which sport about you.

STERNE.

England.

England! with all thy faults, I love thee still —
My Country! and while yet a nook is left
Where English *minds* and *manners* may be found,
Shall be constrained to love Thee. Though thy clime
Be fickle, and thy year most part deformed
With dripping rains, or withered by a frost,
I would not yet exchange thy sullen skies,
And fields without a flower, for warmer France
With all her vines: nor for Ausonia's groves
Of golden fruitage, and her myrtle bowers.
To shake thy Senate, and, from heights sublime
Of patriot eloquence, to flash down fire
Upon thy foes, was never meant my task;
But I can *feel* thy fortunes, and partake
Thy joys and sorrows with as true a heart
As any thunderer there: and I can feel
Thy follies too; and, with a just disdain,
Frown at effeminates, whose very *looks*
Reflect dishonor on the Land I love.
How, in the name of soldiership and sense,
Should England prosper, when such *Things*, as smooth
And tender as a girl, all essenced o'er
With odors, and as profligate as sweet, —
Who sell their laurel for a myrtle wreath,
And Love when they should Fight — when such as these
Presume to lay their hand upon the Ark
Of her magnificent and awful cause!
Time was when it was praise and boast enough
In every clime, and travel where we might,

That we were born her Children — Praise enough
To fill the ambition of a private man,
That Chatham's language was his Mother-tongue,
And Wolfe's great name Compatriot with his own.
Farewel those honors! and farewel, with them,
The hope of such hereafter! they have fallen —
Each in his field of glory; one in Arms,
And one in Council —— Wolfe upon the lap
Of smiling Victory that moment won,
And Chatham *Heart-sick of his Country's shame!*
They made us many Soldiers. Chatham, still
Consulting England's happiness, at home,
Secured it, by an unforgiving frown,
If any wronged her; Wolfe, where'er he fought,
Put so much of his Heart into his Act,
That his example had a magnet force,
And all were swift to follow Whom all loved.
Those Suns are set. O rise some other such!
Or all that we have left is *empty talk*
Of old achievements and *despair* of new.

COWPER.

Young b. 1681; d. 1765.

The Death of Altamont. (a)

The sad evening before the Death of that noble Youth, whose last hours suggested the preceding thoughts, I was with him. No one was there, but his Physician and an Intimate whom he loved, and whom he had ruined. At my coming in he said —

"You and the Physician are come too late! I have neither Life nor Hope. You both aim at miracles — you would raise the Dead."

Heaven, I said, was merciful —

"Or I could not have been thus guilty! What has it not done to *bless* and *save* me? I have been too strong for Omnipotence! I plucked down ruin!"

I said the blessed Redeemer —

"Hold, Hold! you wound me! That is the Rock on which I split —— *I denied his Name!*

Refusing to hear anything from me or take anything

(a) *Altamont*, was the gay and all-accomplished, Lord *Buston*.

from the Physician, he lay silent, as far as sudden darts of pain would permit, until the Clock struck — then, with vehemence, he exclaimed —

"O Time! Time! it is fit thou shouldst thus strike thy Murderer to the heart. How art thou fled for ever! A month! — oh, for a single week! — I ask not for years, though an age were too short for the much I have to do."

On my saying, we could not do too much; that Heaven was a blessed place —

"So much the worse — 'tis lost! 'tis lost! Heaven is, to me, the severest part of Hell!"

Soon after, I proposed Prayer —

"Pray you that can! I never prayed — I cannot pray — nor need I! Is not Heaven on my side already? It closes with my Conscience. Its severest strokes but second my own."

His friend being much touched, even to tears, at this — who could refrain? I could not — with a most affectionate look he said —

"Keep those tears for thyself. I have undone thee! Dost thou weep for me? That's cruel! What can pain me more?"

Here his friend, too much affected, would have left him —

"Nay, stay! *Thou* still mayest *Hope;* therefore hear me. How madly have I talked — how madly hast thou listened, and believed! (*a*) But look on my *present* state, as a full *answer* to thee, and to myself. This Body is all weakness and pain; but my Soul, as if stung up by torment to greater strength and spirit, is full powerful to Reason, full mighty to Suffer. And *that*, which thus triumphs within the jaws of Mortality, is, *doubtless*, Immortal! and as for a *Deity* — nothing less than Almightiness could inflict what I feel!"

I was about to congratulate this passive, involuntary Confessor, on his asserting the two prime articles of his Creed, extorted by the rack of Nature, when he very passionately prevented me —

"No, no! let me speak on; I have not long to speak. My much injured friend! my Soul, as my Body, lies in ruins; in scattered fragments of broken thought — remorse for the Past throws my thought on the Future: worse dread of the Future, strikes it back on the Past. I turn, and turn, and find no ray. Didst thou feel but half the mountain that is on me, thou wouldst struggle with the Martyr for his stake, and bless Heaven for the flames —

(*a*) Altamont is here referring to the past, when he had successfully labored to instil the principles of Infidelity into the bosom of his friend.

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that is not an *everlasting* flame! that is not an unquenchable fire!"

How were we struck! yet, soon after, still more; when with an eye of distraction, and a face of despair, he cried out —

"My Principles have *poisoned* my Friend! my Extravagance has *beggared* my Boy! my Unkindness has *murdered* my Wife! and is there *another* Hell? Oh! Thou blasphemed, yet most indulgent, Lord God! Hell itself is a refuge, if it hide me from thy frown!"

Soon after, his Understanding failed. His terrified imagination uttered horrors *not to be repeated*, or ever forgotten: and ere the sun arose, the gay, young, noble ingenious, accomplished, and most wretched Altamont — expired.

If this is a *Man of Pleasure*, what is a *Man of Pain?* How quick, how total, is the transit of these *Phaetontiades!* In what a dismal gloom they set for ever. How short, alas! the day of their rejoicing. For a moment they glitter, they dazzle: in a moment where are they? Oblivion covers their memories —— ah, would it did! Infamy snatches them from Oblivion: in the long-living annals of Infamy their triumphs are recorded. Their sufferings still bleed in the bosom (poor Altamont!) of the heart-stricken friend: for Altamont had a Friend. He might have had many. His transient morning might have been the dawn of an inmortal day. His Name might have been gloriously enrolled in the records of Eternity. His Memory might have left a sweet fragrance behind it, grateful to the surviving friend, salutary to the succeeding generations. With what capacities was he endowed — with what advantages, for being greatly good! But with the Talents of an Angel, a man may be a Fool. If he judges amiss in the Supreme point, judging right in all else but aggravates his folly; as it shows him wrong, though blessed with the best capacity of being right. YOUNG's *Centaur*.

John Wesley b. 1703; d. 1791.

Charles Wesley b. 1709; d. 1788.

The Rev. John Wesley, of Arminian celebrity, was the founder of that once despised Christian Sect which has now become the most numerous upon earth: and Charles was his steady and powerful supporter: the many able Preachers and celebrated Scholars found among the body of *Methodists*, have raised *Methodism* out of that obliquy into which it was cast by the influence of prejudice, bigotry, and malice. B. S. N.

On the Death of the

Reverend CHARLES WESLEY.

They that be Wise shall shine as the brightness of the Firmament; and they that turn many to Righteousness, as the Stars, for ever and ever.
Daniel XII & 3.

Be still, ye Winds! ye Zephyrs! cease to blow,
Whilst music, most melodious, strikes my ear;
Let me, in silent rapture lulled, below
The song of triumph, dirge of Angels, hear.

Some more than common cause — some great event,
Hath called these tuneful Seraphim from high;
They surely come on Heavenly errand sent,
To tend some Prince, and bear him to the sky.

A Prince indeed! a Standard-bearer too!
In Britain born, the Poet of his day!
From Israel's Camp he but this moment flew —
Prepare, ye heavenly gates! to give him way.

"Come hither Son!" — the great Jehovah says,
And reaches out to him a golden lyre:
"Thou sungst my Name on earth, in human lays,
Now take thy seat amid this tuneful quire!"

I see, methinks, the whole Harmonic band,
A David, Asaph, Moses, full of love,
In eager expectation ready stand,
To welcome Wesley to the Courts above.

The famed Parnassus with success he trod,
And tasted all that Helicon could bring;
But, not content, he sought the *Mount of God;*
And there, with rapture, drank a purer spring.

He culled what sweets famed Oxford e'er could yield,
The honey sipped of Academic lore,
But still he sought a more capacious field;
His ardent soul still thirsted after more.

Ah, Britons! will ye now revere his worth?
Your loss, is surely his eternal gain!
The Hymns he taught you, whilst confined on earth,
He sings with Angels, in a nobler strain.

O that a Shred might from his Mantle fall,
And some young Briton catch it, as he flies!
O that his spirit might descend on all!
And from his Urn another Phenix rise.

With all his soul, he sought the Church's weal,
The *Church of England* always near his heart;
He had an ardent, yet well-tempered zeal,
And kept, till death, a most consistent part.

Ah! can I e'er forget the briny tears,
Which he, o'er London, oft in pity shed;
His groans, his sighs, his most pathetic prayers,
Which he poured out for that proud City — dead!

Yea, Dead in Sins, and glorying in her shame,
Though favored with the Gospel's brightest ray;
Audaciously rejecting *Jesu's* Name —
The Offers spurning of a gracious day!

Posterity shall hear, and long rehearse,
The healing virtues of a Saviour's Name —
Myriads unborn shall sing in Wesley's verse,
And still reiterate the pleasing theme. (*a*)

Ye faithful souls! who know, and feel your loss,
Who mourn a Father, Shepherd, and a Friend;
To you He still cries out — "Sustain the Cross!
"Make sure the Crown, believing to the end:

"I'm safely landed, now, beyond the Flood —
'Twas but a moment's passage, calm, serene;
"Our Saviour led me o'er, and by me stood,
"To cheer my heart, and give me peace within:

"And, since the clog of Flesh is laid aside,
"The *Face of God*, with extacy, I view;
"As, when ye pass o'er Jordan's swelling tide,
"Without a vail, ye shall behold Him too:

"And when ye make this happy, happy coast,
"Your Spirits I shall meet, with rapturous joy;
"Then, mingling with the blessed triumphant host,
"A whole Eternity in Praise employ!" *By a Lady.*

(*a*) Most of the Hymns in Wesley's Collection, "for the Use of the people called Methodists," were composed by his brother Charles; they bear the stamp of genuine Poetry, and breathe forth the pure spirit of Piety: they merit the perusal of every denomination of Christians.

LIES.

A Lie is a breach of promise; for whoever seriously addresses his discourse to another, tacitly promises to speak the Truth, because he knows that the Truth is expected.

Of the obligation of veracity may be made out from the direct ill *consequences* of Lying to social happiness. Which consequences consist, either in some specific injury to particular individuals, or in the destruction of that confidence which is essential to the intercourse of human life; for which latter reasons, a Lie may be pernicious in its general tendency, and therefore criminal, though it produce no particular or visible mischiefs to any one.

There are Falsehoods which are not Lies; that is, which are not criminal; as —

I. Where no one is *deceived*; which is the case in Parables, Fables, Novels, Jests, Tales to create mirth, Ludicrous-embellishments of a story, where the *declared design* of the speaker is not to Inform, but to Divert; Compliments in the subscription of a letter, a servant's Denying his master, a prisoner's pleading Not-guilty, an advocate asserting the Justice of his client's cause. In such instances no Confidence is destroyed, because none was reposed; no Promise to speak *the truth* is violated, because none was given, nor understood to be given.

II. Where the person to whom you speak has no Right to know *the truth* — or, more properly, where little or no inconveniency results from the want of Confidence in such cases; as where you tell a Falsehood to a Madman, for his own advantage; to a Robber to conceal your property; to an Assassin, to defeat or to divert him from his purpose. The particular *consequence* is, by the supposition, beneficial; and, as to the general *consequence*, the worst that can happen is, that the Madman, the Robber, the Assassin, will not Trust you again; which (beside that the first is incapable of deducing regular conclusions from having been once deceived, and the two last not likely to come a second time in your way) is *sufficiently compensated* by the immediate benefit which you propose by the Falsehood.

It is upon this principle, that, by the Laws of War, it is allowed to deceive an enemy by feints, false colors, (*a*) spies, false intelligence, and the like; but by no means in

(*a*) There have been some instances of English Ships, as well as others, decoying an Enemy into their power, by counterfeiting signals of distress; an artifice which ought to be reprobated by the common

treaties, truces, signals of capitulation, or surrender: and the difference is, that the former suppose hostilities to continue, the latter are calculated to terminate or suspend them. In the *conduct* of War, and whilst the war continues, there is no use, or rather no place, for Confidence betwixt the contending parties; but in whatever relates to the *termination* of War, the most religious fidelity is expected; because, without it, Wars could not *cease*, nor the Victors be secure, but by the entire destruction of the vanquished.

Many people indulge, in serious discourse, a habit of Fiction and Exaggeration, in the accounts they give of themselves, of their acquaintance, or of the extraordinary things which they have seen or heard; and so long as the Facts they relate are indifferent, and their narratives, though false, are inoffensive, it may seem superstitious regard to Truth, to censure them merely for *Truth's sake*. In the first place, it is almost impossible to pronounce beforehand, with certainty, concerning any Lie, that it is *inoffensive*. VOLAT IRREVOCABILE; and collects sometimes accretions in its flight, which intirely change its nature. It may owe possibly its mischief to the officiousness or misrepresentation of those who circulate it; but the mischief is, nevertheless, in some degree, chargeable upon the original editor. In the next place, this Liberty in conversation defeats its own end. Much of the pleasure, and all the benefit of conversation, depends upon our opinion of the speaker's *veracity*, for which this rule leaves no foundation. The Faith indeed of a hearer must be extremely perplexed, who considers the speaker, or believes that the speaker considers himself, as under no obligation to adhere to Truth, but according to the particular importance of what he relates.

But beside and above both these reasons, *white* Lies always introduce others of a darker complection. I have seldom known any one who deserted Truth in *trifles*, that could be trusted in matters of *importance*. Nice distinctions are out of the question, upon occasions which, like those of Speech, return every hour. The *habit*, therefore, of Lying, when once formed, is easily extended to serve the designs of Malice or Interest; like all habits, it spreads indeed of itself.

indignation of mankind: for captures effected through this *stratagem*, or more properly *trick*, must necessarily put an end to that promptitude in affording assistance to Ships in distress which is one of the leading virtues in the seafaring character.

Pious frauds, as they are improperly enough called, Pretended-inspirations, Forged-books, Counterfeit-miracles, are impositions of a more serious nature. It is possible that they may sometimes, though seldom, have been set up and encouraged, with a design to do Good: but the good they aim at, requires that the belief of them should be perpetual, which is hardly possible; and the detection of the fraud is sure to disparage the credit of all Pretensions of a like nature. Christianity has suffered more injury from this cause, than from all other causes put together.

As there may be Falsehoods which are not Lies, so there may be Lies without literal or direct Falsehood. An opening is always left for this species of prevarication, when the literal and grammatical signification of a sentence is different from the popular and customary meaning. It is the *wilful Deceit* that *makes the Lie;* and we wilfully deceive, when our expressions are not true in the sense in which we believe the hearer to apprehend them: besides that it is absurd to contend for any Sense of Words, in opposition to Usage; for all senses of all words are founded upon usage, and upon nothing else.

Or a man may *Act* a Lie; as, by pointing his finger in a wrong direction, when a traveller inquires of him his road; or when a tradesman shuts up his windows, to induce his creditors to believe that he is abroad: for to all moral purposes, and therefore as to veracity, *speech* and *action* are the same; speech being only a mode of action.

Or, lastly, there may be Lies of *Omission*. A writer of English-history, who, in his account of the reign of Charles the First, should willingly suppress any evidence of that prince's despotic measures and designs, might be said to Lie; for, by entitling his book a *History of England*, he engaged to relate the *whole truth* of the History, or at least all that he knows of it.

PALEY'S *Philosophy*.

I embrace this opportunity of recommending *Paley's Philosophy* to the attention of every reader — not as an unobjectionable, a perfect work, but as a work from which most persons may derive considerable benefit. It may be had in one Volume, 8vo, price £7: —

B. S. N.

Gray b. 1716; d. 1771.

Perhaps Mr. Gray was the most learned man in Europe. He was equally acquainted with the elegant and profound parts of Science, and that not superficially, but thoroughly. He knew every branch of History; both natural and civil; had read all the original historians of England, France, and Italy; and was a great antiquarian. Criticism, metaphysics, morals, politics, made a principal part of his study; voyages and travels, of all sorts, were his favorite amusements; and he had a fine taste in painting, prints, architecture, and gardening.

TEMPLE.

In the character of his Elegy I rejoice to concur with the common reader; for by the common sense of readers uncorrupted with literary prejudices, after all the refinements of subtilty and the dogmatism of learning, must be finally decided all claim to poetical honors. The Church-yard abounds with images which find a mirror in every mind, and with sentiments to which every bosom returns an echo. Had Gray written often thus, it had been vain to blame, and useless to praise him.

JOHNSON.

How many Dutch Translations there are of the following Elegy, I cannot pretend to say; I have seen half-a-dozen; but I have not yet met with one that contains the *meaning* of the Original: nor did I ever meet with a Foreigner who either understood or comprehended it. Should the accompanying Notes, which tacitly point out the errors in the Translations I have seen, aid the general reader in discovering the beauties of this far-famed Elegy, I shall not regret the labor of composing them.

B. S. N.

AN ELEGY;

Written in a Country-Church-Yard.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the ley,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

The curfew — the bell that was formerly rung at Sun-set, the time appointed for the peasantry to cease from their labor. Tolls the knell — to toll, is to ring a single bell; and knell, is a death-bell: hence, tolls the knell, means rings the death, the close, the end.

Parting day — departing, closing day;

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day;
The bell announces that the day is done.

Lowing herd — mugient, bellowing cattle; *loeijend vee.*

Lea — ground enclosed, not open.

Ley — a field;

These definitions are given by our Lexicographers; but, if my memory does not mislead me, I have heard the peasantry use *lea* for a

common, a moor, *een gemeen veld*, *eene heij*; while they used *ley* for a field, an enclosure, only: pronouncing *lea* a perfect rhyme to *sea*, and *ley* rhyming with *hay* — but the proper pronunciation is *lea* rhyming with the noun *sea*, and *ley* with the verb to *see*. Some copies of this Elegy have lea, and others ley.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds;
Save where the beetle wheels his drony flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds —

Beetle — a night fly, *eene tor*, *een kever*. Drowsy — lethargic; tinklings — the noise of the bells which are fastened to the necks of Sheep, in order to scare animals of prey; to lull — to compose to sleep, to quiet; folds — flocks of sheep: thus,

And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds:
And sleepy clinkings compose the distant sheep:
En het slaperig geklingel sust de ver-af-gelegene kudde.

Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her silent bower,
Molest her antient, solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell, for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

Elms and Yews, *Olm en Ipenboomen*, are almost the only Trees which are planted in Country Churchyards, in England:

"Cheerless, unsocial plants! that love to dwell
Midst sculls and coffins, epitaphs and worms."

Where heaves the turf — where the protuberances of earth show the places where interments have been made; hamlet — village, *het Dorp*.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow, twittering from her straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse *them* from their lowly bed.

Twittering — a word expressive of that sharp tremulously intermitted noise peculiar to the Swallow; clarion — a trumpet, but here, *the Crowing of the Cock*; horn — the Huntsman's bugle, *de Jagthoorn*.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care,
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees, the envied kiss to share.

Or busy housewife ply her evening care:
Noch de vlytige huisvrouw zich met hare avond zorgen bezig houden:
Pronounce *busy*, biz'-ze; and *housewife*, huz'-wiff. Sire — father.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their harrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their teams afield!
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Harvest — *oogst;* sickle — *sikkel;* yield — *zwichten;* harrow — *hark;* stubborn — hard, firm; glebe — turf, soil, ground, earth; jocund — merrily, gayly, blithely, *blydelyk, vrolyk;* teams afield — a team, is any number of horses or oxen drawing at the same carriage, waggon, plough, harrow, &c. *een gespan;* afield — to the field, *naar het veld;* sturdy stroke — forcible, powerful blow, *zware, kragtige slag.*

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the Poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour:
The paths of glory lead but to the Grave!

Nor you, ye proud! impute to these the fault,
If memory o'er their tombs no trophies raise,
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of Praise.

The long-drawn aisle and fretted vault — long-drawn — extended; aisle — the walk in a church; aisles — passages in churches; pronounce aisle, *ile;* to fret — to form into raised-work, to ornament; vault — a continued arch; fretted vault — an ornamented arched ceiling, *een versierd gewelfsel*, common in Churches throughout England; the pealing anthem — to peal, is to play solemnly and loud; an anthem, is a sacred, holy song; here, it is a requiem.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can honor's voice provoke the silent dust?
Or flattery soothe the dull, cold, ear of Death?

Fleeting — transient, here, already fled, *gevloden.*

Perhaps, in this neglected spot, is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands that the rod of empire *might* have swayed,
Or waked to extacy the living lyre.

Might have swayed — had their innate powers been ripened by Education.

But Knowledge, to their eyes, her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unrol;
Chill penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of their soul.

Chill penury — cold poverty, repressing adversity; noble rage — vigorous fire, patriotic spirit; genial current — natural inclinations, innate propensity.

Full many a gem, of purest ray serene,
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear!
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air!

Full many a gem — very many gems. It is in the nature of the Articles to determine or limit the thing spoken of; *a* determines it to be one single thing of the kind, leaving it still uncertain which; *the* determines which it is, or, of many, which they are: there is, however, a remarkable exception to this Rule in the use of the Adjectives *few* and *many*, which, though joined with plural Substantives, still admit of the singular Article, *a* or *an*; as, *a few men*, *a great many men*;

"Told of *a many thousand* warlike French" —
"A care-crazed mother of *a many children*." SHAKESPEARE.

The reason of this is manifest from the effect which the Article has in these phrases; it means a small or a great number *collectively* taken, and thereby gives the idea of a *whole*, that is, of *unity*; as *a hundred*, *a thousand*; denoting an aggregate of many collectively taken; and therefore the article *a* is used though joined as an Adjective to a plural Substantive; as, *a hundred years*;

"For harbour at *a thousand doors* they knocked;
Not one of all *the thousand*, but was locked." DRYDEN.

"And it came to pass, about *an eight days* after these sayings, he took Peter and John and James, and went up into a mountain to pray." *St. Luke IX Chap. 28 v.*

This sentence, from the Scriptures, is an example of an obsolete expression, or if not obsolete, *vulgar*; and even improper; for such phraseology as, *an eight days*, has not been reduced by use and convenience into one collective and compact idea, as is the case with *a hundred*, *a thousand*, *a score*, *a dozen*, *a many*, *a few*, which we are accustomed to consider, on certain occasions, as a simple *unity*.

In the following Verses, the Poet has placed the article between the adjective *many* and a *singular noun*.

Full many a gem —
Full many a flower —

referring to *many gems* and *many flowers*, separately, not collectively.

Some village Hampden, that, with dauntless breast,
The little tyrant of his fields withstood —
Some mute, inglorious Milton here may rest —
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

The applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
Or read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their Lot forbade: nor circumscribed alone
Their growing *virtues* — but their *crimes* confined;
Forbade to wade, through slaughter, to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind,

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride,
With incense kindled at the muse's flame!

Far from the madding-crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
Along the cool, sequestered vale of life,
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Madding-crowd — the inconsiderate, the riotous multitude, common in large towns and cities; sober wishes — temperate, regular, calm, free from inordinate passions; sequestered — retired; tenor — course, *koers, pad, gang.*

Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Frail memorial — perishable gravestone, not a marble tombstone, but, frequently, an epitaph on Wood, placed upright at the head of the grave.

Their name, their years, spelled by the unlettered muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply;
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist — to Die.

Many a holy Text — it is customary to carve some passage of Scripture on the gravestone; such as, "*Set thy house in order, for thou shalt Die and not live*"; "*Prepare to meet thy God*"; &c.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing, anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind!

Warm precincts — warm, ardent, glowing; precincts — limit, boundary: longing, lingering look behind — longing — desirous; lingering — delaying, hesitating to go, desiring to suspend the departure.

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
E'en from the tomb the voice of nature cries;
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

Fond breast — dear, friendly, affectionate, beloved bosom; relies — leans upon in confidence, depends upon; ashes — the little remaining life which exists on the verge of Death.

For Thee! who, mindful of the unhonored dead,
Dost, in these lines, their artless tale relate,
If, chance by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit should inquire thy fate,

Artless tale — plain, unadorned, simple history.

Haply, some hoary-headed swain may say —
"Oft have I seen him, at the peep of dawn,
Brushing, with hasty steps, the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn;

Haply — perhaps; hoary-headed swain — grey-headed boor; peep of dawn — break of day, *aanbreken van den dag*.

"There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
Which wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length, at noontide, would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that bubbles by;

Nodding beech — *heen en weder buigende beukenboom*; listless — heedless, careless, indifferent, void of inclination; pore upon the brook — to pore, is, commonly, to look with great care, with intenseness, but here it means to gaze unthinkingly, to stare with a vacant mind; brook — rivulet, little stream, *ebeekje*.

"Hard by yon wood — now, smiling, as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward-fancies, he would rove;
Now, drooping, woful, wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love:

Hard by — near to, adjacent, *digt by*; wayward-fancies — peevish imaginings; rove — wander, *zwerven*, *dwalen*; drooping — languishing with sorrow; woful — wretched; wan — pale, of languid appearance, *bleek*, *geeps*; forlorn — deserted, destitute, forsaken; crazed with care — distracted with solicitude, over-whelmed with concern, the intellect impaired with anxiety; crossed — thwarted, disappointed.

"One morn I missed him on the accustomed hill,
Along the heath, and near his favorite tree;
Another came, nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he:

Heath — a plant, and also a place overgrown with heath; another came — another morning arrived; rill — a streamlet, *een beekje.*

"The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
Slow through the churchway-path, I saw him borne;
Approach and read — for Thou canst read — the lay,
Graved on the stone, beneath yon aged thorn."

The next — the following day, the third day after the hoary-headed swain had missed the youth; dirge — a mournful ditty, a song of lamentation, a funeral anthem; due — fit, appropriate, *geschikt;* (It is customary, in the Country, for the attendants upon funerals to sing some Psalm or Hymn, suited to the occasion, while conveying the relics to the Churchyard.) in sad array — clothed in mourning habits.

The Epitaph.

Here rests his head, upon the lap of earth,
A Youth, to fortune and to fame unknown;
Fair science frowned not on his humble birth,
And melancholy marked him for her own:

The lap — *de schoot.*

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere;
Heaven did a recompense as largely send —
He gave to Misery, all he had, a Tear;
He gained from Heaven, 'twas all he wished, a Friend:

No further seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
There they alike in trembling Hope repose —
The bosom of his Father — and his God.

GRAY.

Dread abode — aweful resting-place, venerable in the highest degree in this passage, where the abode is said to be the bosom of his Father — God!

I embrace this opportunity of recommending, to the Fair-Sex, the various Works of Mrs. and Miss Taylor; they will be found not merely pleasing but instructive. The following Letter is the last in *Correspondence.*

Hannah More's, Miss Burney's, Mrs. Chapone's, Mary Brunton's, Miss Edgeworth's, and Mrs. Hofland's Works, are also recommended to those Young Ladies whose understandings lead them to read something superior to the common trash of which most Novels are composed.

From a Mother to a Daughter.

My dear Child,

It might scarcely seem necessary that I should send you a long epistle, just on the eve of your return Home. But as it is a very important period to you, and a very interesting and anxious one to me, you will not be surprised that I should wish to improve this last opportunity of admonishing you by Letter.

You are about to leave School, and to part with Her who has supplied a mother's place; who has had the care both of your body and mind: and the manner in which she has acquitted herself, demands your lasting gratitude. A proper expression of it will be gratifying to her feelings: let it be such as will at once do credit to hers and to yours.

You are also to part with your young Companions: from some, with whom you have commenced a friendship that promises to be lasting and advantageous, because it seems to be founded on esteem. I should, indeed, generally, be very cautious in permitting your continued intercourse with them; because it is not sufficient that I should be satisfied respecting the young people Themselves, I must know, also, something of their Connections, before I could either admit them here, or trust you under the roof of a stranger. As to your friend Grace, I should feel but few scruples; the character and conduct of a young person is no very dubious criterion of those of her connections. Yet in a case so important, something more than conjecture is necessary; and this is supplied by Mrs. W's recommendation: so that you may set your heart at rest on that subject, and indulge the hope of occasional intercourse with your excellent young friend.

While I am upon this subject I may observe, that the first visit of a *young lady*, on her introduction into life, is of more importance than some people seem to be aware of. Inexperienced, giddy, and elated by the novelty of her situation, she frequently, by the levity of her conduct, and her childish imprudences, produces an unfavorable impression upon her friends, which may require years of subsequent prudence and regularity to erase. Also, if great caution is not observed in the choice of her Acquaintance, she is in danger, from a propensity to imitation, of imbibing false principles, and of acquiring bad habits, which cannot be unlearned again at Home without much

pain and difficulty. Indeed, there are so many snares besetting her in this situation, that it is well if she be not entangled in some of them. She is, perhaps, introduced to a variety of strangers; with some of whom she may form hasty intimacies, which afterwards prove undesirable. The efforts which are frequently made to amuse and entertain a visiter operate unfavorably, by dissipating the mind, and producing a disrelish for the sober occupations of Home. She is more likely to be flattered for her imaginary excellencies, than to be told of her real faults: and the natural consequence of all this, is, that her parents, brothers, and sisters, appear to disadvantage, as they cannot, exclusively, devote themselves to her convenience and pleasure. She forgets, that were she to become an inmate, instead of an occasional visiter, she would cease to experience those attentions by which she is now distinguished, and that she would soon have to partake of the regular avocations of the rest of the family. To see people as they are, it is necessary to live with them; and by so doing, we should frequently discover, that your first-sight favorites are not so much more excellent than our old friends, as a temporary residence with them had inclined us to suppose. This is a digression; but it may serve at once to moderate your expectations, and to afford a useful hint, whenever such a circumstance as a visit among new friends may take place.

But you are returning *Home*. It is a comprehensive word, my dear Laura: upon your right estimation of its value greatly depends your future happiness. It is chiefly *there* that the lustre of the Female character is discernible; because *home* is its proper sphere. *Men* have much to do with the world without; *our* field of action is circumscribed; yet, to confine ourselves within its humble bounds, and to discharge our duties there, may produce effects equally beneficial and extensive with their wider range. It is no mean art to be able to govern well, and those who have proved most successful in the attainment, are generally such as have themselves submitted to be governed. It is the mistake of some young people returning from school, that they think themselves qualified immediately to take the command; and it is a yet greater mistake in those mothers who submit to it. As well might "a house be broken down, and without walls," as to be left to the guidance of such a manager. She might not, indeed, like her infant brothers and sisters, fall into the fire, or into the water, — throw down the china, or cut herself

with knives and scissors; but she may, by her exploits, do what is quite as mischievous in its consequences, though less instantaneous in its effects. But you my dear Laura, have been trained from your childhood in habits of proper subordination: and I should deem such observations altogether superfluous, were it not sometimes seen, that young persons, at this period, undergo a sudden revolution; and from the engaging, meek, and tractable Child, start all at once, into the pert, self-willed, young Lady. I must say, however, that the spirit in which your letters appear to be written, leave me little to fear on this subject.

You are returning Home — I was going to say, not for the purpose of enjoying yourself, and taking your pleasure — but to a well-regulated mind, the daily routine of Duty is *enjoyment*; to live a life of usefulness, is a perpetual pleasure. Nor does affluence itself, where it is enjoyed, exempt from this obligation: it rather enhances it. Those who suppose otherwise, totally mistake the Purpose for which it is bestowed; and deprive themselves of the principal satisfaction it is intended to produce. Besides, they are unprepared for Adversity; unfit to cope with the deprivations to which they are exposed, who hold their wordly possessions, as well as the breath of life, by an uncertain tenure. No legal process can so insure our estates, or secure them from accident, as to render them certainly unalienable; or prevent our "riches from taking wings and flying away." We may contemplate with pleasure the prospect of your Establishment in the world, in the same circumstances of comfort which have attended you hitherto. But we do not forget, that it is the *World* into which we are sending you: and however well equipped you may be for your journey, we cannot foresee what may befal you in the course of it. And whatever may be your future circumstances, habits of Activity and Economy will prove beneficial, and will be no disparagement to any station you may fill. If such had not been *our* habits, perhaps you might have lacked many advantages which you enjoy at the present moment; and your future prospects might have been clouded in the same degree. Through the kindness of Providence, you are returning to a Comfortable-home: but remember, it is not a *Paradise*. Your parents have their trials to harrass their spirits, and ruffle their tempers, as well as others: and in proportion to your filial affection, you will participate in them, and by the tender sympathy of your deportment, manifest that in all our afflictions *you* are afflicted." Indeed, my dear,

there can be no temporal alleviation of our sorrows, equal to that which arises from this source: the cordials administered by the tender hands of affectionate *children*, possess the happiest efficacy. If some young persons were aware of this, surely they would be more frequent in the application of them.

O, my dear Laura, what a blessing you may prove to us! especially to me, your *Mother*. Shall I find in my beloved child, as she rises to maturity, the confidential Friend, with whom I may take sweet counsel; and on whose bosom, as she once did on mine, I may repose all my *cares?* — One, who will be indulgent to my Infirmities, attentive to my Wants, and who will plant the vale of life, into which I am gradually descending, with many a flower, such as she can gather, here and there, from the wilderness around? What a delightful sight it is, (and surely a natural one) when a Mother and Daughter dwell together in unity! It is like the precious ointment, which descended down the vestments of Aaron, and exhaled a fragrant odor all around.

Well, you are returning to "your father's house:" and this, in a higher sense, may, I trust, be said of us. The World is the great school wherein we are each receiving our *education:* and the prosperity and adversity which we experience, are the means whereby the great Governor trains us for a maturer state. When "He visits our transgressions with the rod, and our iniquities with stripes," it is for our final benefit: for He does not "willingly afflict the children of men." When He smiles upon us by his providence, when He entrusts us with various talents, it is to prove us, whether we will use them for his glory and the good of our fellow creatures. Otherwise he may deprive us of them intirely; or, what is worse, continue them without his Blessing; and desist from *fatherly correction*, saying, "Why should they be smitten any more? — they will yet revolt."

We have a task assigned us; and the day of our dismission from it, although to us unknown, is immutably fixed by Him, who has "the keys of Death." May Divine Grace so prepare our dear Laura, that when she is summoned *home* by her *heavenly* Father, she may obey the call without reluctance; and earnestly longing, as she now is, to return to the abode of her Earthly parent, may she then feel a still greater "desire to depart and to be with Christ, which is far better!"

Your affectionate Mother."

Henry Vth's *Address to his Soldiers*, *On St. Crispin's-day, at Agincourt.*

Act IV; Scene III.

The English Camp.

Enter the English Host; (a) Gloster, Bedford, Exeter, Salisbury *and* Westmoreland.

Glos. Where is the king?
Bed. The king himself
Is rode to see the Battle. *(b)*
West. Of fighting men
They have full threescore thousand.
Ex. That's Five to One; *(c)* besides, they all are fresh.
Sal. God's Arm strike with us! 'Tis a fearful odds.
God be wi' ye princes all! I'll to my charge:
If no more we meet, till we meet in heaven,
Then joyfully, my noble lord of Bedford —
My dear lord Gloster — and my good lord Exeter —
And my kind kinsman — warriors all — adieu!
Bed. Farewel, good Salisbury; and good-luck go with thee!
Ex. Farewel, kind lord; fight valiantly today —
And yet I do thee wrong, to mind thee of it,
For thou art framed of the firm truth of valor. *(Exit Sal.*
Bed. He is as full of valor as of kindness;
Princely in both.
West. O that we now had here *(Enter King Henry.*
But one Ten thousand of those men in England,
That do no work today!

King Henry. What's he that wishes so?
My cousin Westmoreland! No, my fair cousin —
If we are marked to Die, we are enow
To do our country loss; and if to Live,
The fewer men the greater share of honor.

(a) Host — army, *heir, leger.*
(b) Battle — a body of forces, or division of an army; here, the main body, as distinct from the van and rear.
(c) That's Five to One — the king says, Twenty to One — "the French may lay twenty French crowns to one, they will beat us; for they bear them on their shoulders:" here, the king uses *crowns* as a synonyme with *heads.*

The Historical facts are these — on 25 October, 1415, Henry, at the head of "Nine thousand men", attacked the Constable of France, d'Albret, who headed an Army "nearly *Ten times* that number;" "the French lost 10.000 men and 14.000 prisoners — the English only Forty men in all!" Among the former were many Princes and Nobles, among the latter the Duke of York and the Earl of Suffolk.

God's will! I pray thee, wish not One man more.
By Jove! I am not covetous of gold;
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost;
It yearns me not (*a*) if men my garments wear;
Such outward things dwell not in my desires:
But, if it be a Sin to covet *Honor* —
I am the most offending soul alive!
No, 'faith, my coz, wish not a man from England:
God's Peace! I would not lose so great an honor
As *One* man more, methinks, would share from me,
For the best hopes I have! O, do not wish One more —
Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my Host,
That — *He who hath no stomach* (*b*) *to this fight,*
Let him depart; his Pasport shall be made,
And Crowns, for convoy, put into his purse: —
We would not Die in that man's company,
Who fears his fellowship to die with us!
This day is called, *The feast of Crispian* — (*c*)
He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a tip-toe (*d*) when this day is named,
And rouse him at the Name of *Crispian!*
He that shall live this day, and see Old-age,
Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours,
And say — *Tomorrow is Saint Crispian!*
Then will he strip his sleeve, and show his scars,
And say — *These wounds I had on Crispin's-day!*
Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot,
But he'll remember, with advantages,
What feats he did that day: (*e*) then shall our Names,
(Familiar in his mouth as household words,)
Harry the King, Bedford and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloster,
Be in the flowing cups freshly remembered:
This story shall the good man teach his son;

(*a*) It yearns me not — *het raakt my niet.*
(*b*) Stomach — inclination, desire, *verlangen.*
(*c*) The feast of Crispian — St. Crispin and St. Crispinian were Shoemakers; two brothers, who came from Rome to preach Christianity at Soissons, in France, "towards the middle of the third century," and suffered martyrdom "about the year 287," under the government of Rictius Varus, "the most implacable enemy of the Christian name." St. Crispin's-day is yet a day of feasting and jollity among the Shoemakers and Cobblers in England.
(*d*) Will stand a tip-toe — *op de toonen staan.*
(*e*) Old men forget; &c. — notwithstanding the natural forgetfulness of Age, yet shall this day be remembered while memory exists; and on the eve the old man shall magnify the feats this day performed.

And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be remembered:
We few, we happy few! we band of Brothers —
For He, today that sheds his Blood with me,
Shall be my Brother! be He e'er so vile,
This day shall gentle his condition! (*a*)
And gentlemen in England, now a-bed,
Shall think themselves accursed, they were not here;
And hold their manhoods cheap (*b*) while any speaks,
That fought with us upon *Saint Crispin's-day!*

Enter Salisbury.

Sal. My Sovereign Lord, bestow yourself with speed;
The French are bravely in their battles set, (*c*)
And will with all expedience charge on us.
King. All things are ready, if our Minds be so.
West. Perish the man whose mind is backward now!
King. Thou dost not wish more help from England Cousin?
West. God's will, my Liege, would you and I alone,
Without more help, might fight this battle out!
King. Why, now, thou hast unwished Five thousand men;
Which likes me better (*d*) than to wish us One.
You know your places — God be with you all!

SHAKESPEARE.

(*a*) Be he e'er so *vile*, this day shall *gentle* his condition — no matter how low his rank in life, how mean his birth, the act of his fighting this day, against such odds, shall raise him to the rank of a Gentleman.

(*b*) And hold their manhoods cheap — and think but little of the feats they have performed, when contrasted with this day's achievements: *manhood* is here indicative of the deed which may have been done; and *cheap* means valueless, insignificant, too trifling to be mentioned.

(*c*) The French are bravely in their battles set — bravely — splendidly, ostentatiously; battles — divisions; battles set — set in battle-array, prepared for action, for onset; — thus, the forces of the enemy are splendidly arranged.

(*d*) Which likes me better — this phraseology is obsolete in England, though heard daily in this country; owing, I conceive, to *the old* but *bad custom* of permitting Students in the language to *Translate* before they have acquired a sufficient knowledge of the Tongue. That it was once customary, the following passages bear testimony —

Or lips he laid on thing that *liked them* best,
Should be his prey. SPENCER.

He shall dwell where it *liketh him best.*
Deuteronomy.

There let them learn, as *likes them*, to despise
God and Messiah. MILTON.

LECTURE VI.

An Examination of Compositions in Verse.

DRYDEN *and* POPE
in
Parallelism.

Pope professed to have learned his Poetry from Dryden, whom, whenever an opportunity was presented, he praised through his whole life with unvaried liberality; and perhaps his character may receive some illustration, if he be compared with his master.

Integrity of understanding and nicety of discernment were not allotted in a less proportion to Dryden than to Pope. The rectitude of Dryden's mind was sufficiently shown by the dismission of his poetical prejudices, and the rejection of unnatural thoughts and rugged numbers. But Dryden never desired to apply all the judgement that he had. He wrote, and professed to write, merely for the people; and when he pleased others he contented himself. He spent no time in struggles to rouse latent powers; he never attempted to make that better which was already good, nor, often, to mend what he must have known to be faulty. He wrote, as he tells us, with very little consideration; when occasion or necessity called upon him, he poured out what the present moment happened to supply, and, when once it had passed the press, ejected it from his mind; for, when he had no pecuniary interest he had no further solicitude.

Pope was not content to satisfy; he desired to excel, and therefore always endeavoured to do his best: he did not court the candor, but dared the judgement, of his reader; and, expecting no indulgence from others, he showed none to himself. He examined lines and words with minute and punctilious observation, and retouched every part with indefatigable diligence, till he had left nothing to be forgiven.

Pope had, perhaps, the judgement of Dryden; but Dryden certainly wanted the diligence of Pope.

In acquired knowledge, the superiority must be allowed to Dryden, whose education was more scholastic, and who, before he became an author, had been allowed more time for study, with better means of information. His mind has a larger range, and he collects his images and illustrations from a more extensive circumference of science. Dryden knew more of man in his general nature, and Pope in his local manners. The notions of Dryden were formed by comprehensive speculation, and those of Pope by minute attention. There is more dignity in the knowledge of Dryden, and more certainty in that of Pope.

Poetry was not the sole praise of either: for both excelled likewise in Prose; but Pope did not borrow his Prose from his predecessor. The style of Dryden is capricious and varied; that of Pope is cautious and uniform. Dryden obeys the motion of his own mind; Pope constrains his mind to his own rules of composition. Dryden is sometimes vehement and rapid; Pope is always smooth, uniform, and gentle. Dryden's page is a natural field, rising into inequalities, and diversified by the varied exuberance of abundant vegetation; Pope's is a velvet lawn, shaven by the sythe, and levelled by the roller.

Of genius — that power which constitutes a Poet, that quality without which judgement is cold, and knowledge is inert; that energy which collects, combines, amplifies, and animates; the superiority must, with some hesitation, be allowed to Dryden. It is not to be inferred, that of this poetical vigor Pope had only a little, because Dryden had more, for every other writer since Milton must give place to Pope; and even of Dryden it must be said, that if he has brighter Paragraphs, he has not better Poems. Dryden's performances were always hasty, either excited by some external occasion, or extorted by domestic necessity; he composed without consideration, and published without correction. What his mind could supply at call, or gather in one excursion, was all that he gave. The dilatory caution of Pope enabled him to condense his sentiments, to multiply his images, and to accumulate all that Study might produce, or Chance might supply. If the flights of Dryden, therefore, are higher, Pope continues longer on the wing. If of Dryden's fire the blaze is brighter, of Pope's the heat is more regular and constant. Dryden often surpasses expectation, and Pope never falls

below it. Dryden is read with frequent astonishment, and Pope with perpetual delight.

This Parallel will, I hope, when it is well considered, be found just; and if the reader should suspect me, as I suspect myself, of some partial fondness for the memory of Dryden, let him not too hastily condemn me; for meditation and inquiry may, perhaps, show him the reasonableness of my determination.

JONHSON.

Alexander's Feast;

An Ode in honor of St. Cecilia's-Day.

'Twas at the royal feast, for Persia won,
By Philp's warlike son:
Aloft, in aweful state,
The god-like Hero sate,
On his imperial throne:
His valiant peers were placed around;
Their brows with roses and with myrtle bound;
So should Desert in Arms be crowned.
The lovely Thäis by his side
Sat, like a blooming eastern bride,
In flower of youth and beauty's pride;
Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the *brave*,
None but the brave,
None *but* the brave deserve the Fair.

Timotheus, placed on high,
Amid the tuneful quire,
With flying fingers touched the lyre;
The trembling notes ascend the sky,
And heavenly joys inspire.
The song began from Jove,
Who left his blissful seats above;
Such is the power of mighty Love!
A dragon's fiery form belied the God:
Sublime on radiant spires he rode,
When he to fair Olympia pressed,
And stamped an image of Himself — a sovereign of the world.

The listening crowd admire the lofty sound;
A present deity! they shout around:
A present Deity! the vaulted roofs rebound:
With ravished ears,
The monarch hears;
Assumes the God,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.

The praise of Bacchus, then the sweet musician sung;
Of Bacchus, ever fair, and ever young;
The jolly god in triumph comes —
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums!
Flushed with a purple grace,
He shews his honest face.
Now give the hautboys breath — he comes! he comes!
Bacchus, ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did first ordain:
Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
Drinking! is the soldier's pleasure;
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure;
Sweet is pleasure after pain.
Soothed with the sound, the king grew vain;
Fought all his battles o'er again;
And thrice he routed all his foes; and thrice he slew the slain.

The master saw the madness rise —
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;
And, while He heaven and earth defied,
Changed his hand, and checked his pride.
He chose a mournful muse —
Soft Pity to infuse:
He sung Darius, great and good,
By too severe a fate;
Fallen! fallen! fallen! fallen!
Fallen from his high estate,
And weltering in his blood:
Deserted at his utmost need
By those his former bounty fed,
On the bare earth exposed he lies,
With not a friend to close his eyes.
With downcast look the joyless Victor sate,
Revolving, in his altered soul,
The various turns of fate below;
And now and then a sigh he stole,
And tears began to flow.

The mighty master smiled, to see
That Love was in the next degree:
'Twas but a kindred sound to move;
For Pity melts the mind to Love.
Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,
Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures.
War! he sung, is toil and trouble;
Honor! but an empty bubble;
Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still, and still destroying:
If the world be worth Thy winning,
Think, O think it worth enjoying!
Lovely Thäis sits beside thee,
Take the good the gods provide thee.

The many rend the skies with loud applause;
So Love was crowned, but Music won the cause.
The Prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gazed on the Fair
Who caused his care,
And sighed and looked! and sighed and looked!
Sighed and looked! and sighed again!
At length with Love and Wine at once oppressed,
The vanquished Victor sunk upon her breast.

Now strike the golden lyre again;
And louder yet — and yet a louder strain!
Break his bands of sleep asunder,
And rouse Him, like a rattling peal of thunder.
Hark, hark, the horrid sound
Has raised up his head,
As awaked from the dead,
And amazed! he stares round.
Revenge! Revenge! Timotheus cries,
See the furies arise,
See the snakes that they rear,
How they hiss in the air,
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes!
Behold a ghastly band,
Each a torch in his hand!
These are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,
And unburied remain
Inglorious, on the plain;
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew!
Behold! how they toss their torches on high,
How they point to the Persian abodes,
And glittering temples of their hostile gods!

The princes applaud, with a farious joy;
And the King seized a flambeau, with zeal, to destroy;
Thäis led the way
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fired another Troy.

Thus long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learned to blow,
While organs yet were mute,
Timotheus, to his breathing flute
And sounding lyre,
Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.

At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the Vocal frame;
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.

Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown:
He raised a Mortal to the skies —
She drew an Angel down. DRYDEN.

An Agreeable Man.

London, 1819.

What is meant by an Agreeable man?

In Spain an agreeable man is he who is possessed of a good person, and an incessant flow of talk. The science of conversation is there in its infancy, and no distinction is made between him who talks much and him who talks well. The leading topic of a *bel esprit* is woman; and the language itself is so formed as to confine praise or blame intirely to their Bodily qualities. *Es buena moza*, literally, "she is a Good girl," means, *she is a Pretty girl. Tiene merito*, "she has Merit," means *she has some points in her Face or Figure.* Besides being able to decide the proper degree of merit which every woman possesses, the Spanish agreeable man is able to cover obscenity with the veil which is just thick enough to make it admissible in good company; though even that is sometimes thrown aside, like those which are worn on the Alameda. From this source he derives the principal fund of his conversation,

and makes amends for a total ignorance on every kind of Literature and Politics. But then, he also knows the Plays which are to be acted for the next month, and can tell, to a tittle, if a single indecent posture has been omitted in the fandango.

The Agreeable man in Germany is quite a different sort of person. He is a gentleman who endeavours to make wit and gallantry after the most approved models of the age of Lewis XIV. But his specific gravity being much greater than that of the French nation, he is, in fact, as little like M. de Coulanges, or St. Evremont, as can well be imagined. His little anecdotes are drawn from the Roman history, or, at best, from the Seven-years'-War; his remarks and observations are conscientiously sincere, but insufferably dull; and his wit always disposes to melancholy.

In Italy an Agreeable man is a much pleasanter person: his manners are particularly civil; he often has a good taste in the fine arts and in polite literature; and, perhaps, an agreeable talent for music; but there is a feebleness and effeminacy in his tone of thinking, which finally wearies, and his conversation is the pace of a manage horse; trained till he has lost all freedom of action. Yet, it must be owned, that there are a great many young men who are exceptions to this rule; it is easy to see, however, that they are exceptions. Their long dishevelled hair, their wild rolling eyes, their vehement action, their loud harangues in society, their unusual language, and more unusual opinions, show, at once, that they are not formed after the general rule of national character.

If we go from Italy to England, we shall find that the Agreeable man gets more reputation, more eating, and more drinking, in return for his talk, than anywhere else. He is perpetually invited to dinner, where from ten to five-and-twenty people are invited expressly to meet him; and, after all, it often happens that he is sullen or unwell, and will not speak a word from the beginning of dinner till the end. But if he should happen to be in spirits, he often talks so loud, or so disputatiously, that you are forced to bow to his opinions till after coffee.

France, perhaps, affords the best models of an Agreeable man. In the French of the old court especially, we see the most refined politeness towards others, mixed with a most perfect confidence in themselves; a sprightliness which enlivens all around, and produces as much light by reflection as by radiation; a skill in placing every topic in the

situation which alone can make it amusing in conversation; a grace in treating the most frivolous matters, a lightness in touching the most serious, and a quickness in passing from one to the other, which to all other Europeans must seem quite unattainable. They console themselves by saying the French are frivolous — by which is meant, that the French interest themselves in little frivolous concerns; but such Europeans forget to mention that *they* are the same people who marched into Lisbon and Moscow, and perfected the discoveries of Newton.

The Agreeable qualities of the French, however, have been much obscured since the Revolution; and in Conversation it is impossible not to prefer the *roué* of 1780 to the patriot of 1820. Indeed, all things considered, there are more Agreeable men now in England than in any country in Europe. &c.

Lord JOHN RUSSELL.

An Ode;

Written for the Anniversary

of the

Royal British System of Education,

Held at Freemasons-Hall, May 16. 1812.

The Lion, o'er his wild domains,
Rules with the terror of his eye;
The Eagle of the rock maintains,
By force, his empire in the sky;
The Shark, the tyrant of the flood,
Reigns through the deep with quenchless rage;
Parent and Young, unweaned from blood,
Are still the *same*, from age to age.

Of all that live, and move, and breathe,
Man only rises o'er his birth;
He looks above, around, beneath,
At once the heir of heaven and earth:
Force, cunning, speed, which Nature gave
The various tribes throughout her plan,
Life to enjoy, from death to save —
These are the *lowest powers* of Man!

From strength to strength he travels on;
He leaves the lingering Brute behind;
And when a few short years are gone,
He soars — a *disembodied mind:*
Beyond the grave, his course sublime
Destined through nobler paths to run,
In his career the End of Time
Is but Eternity begun.

What guides him in his high pursuit,
Opens, illumines, cheers his way,
Discerns the Immortal from the Brute,
God's image from the mould of clay?
'Tis *Knowledge.* — Knowledge to the Soul
Is power, and liberty, and peace;
And, while celestial ages roll,
The joys of Knowledge shall increase.

Hail to the Glorious Plan! that spread
The light with universal beams;
And through the human desert led
Truths living, pure, perpetual streams.
— Behold a new creation rise!
New spirit breathed into the clod,
Where'er the voice of Wisdom cries,
"Man know Thyself, and fear thy God!"

MONTGOMERY.

From Lord CHESTERFIELD to his Son.

London, December the 5th, O.S. 1749.

Dear Boy,

Those who suppose, that men in general act Rationally, because they are called rational creatures, know very little of the world; and, if they act themselves upon that supposition, will, nine times in ten, find themselves grossly mistaken. That man is, *animal bipes, implume, risible,* I entirely agree; but for the *rationale,* can only allow it him in *actu primo* (to talk Logic) and seldom in *actu secundo.* Thus, the speculative, cloistered pedant, in his solitary cell, forms systems of things as they should be, not as they are; and writes as decisively and absurdly,

upon war, politics, manners, and characters, as that pedant talked, who was so kind as to instruct Hannibal in the art of war. Such closet politicians never fail to assign the deepest motives for the most trifling actions; instead of often ascribing the greatest actions to the most trifling causes, in which they would be much seldomer mistaken. They read and write of Kings, Heroes, and Statesmen, as never doing anything but upon the deepest principles of sound policy. But those who see and observe Kings, Heroes, and Statesmen, discover that they have head-akes, indigestions, humors, and passions, just like other people; every one of which, in their turns, determine their Wills, in defiance of their Reason. Had we only read in the Life of Alexander, that he burned Persepolis, it would doubtless have been accounted for from deep policy; we should have been told, that this new conquest could not have been secured without the destruction of that Capital, which would have been the constant seat of cabals, conspiracies, and revolts. But, luckily, we are informed at the same time, that this hero, this demi-god, this son and heir of Jupiter Ammon, happened to get extremely drunk; and, by way of frolic, destroyed one of the finest cities of the world. *Read men, therefore, yourself, not in Books, but in Nature. Adopt no systems, but study them yourself. Observe their weaknesses, their passions, their humors, of all which their understandings are, nine times in ten, the dupes.* You will then know that they are to be gained, influenced, or led, much oftener by little things than by great ones; and, consequently, you will no longer think those things little, which tend to such great purposes.

Let us apply this now to the particular object of this letter, I mean, speaking in, and influencing public assemblies. The nature of our Constitution makes Eloquence more useful, and more necessary in this country, than in any other in Europe. A certain degree of good sense and knowledge is requisite for that, as well as for every thing else; but beyond that, the purity of diction, the elegancy of style, the harmony of periods, a pleasing elocution, and a graceful action, are things which a public speaker should attend to the most; because his audience certainly does, and understands them the best: or, rather, indeed, understands little else. The late Lord Chancellor Cowper's strength, as an Orator, lay by no means in his reasonings, for he often hazarded very weak ones. But such was the purity and elegancy of his style, such the propriety and charms of his elocution, and such the graceful-

ness of his action, that he never spoke without universal applause: the ears and the eyes gave him up the hearts and the understandings of the audience; On the contrary, the late Lord Townshend always spoke materially, with argument and knowledge, but never pleased. Why? His diction was not only inelegant, but frequently ungrammatical, always vulgar; his cadences false, his voice unharmonious, and his action ungraceful. Nobody heard him with patience; and the young fellows used to joke upon him, and repeat his mascouacies. The late Duke of Argyle, though the weakest reasoner, was the most pleasing speaker I ever knew in my life. He charmed, he warmed, he forcibly ravished the audience; not by his Matter certainly, but by his Manner of delivering it. A most genteel figure, a graceful, noble air, an harmonious voice, an elegancy of style, and a strength of emphasis, conspired to make him the most affecting, persuasive, and applauded speaker, I ever saw. I was captivated like others; but when I came home, and coolly considered what he had said, stripped of all those ornaments in which he had dressed it, I often found the matter flimsy, the arguments weak, and I was convinced of the power of those adventitious concurring circumstances, which *ignorance of mankind only, calls trifling ones.* Cicero in his Book *de Oratore*, in order to raise the dignity of that profession, which he well knew himself to be at the head of, asserts, that a complete Orator must be a complete every thing; Lawyer, Philosopher, Divine, etc. That would be extremely well, if it were possible: but man's life is not long enough; and I hold him to be the completest Orator, who speaks the best upon that subject which occurs; whose happy choice of words, whose lively imagination, whose elocution and action adorn and grace his matter, at the same time that they excite the attention, and engage the passions of his audience.

You will be of the House of Commons as soon as you are of age; and you must first make a figure there, if you would make a figure, or a fortune, in your country. This you can never do without that correctness and elegancy in your *Own Language*, which you seem to neglect, and which you have intirely to learn. Fortunately for you, it is to be learned. Care and observation will do it; but do not flatter yourself, that all the knowledge, sense, and reasoning in the world, will ever make you a popular and applauded Speaker, without the ornaments and the graces of style, elocution, and action. Sense and argument,

though coarsely delivered, will have their weight, in private conversation, with two or three people of sense; but in a public assembly, they will have none, if naked and destitute of the advantages I have mentioned. Cardinal de Retz observes, very justly, that every numerous assembly is Mob; influenced by their passions, humors, and affections, which nothing but eloquence ever did, or even can engage. This is so important a consideration for every body in this country, and more particularly for You, that I earnestly recommend it to your most serious care and attention. Mind your diction, in whatever language you write or speak; contract a habit of correctness and elegance. Consider your style, even in the freest conversation and most familiar letters. After, at least, if not before, you have said a thing, reflect if you could not have said it better. Where you doubt of the propriety or elegancy of a word or phrase, consult some good dead or living authority in that language. Use yourself to translate, from various languages, into English: correct those translations till they satisfy your ear, as well as your understanding. And be convinced of this truth; that the best sense and reason in the world will be as unwelcome in a public assembly, without these ornaments, as they will in public companies, without the assistance of manners and politeness. If you will please people, you must please them in their own way: and, as you cannot make them what they should be, you must take them as they are. I repeat it again, they are only to be taken by *agrémens*, and by what flatters their senses and their hearts. Rabelais first wrote a most excellent book, which nobody liked; then, determined to conform to the public taste, he wrote *Gargantua* and *Pantagruel*, which every body liked, extravagant as it was. Adieu.

The following Hymn is, commonly, attributed to the pen of Addison; but the impression on my mind (from a Disquisition I read upon the Subject, ten or twelve years ago) is, that Marvel and not Addison, was the author of the Two Hymns in No. 441 and 453 of the *Spectator*, beginning —

"The Lord my Pasture shall prepare,"

"When all thy Mercies, O my God!"

A Hymn, on Gratitude.

When all thy Mercies, O my God!
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

O how shall Words, with equal warmth,
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my ravished heart!
But Thou canst read it there.

Thy Providence my life sustained,
And all my wants redressed,
When in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.

To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy Mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learned
To form themselves in prayer.

Unnumbered comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From Whom those comforts flowed.

When, in the slippery paths of Youth,
With heedless steps, I ran,
Thy arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
And led me up to Man.

Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths
It gently cleared my way;
And through the pleasing snares of vice —
More to be feared than *they*.

When worn with sickness, oft hast thou
With health renewed my face;
And, when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Revived my soul with grace.

Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss
Has made my cup run o'er,
And, in a kind and faithful Friend,
Has doubled all my store.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least, a Cheerful Heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

Through every period of my life,
Thy Goodness I'll pursue;
And, after death, in distant worlds,
The pleasing theme renew.

When nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more,
My ever grateful heart, O Lord!
Thy Mercy shall adore.

Through all eternity, to Thee,
A grateful Song I'll raise;
But O, *Eternity's too short*
To utter *half* thy praise! MARVEL.

On the Perishable nature of Poetical Fame.

From a Review of Campbell's Specimens of British Poets.

Next to the impression of the vast fertility, compass, and beauty of our English Poetry, the reflection that recurs most frequently and forcibly to us in accompanying Mr. Campbell through his wide survey, is the perishable nature of poetical fame, and the speedy oblivion that has overtaken so many of the promised heirs of Immortality. Of near Two hundred and fifty authors whose works are cited in these volumes, by far the greater part of whom were celebrated in their generation, there are not Thirty who now enjoy any thing that can be called Popularity — whose works are to be found in the hands of ordinary readers — in the shops of ordinary booksellers — or in the press for republication. About Fifty more may be tolerably familiar to men of taste or literature: the rest slumber on the shelves of collectors, and are partially known to a few antiquaries and scholars. Now the fame of a Poet is popular, or nothing. He does not address

himself, like the man of Science, to the learned, or those who desire to learn, but to all mankind; and his purpose being to delight and to be praised, necessarily extends to all who can receive pleasure, or join in applause. It is strange, and somewhat humiliating, to see how great a proportion of those who had once fought their way successfully to distinction, and surmounted the rivalry of contemporary envy, have again sunk into neglect. We have great deference for *public opinion;* and readily admit that nothing but what is Good can be permanently Popular — but though its *vivat* be generally oracular; its *peraat* appears to us to be often sufficiently capricious; and while we would foster all that it bids to Live, we would willingly revive much that it leaves to Die. The very multiplication of works of amusement necessarily withdraws many from notice that deserve to be kept in remembrance; for we should soon find it labor, and not amusement, if we were obliged to make use of them all, or even to take all upon trial. As the materials of enjoyment and instruction accumulate around us, more and more must thus be daily rejected and left to waste: for while our tasks lengthen, our lives remain as short as ever; and the calls on our time multiply, while our time itself is flying swiftly away. This superfluity and abundance of our treasure, therefore, necessarily renders much of them worthless; and the veriest accidents may, in such a case, determine what part shall be preserved, and what thrown away and neglected. When an army is *decimated*, the very bravest may fall; and many Poets, worthy of eternal remembrance, have been forgotten, merely because there was not room in our memories for all.

By such a work as the "Specimens," however, this injustice of fortune may be partly redressed — some small fragments of an immortal strain may still be rescued from Oblivion — and a wreck of a name preserved, which time appeared to have swallowed up for ever. There is something pious, we think, and endearing in the office of thus gathering up the ashes of renown that has passed away; or rather, of calling back the departed life for a transitory glow, and enabling those great spirits which seemed to be *laid* for ever, still to draw a tear of pity, or a throb of admiration, from the hearts of a forgetful generation. The body of their poetry, probably, can never be revived; but some sparks of its spirit may yet be preserved, in a narrower and feebler frame.

When we look back upon the havoc which Two hundred

years have thus made in the ranks of our *immortals;* — and above all, when we refer their rapid disappearance to the quick succession of new competitors, and the accumulation of more good works than there is time to peruse, we cannot help being dismayed at the prospect which lies before the writers of the present day. There never was an age so prolific of popular poetry as that in which we now live — and as wealth, population, and education extend, the produce is likely to go on increasing. The last ten years have produced, we think, an annual supply of about ten thousand lines of good staple poetry — poetry from the very first hands that we can boast of — that runs quickly to three or four large editions — and is as likely to be permanent as present success can make it. Now, if this goes on for a hundred years longer, what a task will await the poetical readers of 1919! Our Living poets will then be nearly as old as Pope and Swift are at present — but there will stand between them and that generation nearly ten times as much fresh and fashionable poetry as is now interposed between us and those writers: — and if Scott, and Byron, and Campbell, have already cast Pope and Swift a good deal into the Shade, in what form and dimensions are they themselves likely to be presented to the eyes of their great-grandchildren? The thought we own is a little appalling, and we confess, we see nothing better to imagine than that they may find a comfortable place in some new Collection of Specimens — the centenary of the present publication. There — if the future editor have anything like the indulgence and veneration for antiquity of his predecessor — there shall posterity still hang with rapture on the half of Campbell — and the fourth part of Byron — and the sixth of Scott — and the scattered tithes of Crabbe — and the three *per cent* of Southey — while some good-natured critic shall sit in our mouldering chair, and more than half prefer them to those by whom they have been superseded! — It is an hyperbole of good nature, however, we fear, to ascribe to them even those dimensions at the end of a century. After a lapse of 250 years, we are afraid to think of the space they may have shrunk into. We have no Shakespeare, alas! to shed a never-setting light on his contemporaries: — and if we continue to write and rhyme at the present rate for 200 years longer, there must be some new art of Short-hand-Reading invented — or all reading must be given up in despair.

JEFFREY.

Campbell b. 1777; yet Living.

The Last Man.

All worldly shapes shall melt in gloom,
The Sun himself must die,
Before this Mortal shall assume
Its Immortality.
I saw a Vision, in my sleep,
That gave my Spirit strength to sweep
Adown the gulph of Time;
I saw the Last of human-mould,
That shall Creation's death behold,
As Adam saw her Prime.

The Sun's eye had a sickly glare,
The Earth, with age, was wan;
The skeletons of nations were
Around that lonely man:
Some had expired in fight,—the brands
Still rusted in their bony hands;
In plague and famine some;
Earth's cities had no sound nor tread;
And ships were drifting, with the dead,
To shores where all was dumb!

Yet, prophetlike, that lone One stood,
With dauntless Words and high,
That shook the sere leaves from the wood,
As if a storm passed by,
Saying — "We are twins in death, proud Sun!
Thy face is cold, thy race is run,
'Tis Mercy bids thee go;
For thou ten thousand thousand years
Hast seen the tide of human tears,
That shall no longer flow:

"What though beneath thee Man puts forth
His pomp, his pride, his skill,
And arts, that made fire, flood, and earth,
The vassals of his Will —
Yet mourn I not thy parted sway,
Thou dim, discrowned King of day;
For all those trophied arts
And triumphs, that beneath thee sprang,
Healed not a passion or a pang
Entailed on Human hearts.

Go, let Oblivion's curtain fall
Upon the stage of Men,
Nor, with thy rising beams, recal
Life's tragedy again;
Its piteous pageants bring not back,
Nor waken flesh, upon the rack
Of pain anew to writhe;
Stretched in disease's shapes abhorred,
Or mown in battle by the sword,
Like grass beneath the sythe.

E'en I am weary, in yon skies
To watch thy fading fire;
Test of all sumless agonies,
Behold not Me expire!
My lips, that speak thy dirge of death,
Their rounded gasp and gurgling breath
To see, Thou shalt not boast!
The eclipse of Nature spreads my pall —
The majesty of Darkness shall
Receive my parting Ghost!

This spirit shall return to Him
That gave its heavenly spark;
Yet think not, Sun! it shall be dim
When thou thyself art dark —
No; it shall live *again*, and shine
In Bliss, unknown to beams of thine,
By Him recalled to breath
Who captive led captivity,
Who robbed the grave of Victory,
And took the sting from Death!

Go, Sun! while Mercy holds me up
On Nature's aweful waste,
To drink this last, and bitter cup
Of grief, that Man shall taste —
Go, tell the Night that hides thy face,
Thou sawest the Last of Adam's race,
On earth's sepulchral clod,
The darkening universe *defy*
To quench his Immortality,
Or shake his trust in God!

CAMPBELL.

Hannah More — This excellent woman and distinguished writer, is yet among the Living ornaments of England. Two years ago, in January 1828, she resided at her beautiful Cottage, Barley Wood, near Bristol; possessed of all those faculties which commonly desert the few who number years beyond "three score years and ten": her Voice was as unbroken as that of a person in the prime of life; her Conversation was powerful, interesting, and varied; she Walked with a dignified and firm step; and Read without spectacles — notwithstanding she had attained to the Age of Eighty-six!

Her various Works have not only added to the reputation of the Literature of her Country, but have been instrumental in effecting great good to the Minds of numbers. The following piece may be found in her *Strictures on the Modern System of Female Education* — a work which should not only have a place in every Lady's Library, but in every Lady's Head.

On Female Accomplishments.

A young lady may excel in Speaking French and Italian, may repeat a few passages from a volume of extracts; play like a professor, and sing like a syren; have her dressing-room decorated with her own drawings, tables, stands, flower-pots, screens, and cabinets; nay, she may dance like Sempronia herself, and yet I shall insist that she may have been very badly educated. I am far from meaning to set no value whatever on any or all of these qualifications; they are all of them elegant, and many of them properly tend to the perfecting of a polite education. These things in their measure and degree may be done, but there are others which should not be left undone. Many things are becoming, but "one thing is needful." Besides, as the world seems to be fully apprised of the value of whatever tends to embellish life, there is less occasion here to insist on its importance.

But, though a well-bred young lady may lawfully learn most of the fashionable arts; yet, let me ask, does it seem to be the true end of Education to make women of fashion *dancers*, *singers*, *players*, *painters*, *actresses*, *sculptors*, *gilders*, *varnishers*, *engravers*, and *embroiderers*? Most *Men* are commonly destined to some profession, and their minds are consequently turned each to its respective object. Would it not be strange if they were called out to exercise their profession, or to set up their trade, with only a little general knowledge of the trades and professions of all other men, and without any previous definite application to their own peculiar calling? The profession of Ladies, to which the bent of *their* instruction should be turned, is that of *daughters*, *wives*, *mothers* and *mistresses*

Henry IVth's *Soliloquy, on Sleep.*

How many thousands of my poorest subjects,
Are at this hour Asleep! O, gentle Sleep!
Nature's soft nurse, (a) how have I frighted (b) thee;
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,
And steep (c) my senses in forgetfulness!
Why rather, Sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets (e) stretching thee,
And hushed (f) with buzzing (g) night-flies to thy slumber,
Than in the perfumed chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly state,
And lulled (h) with sounds of sweetest melody?
O thou dull God! why liest thou with the vile (i)
In loathsome (k) beds, and leavest the kingly couch
A watch-case to a common larum-bell! (l)
Wilt thou, upon the high and giddy (m) mast,
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock (n) his brains,
In cradle (o) of the rude, imperious surge, (p)
And in the visitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
With deafening clamors in the slippery shrouds, (r)
That, with the hurly, (s) Death itself awakes?
Canst thou, O, partial Sleep! give thy repose
To the wet Sea-boy in an hour so rude,
And in the calmest and the stillest night,
With all appliances and means to boot, (t)
Deny it to a King? then happy lowly Clown! (u)
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

Shakespeare.

(a) Soft nurse — *zoete voedster.* (b) Frighted, affrighted — *verschrikt.*
(c) Steep — imbrue, *indoopen.* (d) Smoky cribs — *rookerige kribben.*
(e) Uneasy pallets — *ongemakkelyke legersteden.* (f) Hushed — *gesust.*
(g) Buzzing — *gonzende.* (h) Lulled — *in slaap gesust.*
(i) Vile — wretched, of low condition, miserably poor.
(k) Loathsome beds — *in walgende, afzigtelyke bedden.*
(l) A watch-case to a common larum-bell — This line has given rise to much controversy, and, in my humble opinion, the commentators, are, "all in the wrong": I shall state what appears to me as being the proper interpretation, and will thank any one who may prove to me that I am in error. In former days, watchmen were set, in garrison-towns, upon an eminence, and in case of Fire, Riot, or Danger of any kind, it was their duty to ring the Alarm-bell; the watchman had a Case, or Box, to shelter him from the weather, and it was at his peril that he slept while upon that duty:

after the king has pronounced the words *kingly couch*; he corrects the expression, as I interpret the passage, by the words used in the questionable line; thus — *kingly couch!* no; my bed is not like a kingly couch, it more resembles a Watch-Box pertaining to a Larum-bell! and this figure of Correction, called by Rhetoricians an *Epanorthosis*, seems, to me, the only proper reading of the passage.

(m) Giddy — *duizelig.* *(n)* Rock — *te wiegen.* *(o)* Cradle — *wieg.*

(p) Surge — a swelling sea, *golven.*

(r) Slippery shrouds — *glibberige zeilen.* *(s)* Hurly — *geweld, geraas.*

(t) With all appliances and means to boot —
With all advantages and mediums to help —
With all helps and measures to assist —

(u) Lowly clown — frequently printed, *happy low! lie down;* but the meaning is, If Sleep flee ~~from the bed~~ of a King, to consort with a Beggar, then happy is the poor and needy man compared with him who wears a Crown.

LECTURE VII.

On the Pronunciation of the English Language.

Canning b. 1770; d. 1827.

CANNING.

Canning is a Genius — almost a universal one; an Orator, a Wit, a Poet, and a Statesman.

LORD BYRON.

The Right Honorable George Canning was born at Paddington, near London; educated at Eton; studied at Christ Church, Oxford; entered the Middle Temple; became a frequent Speaker in a Debating-Society; took his seat in Parliament in 1794; was one of the joint Secretaries of the Treasury under Lord Grenville, in 1796; retired from Office, with Mr. Pitt, in 1801; was appointed Treasurer of the Navy, on Mr. Pitt's reassuming the reins of Government, in 1803; on the death of Pitt, in 1806, he became once more an Oppositionist; on the Whigs quitting office, he was appointed Foreign Secretary; on the 21st of September 1809, he and Lord Castlereagh damned themselves to lasting fame, by settling a Cabinet dispute with — Pistols!!! — a blot upon their Characters of so deep a dye, that nothing short of the disgraceful Duel between Lord Winchelsea and the Hero of Waterloo, on the 21st of March, 1829, can pretend to rival it in Cowardice, Ignominy, and Guilt! — on the death of Mr. Perceval, he — strange to say — accepted the comparatively unimportant office of President of the Board of Control, under an Administration of which Lord Castlereagh was a leading Member; he was appointed to the lucrative office of Governor-General of India, on the 16th of March, 1822; but on the sudden death of the Marquis of Londonderry, he accepted of the office of Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, on the 17th of September, of the same year; in April, 1827, he became Prime Minister; and died on the 8th of August following.

There are some fine Specimens of Canning's early Genius in *The Microcosm*, written in his 15th and 16th years; and his *Speeches*, lately published, afford the best proofs of its gradual increase: and in spite of party spirit, personal enmity, and abhorrence of satire, every thinking mind must acknowledge him to have been something more than

"The Spouter of Froth by the hour!"

Canning was one of the best Speakers that ever entered Parliament; his elocution was facinating, his diction pure, and his action graceful: raillery, sarcasm, and buffoonery, good sense, sound judgement, and all-powerful wisdom, are the distinguishing properties of his parliamentary speeches; the former provoke the malice of his enemies and the pity of his friends; the latter demand the admiration of all.

"Mr. Canning having reached the summit of laudable ambition, could not, perhaps, have quitted the world at a moment more propitious to his honorable fame, when his time of life is considered. Protracted years had not left him the mere wreck of his commanding intellect. He was taken before the winter of life, towards which he verged, had chilled the warm impulses of his heart, dulled the edge of his wit, or changed the force and elegance of his language into laborious imbecility. His triumph over the jealousy of his late coadjutors was complete. He saw them fall into deserved contempt, while he proceeded to restore a truely British tone of character to the Government. He has disconcerted the Holy Alliance — called a new World into existence — negociated for the independence of Greece — maintained the honor of England with Portugal — heard his Name re-echoed from remote shores, in strains of gratifying homage to his talents — begun to apply the principles of philosophy to politics — maintained the reform of the Navigation Laws — occupied himself in retrenching the Public Expenditure, and maturing plans for Universal Good — and finally, died in the field, harnessed, and at the post of Honor! Here was enough of glory for the satisfaction of human vanity, and much more than fell to the lot of a tithe of the distinguished men who have preceded him."

Agreeably with his request, the funeral was as private as possible. He was interred in Westminster-Abbey, on Thursday, the 16th of August; his head lies at the feet of his great prototype, Pitt, in the immediate vicinity of the remains of Fox and Londonderry; with the following inscription on his Coffin:

DEPOSITUM.

The Right Honorable George Canning, one of his Majesty's Most Honorable Privy Council, First Lord Commissioner of his Majesty's Treasury, Chancellor and Under Treasurer of the Exchequer of Great-Britain and Ireland, one of the Governors of the Charter-House, etc.

Born 11th April 1770.

Died 8th August 1827.

Gardiner's *Biographical Memoir of Canning*, accompanied with *his Satires, Odes, Songs, and Other Poems*, cannot fail to gratify those who have not the means of perusing more extensive Compilations. *Price Ninety Cents.*

An Address to the Deity.

O Thou! whose balance does the mountains weigh,
Whose will the wild tumultuous seas obey,
Whose breath can turn those watery worlds to flame,
That flame to tempest, and that tempest tame;
Earth's meanest son, all trembling, prostrate falls,
And on the boundless of thy goodness calls.

Ah! give the winds all past offence to sweep,
To scatter wide, or bury in the deep;
Thy power, my weakness, may I ever see,
And wholly dedicate my soul to Thee!

Oh may my understanding ever read
This glorious volume, which thy wisdom made!
Who decks the maiden-spring with flowery pride!
Who calls forth summer, like a sparkling bride!
Who joys the mother-autumn's bed to crown!
And bids old winter lay her honors down!
May sea and land, and earth and heaven be joined,
To bring the eternal Author to my mind!
When oceans roar, or awful thunders roll,
May thoughts of thy dread vengeance shake my soul;
When earth's in bloom, or planets proudly shine,
Adore, my heart, the Majesty divine. &c.

Grant I may ever, at the morning-ray,
Open with prayer the consecrated day;
Tune thy great praise, and bid my soul arise;
And with the mounting sun ascend the skies:
As that advances, let my zeal improve,
And glow with ardor of consummate love;
Nor cease at eve, but with the setting sun
My endless worship shall be still begun.

Canst Thou not shake the centre? Oh control,
Subdue by force, the rebel in my soul!
Thou, who canst still the raging of the flood,
Restrain the various tumults of my blood!
Teach me, with equal firmness, to sustain
Alluring pleasure, and assaulting pain!
Oh may I pant for thee in each desire —
And with strong faith foment the holy fire!
Stretch out my soul in hope, and grasp the prize,
Which in eternity's deep bosom lies;
At the great day of recompense, behold,
Devoid of fear, the fatal book unfold!
Then wafted upward to the blissful seat,
From age to age my grateful song repeat;
My light, my life, my God, my Saviour see,
And rival angels in the praise of Thee!

YOUNG.

Corporal TRIM's *Eloquence.*

My young master, in London, is dead! said Obadiah — Here is sad news, Trim! cried Susannah, wiping her eyes, as Trim stepped into the kitchen — master Bobby is dead!

I lament for him from my heart and my soul! said Trim, fetching a sigh — poor creature! — poor boy! — poor gentlemen!

He was alive last Whitsuntide — said the coachman — Whitsuntide! alas! cried Trim — extending his right arm and falling instantly into the same attitude in which he read the sermon — what is Whitsuntide, Jonathan! (for that was the coachman's name) or Shrovetide, or any tide, or time past, to this? Are we not here now — continued the Corporal, (striking the end of his stick perpendicularly upon the floor, so as to give an idea of health and stability) and are we not (dropping his hat upon the ground) gone!

in a moment? — It was infinitely striking! Susannah burst into a flood of tears — we are not stocks and stones — Jonathan, Obadiah, the cook-maid, all melted — The foolish fat scullion herself, who was scouring a fish-kettle upon her knees, was roused with it — the whole kitchen crowded about the Corporal.

"Are we not here now and gone in a moment" — There was nothing in the sentence — it was one of your self-evident truths we have the advantage of hearing every day; and if Trim had not trusted more to his Hat than his Head, he had made nothing at all of it.

"Are we not here now" — continued the Corporal, and "are we not" — dropping his Hat plump upon the ground, and pausing, before he pronounced the word — "gone in a moment" The descent of the Hat was as if a heavy lump of clay had been kneaded into the crown of it — nothing could have expressed the sentiment of mortality, of which it was the type and forerunner, like it; his hand seemed to vanish from under it — it fell dead — the Corporal's eyes fixed upon it, as upon a corpse — and Susannah burst into a flood of tears. STERNE.

R. B. Sheridan b. 1751; d. 1816.

Mr. Sheridan had taken the liberty to offer some advice to Miss Linley, (afterwards Mrs. Sheridan,) and apprehending that she was displeased with his having done so, he, the next day, left the following lines in the Grotto, the scene of his admonition, in the vicinity of Bath.

An Apology, to Miss LINLEY.

Uncouth is this moss-covered grotto of stone,
And damp is the shade of this dew-dripping tree,
Yet I this rude Grotto with rapture will own,
And Willow! thy damps are refreshing to me!

For this is the grot where Delia reclined,
As late I, in secret, her confidence sought;
And this is the tree kept her safe from the wind,
As, blushing, she heard the grave lesson I taught.

Then tell me, thou grotto of moss-covered stone!
And tell me, thou Willow with leaves dripping dew!
Did Delia seem vexed when Horatio was gone?
And did she confess her resentment to you?

Methinks now each bough, as you're waving it, tries
To whisper a cause for the sorrow I feel;
To hint how she frowned, when I dared to advise,
And sighed, when she saw that I did it with zeal:

True, true, silly Leaves! so she did, I allow;
She frowned — but no rage in her looks could I see;
She frowned — but reflection had clouded her brow;
She sighed — but, perhaps, 'twas in pity to me:

Then wave thy leaves brisker, thou Willow of wo!
I tell thee no rage in her looks could I see;
I cannot, I will not believe it was so;
She was not, she could not be angry with Me:

For well did she know that my Heart meant no wrong;
It sunk at the thought of but giving her pain;
But trusted its task to a faltering Tongue,
Which erred — from the feelings it could not explain.

Yet, oh! if indeed I've offended the Maid,
If Delia my humble monition refuse;
Sweet Willow! the next time she visits thy shade,
Fan gently her bosom and plead my excuse:

And thou, stony Grot! in thy arch, mayest preserve
Two lingering Drops of the night-fallen dew,
And just let them fall at her feet, and they'll serve
As Tears of my sorrow entrusted to you —

Or, lest they unheeded should fall at her feet
Let them fall on her bosom of snow; and I swear,
The next time I visit thy moss-covered seat,
I'll pay thee each drop with a genuine Tear!

So mayest thou, green Willow! for ages, thus toss
Thy branches, so lank, o'er the slow-winding stream;
And thou, stony Grotto! retain all thy moss,
While yet there's a poet to make thee his theme —

Nay more! may my Delia still give you her charms
Each evening, and, sometimes, the whole evening long;
Then, Grotto! be proud to support her white arms;
Then, Willow! wave all thy green tops to her song.

SHERIDAN.

The Folly of inconsistent Expectations.

This world may be considered as a great Mart of commerce, where fortune exposes to our view various commodities — Riches, Ease, Tranquillity, Fame, Integrity, Knowledge. Our *time*, our *labor*, our *ingenuity*, is so much ready money, which we are to lay out to the best advantage. Examine, compare, choose, reject: but stand to your own judgement; and do not, like children, when you have purchased one thing, repine that you do not possess another which you did not purchase. Such is the force of well-regulated Industry, that a steady and vigorous exertion of our faculties, directed to *one end*, will generally insure success. Would you, for instance, be Rich? Do you think that single point worth the sacrificing every thing else to — You may then be Rich. Thousands have become so from the lowest beginnings — by toil, and patient diligence, and attention to the minutest articles of expense and profit: but you must give up the pleasures of leisure, of a vacant mind, of a free, unsuspicious temper. If you preserve your Integrity, it must be a coarse spun and vulgar honesty. Those high and lofty notions of morals which you brought with you from the Schools, must be considerably lowered, and mixed with the baser allay of a jealous and worldly-minded prudence. You must learn to do hard, if not unjust things; and for the nice embarrassments of a delicate and ingenuous spirit, it is necessary for you to get rid of them as fast as possible. You must shut your heart against the Muses, and be content to feed your understanding with plain household truths. In short, you must not attempt to *enlarge* your Ideas, or *polish* your Taste, or *refine* your Sentiments; but must keep on in one beaten track, without turning aside either to the right hand or to the left. — "But I cannot submit to drudgery like this — I feel a spirit above it!" 'Tis well: be above it then; only do not repine that you are not Rich.

Is Knowledge the pearl of price? That, too, may be purchased — by steady application and long solitary hours of study and reflection. Bestow these, and you shall be Learned. "But," says the man of letters, "what a hardship it is, that many an illiterate fellow, who cannot construe the motto of the arms of his coach, shall raise a fortune and make a figure, while I have little more than the common conveniences of life!" Was it in order to raise a Fortune that you consumed the sprightly hours of

youth in study and retirement? Was it to be Rich that you grew pale over the midnight lamp, and distilled the sweetness from the Greek and Roman spring? You have then mistaken your path, and ill employed your Industry. "What reward have I then for all my Labors?" What reward! A large comprehensive Soul, well purged from vulgar fears, and perturbations, and prejudices; able to comprehend and interpret the works of man — of God. A rich, flourishing, cultivated Mind, pregnant with inexhaustible stores of entertainment and reflection. A perpetual spring of fresh ideas, and the conscious dignity of superior Intelligence. Good heaven! and what reward can you ask besides?

"But is it not some reproach upon the economy of Providence, that such a one, who is a mean dirty fellow, should have amassed wealth enough to buy half a nation?" Not in the least. He made himself *a mean dirty fellow* for that very end. He has paid his Health, his Conscience, his Liberty for it; and will you envy his bargain? Will you hang your head and blush in his presence, because he outshines you in equipage and show? Lift up your brow with a noble confidence, and say to yourself — "I have not these things, it is true; but it is because I have not sought, because I have not desired them; it is because I possess something better: I have chosen my lot; I am content and satisfied."

You are a modest man — you love quiet and independence, and have a delicacy and reserve in your temper which renders it impossible for you to elbow your way in the world, and be the herald of your own merits. Be content, then, with a modest retirement, with the esteem of your intimate friends, with the praises of a blameless heart, and delicate ingenuous spirit; but resign the splendid distinctions of the world to those who can better scramble for them.

The man, whose *tender sensibility* of Conscience and *strict regard* to the rules of Morality make him scrupulous and fearful of offending, is often heard to complain of the disadvantages he lies under in every path of *honor* and *profit*. "Could I but get over some nice points, and conform to the practice and opinion of those about me, I might stand as fair a chance as others for Dignities and Preferment." And why can you not? What hinders you from discarding this troublesome scrupulosity of yours, which stands so grievously in your way? If it be a small thing to enjoy a healthful Mind, sound at the very core, that

does not shrink from the keenest inspection; inward freedom from remorse and perturbation; unsullied whiteness and simplicity of manners; a genuine integrity,

Pure in the last recesses of the mind;

if you think these advantages an inadequate recompense for What you resign — dismiss your scruples this instant, and be a *Slave-merchant*, a *Director* — or What you please.

AITKIN.

FAREWEL.

The Home that blesses and endears,
The lively Hearth that warms and cheers,
The blushing Smiles that charm our fears
And woes dispel,
But prompt our Grief, but swell our Tears,
When sounds — "Farewel"!

Each Rose-bud that adorns the glade,
Each withering Flower that blooms to fade,
Each falling Leaf that decks the shade,
And strews the dell,
Seems, in its dying charms, arrayed
To say — "Farewel"!

The Morning-breeze that rustles by,
And waves the dewy Rose-bush dry,
Whilst in a low and pensive sigh
Its accents dwell,
Seems but to sympathise whilst I
Proclaim — "Farewel"!

With Home's dear joys supremely blessed,
'Neath Beauty's winning smile carressed,
A nameless joy throbs through the breast
Unspeakable:
Who e'er to such Elysian rest
Could say — "Farewel"!

'Tis hard when Love's seraphic fire
Thrills through the breast with pure desire,

When partial Beauty's heavenly lyre,
With rapturous swell,
Bids each advancing doubt retire,
To say — "Farewel"!

Enlinked in Friendship's golden chain
Congenial spirits may remain;
But when Love adds its melting strain,
With magic spell,
How hard the task, how 'cute the pain,
To say — "Farewel"!

The tendrilled Ivy may be torn
From its embrace around the Thorn,
But there its mark, unceasing borne,
Its site will tell;
Hearts thus retain the sigh forlorn
When sounds — "Farewel"!

The summer dries the mountain rill,
And makes its murmuring waters still,
While channeled-way, adown the hill,
Marks where it fell;
Thus Grief will furrow deep the Will
When sounds — "Farewel"!

I've known Ambition's dreams depart,
I've felt Despair's envenomed dart,
But these were nothing to the smart,
Which naught can quell,
When burst upon my afflicted heart
The *sad* — "Farewel"!

But when the Noon of Life is past,
And Death's dark Eve approaches fast,
And borne upon the wintery blast
Is heard a Knell, —
That will proclaim my long, my last,
My dark — "Farewel"!

Anonymous.

The Admirers of the late Noble Poet cannot but feel highly gratified with the "*Letters on the Character and Poetical Genius of* Lord Byron, *by Sir* Egerton Brydges, *Bart.* &c." written at Geneva, in 1824. It is, indeed, a Volume worth reading. The following is XI Letter; there are XLI in all.

ON BYRON.

Geneva, June 1st, 1824.

Whatever objections may be made to Lord Byron, none can be made which will take from him the title to fill an important place in our national poetry. There are in him more of the certain and positive qualities of a Poet, than, with very few exceptions, are elsewhere to be found. Others clothe themselves, as it were, with the *external* mantle of poetry, which they can put on and off, and which do not form part of themselves. Poetry was part of Lord Byron's *being*; and he occupied himself in it as a vocation, not as an amusement. He took it as an intellectual art, which was applicable to whatever could engage the study of the passions or the reason of man: he considered its range, therefore, as unlimited as that of *prose*, with the addition of many dominions peculiar to itself.

We may disapprove the subjects, the incidents, the moral of Lord Byron's *tales*: still they are poetical — at least so far as they do not offend *verisimilitude*; and they are so far original as to add to the stores of our intellectual wealth: they form part of the substance and genuine ore of that wealth.

The objections to them are, however, yet very strong: they most of them turn on some *revolting crime*: the *Giaour* turns on female infidelity; on punishment by death; and revenge by murder on the part of the seducer. *The Corsair* turns on piracy, fire, and devastation: murder committed by a female beauty on the chief who loved her; and an abandonment of her person, yet reeking with the blood she had shed, to the *Corsair*, whose liberation of her had excited her passion; and, lastly, the death of the Corsair's faithful wife, and the disappearance of the husband in grief for the loss.

Lara describes one haunted by his conscience for some unknown crime: moody, fierce, vindictive; soon affronted; eager to resent insult; engaged in a duel with one who never afterwards appears, to whom he is suspected of foul play, and whose body there are signs of his having thrown into the river; then drawn into rebellion, and falling in battle, accompanied by a faithful page, who is discovered to be a female; and, by the manner in which she weeps over him, his probable mistress. This is commonly supposed to be the second part of *The Corsair*, who thus reappears in the character of *Lara*.

Parisina is one who, though attached to a son, marries his father; then commits adultery with the son; and is with that son put to death under a public judgement made by the order of the father himself, who is the sovereign of the country. Is not this a complication of frightful and revolting crimes?

The Bride of Abydos is the attachment and marriage of one who had been brought up as a brother with his supposed sister in disobedience of the marriage recommended to her by her father, against whom the supposed son, after this marriage, rebels — and thus causes the most tragical deaths.

Of *The Siege of Corinth*, I forget the story. The crime for which *Manfred* afflicts himself seems to be incest with his own sister.

Here, however, are at least six stories which hinge upon disgusting wickedness.

The *dramas* of *Marino Faliero* and the *Two Foscari* turn upon state crimes. *Werner* approaches nearer the character of the six first poems: for, if I recollect, its foundation is a murder. The *Prisoners of Chillon* is a picture of cruelly exercised power.

The *Lament of Tasso* is, perhaps, the only poem of Lord Byron's which is free, from objection. It is pathetic, vigorous, poetical, pure, and in all respects beautiful.

Some wonder may be raised how, where the major part of these productions have some grand and radical defect, they can have altogether so strong a hold on the public admiration. It partly, perhaps, may be accounted for by the force and beauty with which the details are executed; by the strength, brilliancy, and correctness of imagery; by the power, directness, and sincerity of sentiment; by the life and genuineness of the imaginative conception; — so that, if the facts are conceded, all that results from them is drawn in the most brilliant colors of nature.

Poetical writers in general do no more than excite images and sentiments, as the basis of the *verbal* pictures they desire to create. Lord Byron's verbal pictures are quite subordinate to those which exist in *idea*, and merely their vehicle. In *them*, the *words* outrun the *idea*: in *him* the idea outruns the words.

It is clear that there is a sort of shadowy, bastard poetry, which is a mere poetry of *language*. It is like artificial flowers; it has the same forms and colors as the real — but *no life*. We read it, yet are not touched; but wonder why! Such writers have no fixed or unborrowed feelings or thoughts; no unborrowed inspirations: they

have no energy of character; no peculiarities; nothing which distinguishes them from the mass of mankind; they therefore carry no weight with them: there is nothing in *themselves* which aids their writings.

Two of the most common faults, among secondary poets are, to be *sickly* or *fantastic*. Feebleness is destructive to the charms of poetry, because it implies a want of inspiration. To be *fantastic* implies exaggerated effort, and want of native vigor. By long research, the imagination gets into bye-paths, and involves itself in intricacies, which the reader's mind does not easily follow. All addresses to the imagination, which do not strike at once, are faulty.

In Lord Byron's *earliest* poetry, his thoughts and sentiments showed occasionally a *character* of his own; but they were expressed in the conventional language of his predecessors: — in his *latter*, they were not only mainly his own, but expressed in his own *language*. His style was commonly excellent, because it was clear, vigorous, transparent, and unaffected; disdainful of the petty flowers of poetry, and all its petty artifices; its stale tricks and formularies, which are among the most disgusting antidotes to pleasure that secondary poetry imposes on us.

It is probable that the generality of mankind are content to think without force or precision, and without much notice of their own feelings. If others present a mirror to them of what commonly passes in the human mind, and point out the forms, lines, and hues, they are pleased to gaze upon them, and acknowledge the likeness; but they could not have drawn it themselves — nor are *they* the *only* ones who could not have drawn it.

Even of *such* as aspire to *teach*, few think and feel with sufficient power to be able to produce a just and energetic picture. We cannot wonder then, that when these powers are possessed in so strong a degree as Lord Byron possessed them, that they should have attracted all the notice and applause which they did attract. We may suppose for ourselves the facility of the recurrence of such power; but their rarity is sufficiently proved by a reference to what the test of experience shows us has hitherto been produced. Has such a combination of faculties been often exhibited in the past? If it has not, what right have we to suppose that it will soon recur again?

If a poet could be made by the accidental application of good abilities, then the place of him who dies may be supplied without difficulty; but a genuine poet is a being of a mould and endowments positively peculiar, and most

rare — one, whom industry cannot make, and neglect cannot extinguish: a being, whose spells cannot be effaced by faults, and of whom the admiration cannot be overcome by eccentricities or perversities associated with his prodigal gifts of mind. A man of acquired powers, of wealth not inherited but procured by his own industry, is one made by himself; and therefore, such as others may also make themselves if they will. Such a one is never above common rivalry; whereas if a rival arises to the other, it must be so rarely, that it need not be feared.

In selecting such a one as an object of distinction, and worthy the public regard, we cannot err. Nothing diminishes the value of Fame more than the attempt to draw notice to insignificant persons — because, it tends to confound the eminent with the obscure, and to induce the belief that public notice is no test of merited superiority.

Nothing is more satisfactory than to find in those on whom the public voice has fallen, *qualities* to justify the celebrity conferred.

EGERTON BRYDGES.

Moore b. 1780; yet Living.

On the Death of SHERIDAN.

Yes, Grief will have way — but the fast-falling tear
Shall be mingled with deep execrations, on those
Who could bask in that Spirit's meridian career,
And yet leave it thus lonely and dark at its close.

Whose vanity flew round him only while fed
By the odor his fame in its summer-time gave;
Whose vanity now, with quick scent for the dead,
Like the ghole of the East, comes to feed at his grave!

Oh! it sickens the heart to see bosoms so hollow,
And spirits so mean in the great and high-born,
To think what a long line of titles may follow
The relics of Him who died — friendless and lorn!

How proud they can press to the funeral array
Of one whom they shunned in his sickness and sorrow;
How Bailiffs may seize His last *planket* today,
Whose *pall* shall be held up by Nobles tomorrow!

And Thou! (a) too, whose life, a sick epicure's dream,
Incoherent and gross, even grosser had passed;
Were it not for that cordial and soul-giving beam
Which His friendship and wit o'er thy *nothingness* cast:

No! not for the wealth of the land that supplies thee
With millions to heap upon foppery's shrine —
No! not for the riches of all who despise thee,
Though this would make Europe's whole opulence mine —

Would I suffer what — even in the heart that thou hast —
All mean as it is — must have consciously burned!
When the Pittance, which Shame had wrung from thee at last,
And which found all his Wants at an end, was returned! (b)

"Was this, then, the fate" — future ages will say,
When *some* Names shall live but in History's curse;
When Truth will be heard, and these Lords of a day
Be forgotten as Fools, or remembered as worse —

"Was this, then, the fate of that high-gifted man,
The pride of the palace, the bower, and the hall,
The Orator — Dramatist — Minstrel — who ran
Through each mode of the lyre, and was master of all —

"Whose Mind was an *essence*, compounded with art
From the finest and best of all other men's powers —
Who ruled, like a wizard, the world of the Heart,
And could call up its sunshine, or bring down its showers —

"Whose Humor, as gay as the fire-fly's light,
Played round every subject, and shone as it played —
Whose Wit, in the combat, as gentle as bright,
Never carried a heart-stain away on its blade —

"Whose Eloquence, brightening whatever it tried,
Whether reason or fancy, the gay or the grave,
Was as rapid, as deep, and as brilliant a tide
As ever bore Freedom aloft on its wave!"

(a) The then Prince of Wales. (b) The Sum was Two hundred Pounds — *offered* when Sheridan could no longer take any sustenance, and *refused*, for him, by his friends.

Yes! such was the Man — and so wretched his Fate!
And thus, sooner or later, shall all have to grieve,
Who waste their morn's dew in the beams of the Great,
And expect 'twill return to refresh them at eve.

In the woods of the North there are Insects that prey
On the *brain* of the Elk till its very last sigh; (*a*)
Oh! Genius thy Patrons, more cruel than they,
First *feed* on thy brains and then leave thee — to die!

MOORE.

(*a*) Naturalists have observed, on dissecting an Elk, that there were found in its head some *large* flies, with is brain almost eaten away by them.

History of Poland.

On Quartering Soldiers in America.

If, my Lords, we take a transient view of the motives, which induced the ancestors of our fellow-subjects in America, to leave their native country, to encounter the innumerable difficulties of the unexplored regions of the western world, our astonishment, at the present conduct of their descendants, will, naturally, subside. There was no corner of the globe, to which they would not have fled, rather than submit to the slavish and tyrannical spirit, which prevailed at that period, in their native country; and viewing them, in their originally forlorn, and now flourishing state, they may be cited as illustrious instances to instruct the world, what great exertions mankind will make, when left to the free exercise of their own powers. Notwithstanding my intention, to give my hearty negative to the question before you, I condemn, my Lords, in the severest manner, the turbulent and unwarrantable conduct of the Americans, in some instances; and particularly in the late riots at Boston: but, my Lords, the mode which has been taken, to bring them back to a sense of their duty, is so diametrically opposite to every principle of sound policy, as to excite my utmost astonishment. You have involved the innocent and the guilty, in one common punishment; and avenged the crimes of a few

lawless depredators, upon the whole body of the inhabitants. My Lords, the different provinces of America, in the excess of their gratitude, for the repeal of the Stamp-Act, seemed to vie with each other, in expressions of loyalty and duty — but the moment they perceived, that your intention to Tax them was renewed, under a pretence of serving the East India Company, their resentment got the better of their moderation, and *hurried* them into actions, which their cooler reason would abhor. But, my Lords, from the whole complection of the business, I cannot but incline to think, the Administration has *purposely* irritated them into those violent acts, in order to gratify their own malice and revenge. What else could induce them to dress Taxation; the father of American sedition, in the robes of an East-India-Director; but to break in upon that mutual harmony and peace, which then so happily prevailed between the colonies and the mother country? My Lords, it has ever been my fixed and unalterable opinion — and I will carry it with me to the grave — that this country had no right under heaven to Tax America! It is contrary to all the principles of justice and civil policy; it is contrary to that essential, unalterable right in nature, ingrafted into the British Constitution as an *unalterable* Law, that what a man has honestly acquired, is absolutely his own; which he can freely give, but which cannot be taken from him without his consent. Pass them, my Lords, instead of these harsh and severe measures, an amnesty over their errors: by measures of lenity and affection, allure them to their duty; act the part of a generous and forgiving parent.

A period may arrive, when this parent may stand in need of every assistance she can receive from a grateful and affectionate offspring. The welfare of this country, my Lords, has ever been my greatest joy; and, under all the vicissitudes of my life, has afforded me the most pleasing consolation. Should the all-disposing hand of Providence prevent me from contributing my poor and feeble aid, in the day of her distress, my prayers shall be ever for her Prosperity: — Length of days be in her right hand, and in her left hand riches and honour. May her ways be ways of pleasantness, and all her paths be peace.

CHATHAM.

PORTIA's *Speech on Mercy.*

Duke. Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.
Portia. Is your name Shylock?
Shylock. Shylock is my name.
Portia. Of a strange Nature is the suit you follow;
Yet in such rule, that the Venetian law
Cannot impugn *(a)* you, as you do proceed.
You stand within his danger, do you not?
Antonio. Ay, so he says.
Portia. Do you confess the Bond?
Antonio. I do.
Portia. Then must the Jew be merciful —
Shylock. On what compulsion *must* I? tell me that.

Portia. The quality of Mercy is not strained; *(b)*
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from Heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice blessed;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown:
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But Mercy is above this sceptred sway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's,
When Mercy *seasons* Justice. Therefore, Jew!
Though Justice be thy plea, *(c)* consider this —
That in the course of Justice, none of us
Should see *salvation:* we do pray for Mercy,
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of Mercy. I have spoke thus much
To mitigate the Justice of thy plea; *(d)*
Which if thou follow, this strict Court of Venice
Must needs give Sentence *(e)* 'gainst the Merchant there.

SHAKESPEARE.

(a) Impugn — Johnson interprets the word in this passage, *to attack, to assault*; this is not, I think, the meaning; for Portia came prepared to attack him: I think that Shakespeare meant nothing more than *to hinder;* a sense in which he ought not to have used it. Pronounce impugn *im-pune'*.
(b) Strained — constrained, forced, compelled.
(c) Plea — apology, excuse, *verontschuldiging.*
(d) Plea — the thing demanded in pleading, *pleit.*
(e) Give sentence — pass judgement, *veroordeelen.*

LECTURE VIII.

On the Pronunciation of the English Language, continued.

STERNE.

In February, 1768, Laurence Sterne, his frame exhausted by long debilitating illness, expired at his Lodgings in Bond-street, London. &c.

If we consider Sterne's reputation as chiefly founded upon *Tristram Shandy*, he must be considered as liable to two severe charges — those of Indecency and Affectation. &c.

If we proceed to look more closely into the manner of composition which Sterne thought proper to adopt, we find a sure guide in the ingenious Dr. Ferriar, of Manchester; who, with most singular patience has traced our author through the hidden sources whence he borrowed most of his learning, and many of his most striking and peculiar expressions. &c.

Much has been said about the right of an author to avail himself of his predecessors's labors; and certainly, in a general sense, he that revives the wit and learning of a former age and puts it into the form likely to captivate his own, confers a benefit on his contemporaries. But to plume himself with the very language and phrases of former writers, and to pass their wit and learning for his own, was the more unworthy in Sterne, as he had enough of Original talent, had he chosen to exert it, to have dispensed with all such acts of literary petty larcency. &c.

Tristram Shandy is no narrative, but a collition of scenes, dialogues, and portraits, humorous or affecting, intermixed with much wit and with much learning, original or borrowed. It resembles the irregularities of a gothic

room, built by some fanciful collector, to contain the miscellaneous remnants of antiquity which his pains have accumulated, and bearing as little proportion in its parts, as the pieces of rusty armor with which it is decorated. &c.

Yorrick, the lively, witty, sensative, and heedless parson, is the well-known personification of Sterne himself; and, undoubtedly, like every portrait of himself, drawn by a master of the art, bore a strong resemblance to the original. Still, however, there are shades of simplicity thrown into the character of *Yorrick*, which did not exist in that of Sterne. We cannot believe that the jests of the latter were so void of malice prepense, or that his satire intirely flowed out of honesty of mind and mere jocundity of humor. &c.

Uncle Toby, with his faithful squire, the most delightful characters in the work, or perhaps in any other, are drawn with such a pleasing force and discrimination that they more than entitle the author to a free pardon for his literary peculations, his indecorum, and his affectation; nay, authorise him to leave the court of criticism, not forgiven only, but applauded and rewarded, as one who has exalted and honored humanity, and impressed upon his readers such a lively picture of kindness and benevolence; blended with courage, gallantry, and simplicity, that their hearts must be warmed by it whenever it is recalled to memory. &c.

It is needless to dwell longer on a work so generally known. The style employed by Sterne is fancifully ornamented, but at the same time vigorous and masculine, and full of that animation and force which can only be derived by an intimate acquaintance with the early English prose-writers. In the power of approaching and touching the finer feelings of the heart, he has never been excelled, if, indeed, he has ever been equalled; and may be at once recorded as one of the most Affected, and one of the most Simple writers — as one of the greatest Plagiarists, and one of the most Original geniuses whom England has produced. Dr. Ferriar, who seemed born to trace and detect the various paths through which Sterne carried on his depredations upon ancient and dusty authors, apologises for the rigor of his inquest, by doing justice to those merits which were peculiarly our author's own. We cannot better close this article than with the sonnet in which his ingenious inquisitor makes the *amend honorable* to the shade of *Yorrick*: —

"Sterne, for whose sake I pled through miry ways,
Of antique wit and quibbling mazes drear,

Let not thy Shade malignant censure fear,
Though aught of borrowed mirth my search betrays:
Long slept that mirth in dust of ancient days;
(Erewhile to Guise or wanton Valois dear)
Till waked by thee, in Skelton's joyous pile,
She flung on *Tristram* her capricious rays;
But the quick tear that checks our wondering smile,
In sudden pause, or unexpected story,
Owns thy true mastery — and *Lefevre's* woes,
Maria's wanderings, and the Prisoner's throes,
Fix Thee conspicuous on the throne of glory."

Sir W. Scott.

HOPE.

Hope, unyielding to Despair;
  Springs for ever fresh and fair:
Earth's serenest prospects fly;
  Hope's enchantments never die!

At Fortune's frown, in evil hour;
  Though honor, wealth, and friends depart,
She cannot drive, with all her power,
  This lonely solace from the heart: —
    And while *this* the Soul sustains,
    Fortune still unchanged remains;
    Wheresoe'er her wheel she guides
    Hope upon the circle rides.

The Syrens, deep in ocean caves;
  Sing, while loud the tempests roar;
Expecting soon the frantic waves
  To ripple on a smiling shore:
    In the whirlwind, o'er the spray
    They behold the halcyon play;
    And through midnight clouds, afar;
    Hope lights up the morning star.

This pledge of bliss, in future years;
  Makes smooth and easy every toil;
The swain, who sows the waste with tears,
  In fancy reaps a teeming soil: —

What though mildew blight his joy,
Frost or flood his crops destroy,
War compel his feet to roam —
Hope still carols *Harvest-Home!*

The Monarch, exiled from his realm,
The Slave, in fetters at the oar,
The Seaman, sinking by the helm,
The Captive, on his dungeon floor —
All, through peril, pain, and death,
Fondly cling to parting breath;
Glory, freedom, power are past,
But the dream of Hope will last.

Weary and faint, with sickness worn,
Blind, lame, and deaf, and bent with age,
By Man the load of life is borne
To his last step of pilgrimage:
Though the branch no longer shoot,
Vigor lingers at the root;
And in Winter's dreariest day,
Hope foretels returning May.

When, wrung with Guilt, the wretch would end
His gloomy days in sudden night,
Hope comes, an unexpected friend,
To win him back to hated light:
"Hold"! she cries; and from his hand
Plucks the suicidal brand —
"Now await a happier doom,
Hope will cheer thee to the Tomb"!

When Virtue droops, as comforts fail,
And sore afflictions press the mind,
Sweet Hope prolongs her pleasing tale,
Till all the world again looks kind:
Round the Good man's dying bed
Were the wreck of Nature spread,
Hope would set his Spirit free,
Crying ———— "Immortality"!!!

MONTGOMERY.

On Discretion.

Nullum numen, abest si sit prudentia.
Juv. Sat. X.
Prudence supplies the want of every good.

I have often thought, if the Minds of men were laid open, we should see but little difference between that of the wise man and that of the fool. There are infinite reveries, numberless extravagancies, and a perpetual train of vanities which pass through both. The great difference is, that the first knows how to pick and cull his thoughts for conversation, by suppressing some and communicating others; whereas the other lets them all indifferently fly out in words. This sort of Discretion, however, has no place in private conversation, between intimate friends. On such occasions the wisest men very often talk like the weakest; for indeed the talking with a friend is nothing else but thinking aloud.

Tully has therefore very justly exposed a precept delivered by some ancient writers, "that a man should live with his enemy in such a manner, as might leave him room to become his friend; and with his friend in such a manner that if he became his enemy it should not be in his power to hurt him." The first part of this rule, which regards our behaviour towards an enemy, is indeed very reasonable, as well as very prudential; but the latter part of it, which regards our behaviour towards a friend, savors more of Cunning than of Discretion, and would cut a man off from the greatest pleasures of life; which are the freedom of conversation with a bosom friend. Besides that, when a friend is turned into an enemy, and, as the Son of Sirach calls him, "a bewrayer of secrets," (*a*) the world is just enough to accuse the perfidiousness of the friend rather than the indiscretion of the person who confided in him.

Discretion does not only show itself in words, but in all the circumstances of action, and is like an under-agent of Providence, to guide and direct us in the ordinary concerns of life.

There are many more shining qualities in the mind of man, but there are none so useful as Discretion; it is this indeed which gives a value to all the rest, which sets them at work in their proper times and places, and turns them to the advantage of the person who is possessed of them.

(*a*) Eccles. vi. 9; xxvii. 17.

Without it, learning is pedantry, and wit impertinence; virtue itself looks like weakness; the best parts only qualify a man to be more sprightly in errors, and active to his own prejudice.

Nor does Discretion only make a man the master of his own parts, but of other men's. The Discreet man finds out the talents of those he converses with, and knows how to apply them to proper uses. Accordingly, if we look into particular communities and divisions of men we may observe that it is the Discreet man, not the witty, not the learned, nor the brave, who guides the conversation, and gives measures to the society. A man with great talents, but void of Discretion, is like Polyphemus in the fable, strong and blind, endued with irresistible force, which, for want of sight, is of no use to him.

Though a man has all other perfections, and wants Discretion, he will be of no great consequence in the world; but if he has this single talent in perfection, and but a common share of others, he may do what he pleases in his particular station of life.

At the same time that I think Discretion the most useful talent a man can be master of, I look upon Cunning to be the accomplishment of little, mean, ungenerous minds. Discretion points out the noblest ends to us, and pursues the most proper and laudable methods of attaining them. Cunning has only private selfish aims, and sticks at nothing which may make them succeed. Discretion has large and extended views, and, like a well formed eye, commands a whole horizon. Cunning is a kind of short-sightedness, that discovers the minutest objects which are near at hand, but is not able to discern things at a distance. Discretion, the more it is discovered, gives a greater authority to the person who possesses it. Cunning, when it is once detected, loses its force, and makes a man incapable of bringing about even those events which he might have done, had he passed only for a plain man. Discretion is the perfection of reason, and a guide to us in all the duties of life: Cunning is a kind of instinct, that only looks out after our immediate interest and welfare. Discretion is only found in men of strong sense and good understandings: Cunning is often to be met with in brutes themselves and in persons who are but the fewest removes from them. In short, Cunning is only the mimic of Discretion, and may pass upon weak men, in the same manner as vivacity is often mistaken for wit, and gravity for wisdom.

The cast of mind which is natural to a Discreet man,

makes him look forward into Futurity, and consider what will be his condition millions of ages hence, as well as what it is at present. He knows that the misery or happiness which are reserved for him in another world, lose nothing of their reality by being placed at so great a distance from him. The objects do not appear little to him because they are remote. He considers that those pleasures and pains which lie hid in Eternity, approach nearer to him every moment, and will be present with him in their full weight and measure, as much as those pains and pleasures which he feels at this very instant. For this reason he is careful to secure to himself that which is the proper happiness of his nature, and the ultimate design of his Being. He carries his thoughts to the end of every action, and considers the most distant as well as the most immediate effects of it. He supersedes every little prospect of gain and advantage which offers itself here, if he does not find it consistent with his views of an hereafter. In a word, his hopes are full of Immortality, his schemes are large and glorious, and his conduct suitable to one who knows his true interest, and how to pursue it by proper methods.

I have in this Essay upon Discretion, considered it both as an accomplishment and as a virtue, and have therefore described it in its full extent; not only as it is conversant about worldly affairs, but as it regards our whole existence; not only as it is the guide of a mortal creature, but as it is in general the director of a reasonable being. It is in this light that Discretion is represented by the wise man, who sometimes mentions it under the name of Discretion, and sometimes under that of Wisdom. It is indeed (as described in the latter part of this paper) the greatest Wisdom, but, at the same time, in the power of every one to attain. Its advantages are infinite, but its acquisition easy; or to speak of her in the words of the apocryphal writer whom I quoted in my last Saturday's paper, (a) 'Wisdom is glorious and never fadeth away, yet she is easily seen of them that love her, and found of such as seek her. She preventeth them that desire her, in making herself first known unto them. He that seeketh her early shall have no great travel: for he shall find her sitting at his doors. To think therefore upon her is the perfection of Wisdom, and whoso watcheth for her shall quickly be without care. For she goeth about seeking such as are worthy of her, showeth herself favorably unto them in the ways, and meeteth them in every thought.'

Addison.

(a) Wisdom of Solomon, vi. 12 — 16.

Verses

Written on hearing that the Austrians had entered Naples.

Ay — down to the dust them, Slaves as they are!
From this hour, let the blood in their dastardly veins,
That shrunk at the first touch of Liberty's war,
Be sucked out by tyrants, or stagnate in chains!

On, on! like a cloud, through their beautiful vales,
Ye Locusts of tyranny! blasting them o'er —
Fill, fill up their wide sunny waters, ye Sails
From each slave-mart of Europe, and poison their shore!

Let their fate be a mock-word — let men of all lands
Laugh out, with a scorn that shall ring to the poles,
When each sword that the cowards let fall from their hands
Shall be forged into fetters to enter their souls:

And deep, and more deep as the iron is driven,
Base Slaves! may the whet of their agony be,
To think — as the damned, haply, think of that Heaven
They had once in their reach — that they might have been
(Free!

Shame, Shame! when there was not a bosom whose heat
Ever rose o'er the *zero* of Castlereagh's heart,
That did not, like echo, your War-hymn repeat,
And send all its prayers with your Liberty's start —

When the World stood in Hope — when a Spirit that breathed
The Fresh air of the olden-time, whispered about,
And the Swords of all Italy, half-way unsheathed,
But waited one conquering Cry, to flash out!

When, around you, the Shades of your mighty in fame,
Filicajas and Petrarchs, seemed bursting to view,
And their words and their warnings — like tongues of bright
Over Freedom's apostles — fell kindling on You! (flame

Good God! that in such a proud moment of life,
— Worth ages of History — when, had you but hurled
One bolt at your bloody invader, that strife
Between freemen and tyrants had spread thro' the World —

That then — oh disgrace upon Manhood! e'en then
You should falter, should kling to your pitiful breath;
Cower down into Beasts, when you might have stood Men,
And prefer the slave's Life-of-damnation — to Death!

It is strange! it is dreadful!!! Shout Tyranny! shout,
Through your dungeons and palaces — "Freedom is o'er!"
If there lingers one spark of her light, tread it out!
And return to your empire of darkness once more:

For, if such are the Braggarts that claim to be Free,
Come Despot of Russia! thy feet let me kiss —
Far nobler to live the brute-bondman of thee,
Than to sully e'en chains by a struggle like this!

MOORE, *Paris*, 1821.

From Lord CHESTERFIELD to his Son.

London, February the 5th, O.S. 1750.

My dear Friend,

Very few people are good economists of their Fortune, and still fewer of their Time; and yet, of the two, the latter is the most precious. I heartily wish you to be a good economist of both; and you are now of an age to begin to think seriously of those two important articles. Young people are apt to think that they have so much Time before them, that they may squander what they please of it, and yet have enough left; as very great Fortunes have frequently seduced people to a ruinous profusion. Fatal mistakes! always repented of, but always too late. Old Mr. Lowndes, the famous Secretary of the treasury, in the reigns of King William, Queen Anne, and King George the First, used to say — "Take care of the Pence, and the Pounds will take care of themselves." To this maxim, which he not only preached, but practised, his two grandsons, at this time, owe the very considerable fortunes that he left them.

This holds equally true as to Time; and I most earnestly recommend to you the care of those Minutes and Quarters of Hours, in the course of the day, which people think too short to deserve their attention; and yet, if summed

up at the end of the Year, would amount to a very considerable portion of time. For example: you are to be at such a place at Twelve, by appointment; you go out at Eleven, to make two or three visits first; those persons are not at home: instead of santering away that intermediate time at a Coffee-house, and possibly alone; return Home, write a Letter, beforehand, for the ensuing post, or take up a good book — I do not mean Descartes, Malebranche, Locke, or Newton, by way of dipping — but some book of rational amusement; and detached pieces, as Horace, Boileau, Waller, La Bruyere, etc. This will be so much Time saved, and by no means ill employed. Many people lose a great deal of time by Reading: for they read frivolous and idle Books; such as the absurd Romances of the two last centuries; where characters, that never existed, are insipidly displayed, and sentiments, that were never felt, pompously described: the original ravings and extravaganties of the Arabian Nights, and Mogul Tales; or, the new flimsy *brochures* that now swarm in France, of Fairy Tales, *Reflexions sur le Cœur, et l'Esprit, Métaphysique de l'Amour, Analyse des beaux Sentiments;* and such sort of idle frivolous stuff, that nourishes and improves the mind just as much as whipped cream would the body. Stick to the best established books in every language; the celebrated Poets, Historians, Orators, or Philosophers. By these means (to use a city metaphor) you will make *fifty per cent* of that time, of which others do not make above *three* or *four*, or probably nothing at all.

Many people lose a great deal of their Time by laziness; they doll and yawn in a great Chair, tell themselves that they have not time to begin any thing then, and that it will do as well another time. This is a most unfortunate disposition, and the greatest obstruction to both knowledge and business. At your age, you have no right nor claim to laziness; I have, if I please, being, *emeritus*. You are but just listed in the world, and must be active, diligent, indefatigable. If ever you propose commanding with dignity, you must serve up to it with diligence. Never put off till Tomorrow what you can do Today.

Despatch is the soul of business; and nothing contributes more to Despatch, than Method. *Lay down a method for every thing*, and stick to it inviolably, as far as unexpected incidents may allow. Fix one certain hour and day in the week for your Accounts, and keep them together in their proper order; by which means they will require very little time, and you can never be much cheated. Whatever

Letters and Papers you keep, docket and tie them up in their respective classes, so that you may instantly have recourse to any one. Lay down a method also for your Reading, for which you allot a cetain share of your mornings; let it be in a consistent and consecutive course, and not in that desultory and immethodical manner, in which many people read scraps of different authors, upon different subjects. *Keep a useful and short Common-place-book of what you read, to help your memory only, and not for pedantic quotations.* Never read History without having maps, and a chronological book, or tables, lying by you, and constantly recurred to; without which, History is only a confused heap of facts. One method more I recommend to you, by which I have found great benefit, even in the most dissipated part of my life; that is, to rise early, and *at the same hour every morning, how late soever you may have sat up the night before.* This secures you an hour or two, at least, of reading or reflection; before the common interruptions of the morning begin; and it will save your Constitution, by forcing you to go to bed early, at least, one night in three.

You will say, it may be, as many young people would, that all this order and method is very troublesome, only fit for dull people, and a disagreeable restraint upon the noble spirit and fire of youth. I deny it; and assert, on the contrary, that it will procure you, both more Time and more Taste for your pleasures; and, so far from being troublesome to you, that, after you have pursued it a Month it would be troublesome to you to lay it aside. Business whets the appetite, and gives a taste to pleasures; as exercise does to food: and business can never be done without Method: it raises the spirits for pleasures; and a *Spectacle*, a Ball, an Assembly will much more sensibly affect a man who has employed, than a man who has lost, the preceding part of the day; nay, I will venture to say, that a fine lady will seem to have more charms, to a man of study and business, than to a santerer. The same *listlessness* runs through his whole conduct, and he is as insipid in his pleasures, as inefficient in every thing else.

I hope you earn your pleasures, and consequently taste them; for, by the way, I know a great many men, who call themselves *Men of Pleasure*, but who, in truth, have none. They adopt other people's, indiscriminately, but without any taste of their own. I have known them often inflict excesses upon themselves, because they thought them genteel; though they sat as awkwardly upon them as other

people's clothes would have done. Have no pleasures but your Own, and then you will shine in them. &c.

There is a certain dignity to be kept up in pleasures, as well as in business. &c.

At Table, a man may, with decency, have a distinguishing Palate; but indiscriminate *voraciousness* degrades him to a glutton. A man may Play with decency, but if he *games* he is disgraced. Vivacity and Wit make a man shine in company; but *trite jokes* and *loud laughter*, reduce him to a buffoon. Every virtue, they say, has its kindred vice; every pleasure, I am sure, has its neighbouring disgrace. Mark carefully, therefore, the line that separates them, and rather stop a yard short, than step an inch beyond it.

I wish that you had as much pleasure in following my advice, as I have in giving it you; and you may the easier have it, as I give you none that is inconsistent with your Pleasure. In all that I say to you, it is your interest alone that I consider: trust to my *experience;* you know you may to my *affection*. Adieu.

A Monody

to the

Memory of a Young Lady.

Yet do I live! O how shall I sustain
  This vast, unutterable weight of wo?
This worse than hunger, poverty, or pain;
  Or all the complicated ills below!
She, in whose life my hopes were treasured all,
    Is gone — for ever fled —
    My dearest Emma's dead!
These eyes, these tear-swoln eyes beheld her fall —
Ah, no! — She lives on some far happier shore,
She lives — but, cruel thought! she lives for me no more.

  I, who the tedious absence of a day
Removed, would languish for my Charmer's sight,
  Would chide the lingering moments for delay,
And fondly blame the slow return of night;
    How, how shall I endure
    (O misery past a cure!)

Hours, days, and years, successively to roll,
Nor ever more behold the Comfort of my soul?

Was she not all my fondest wish could frame!
Did ever mind so much of heaven partake!
Did she not love me with the purest flame,
And give up Friends and Fortune for my sake!
Though mild as evening skies,
With downcast, streaming eyes,
Stood the stern frown of supercilious brows,
Deaf to their brutal threats, and faithful to her vows!

Come then, some Muse! the saddest of the train,
(No more your bard shall dwell on idle lays,)
Teach me each moving, melancholy strain,
And, Oh! discard the pageantry of phrase;
Ill suit the flowers of speech with woes like mine —
Thus, haply, as I paint
The source of my complaint,
My soul may own the impassioned line;
A flood of tears may gush to my relief,
And, from my swelling heart, discharge this load of grief.

Forbear, my fond officious friends, forbear
To wound my ears, with the sad tales you tell —
How Good she was, how Gentle, and how Fair —
In pity cease! alas! I know, too well,
How in her sweet expressive face
Beamed forth the beauties of her mind;
Yet heightened by exterior grace,
Of manners most engaging, most refined.

No piteous object could she see,
But her soft bosom shared the wo;
While smiles of affability
Endeared whatever boon she might bestow:
Whate'er the emotion of her heart,
It shone conspicuous in her eyes;
Stranger to every female art,
Alike to feign or to disguise:
And, oh! (the boast how rare!)
The Secret in her faithful breast reposed
She ne'er with lawless tongue disclosed —
In sacred silence lodged inviolate there.
Oh, feeble words! unable to express
Her matchless Virtues, or my own Distress.

Relentless Death! that steeled to human woe,
With murderous hands dealst havock on mankind,
Why (cruel!) strike this deprecated blow,
And leave such wretched multitudes behind?
Hark! groans come winged on every breeze;
The sons of Grief prefer their ardent vow,
Oppressed with sorrow, want, or dire disease,
And supplicate thy aid — as I do now;
In vain! perverse! still on the unweeting head
'Tis thine thy vengeful darts to shed;
Hope's infant blossoms to destroy,
And drench in tears the face of joy.

But, oh, fell Tyrant! yet expect the hour
When Virtue shall renounce thy power;
When thou no more shalt blot the face of day;
Nor mortals tremble at thy rigid sway.
Alas, the day! where'er I turn my eyes,
Some sad memento of my Loss appears;
I flee the fatal house — suppress my sighs,
Resolved to dry my unavailing tears:
But, ah, in vain! no change of time, or place,
The memory can efface
Of all that sweetness, that enchanting air,
Now lost; and naught remains but Anguish and Despair.

Where were the delegates of Heaven, oh, where!
Appointed Virtue's children safe to keep?
Had Innocence or Virtue been their care,
She had not *died*, nor had I *lived* to weep:
Moved by my tears, and by her patience moved,
To see her force the endearing smile,
My sorrows to beguile,
When torture's keenest rage she proved,
Sure they had warded that untimely dart,
Which broke her thread of life, and rent a husband's heart.
How shall I e'er forget that dreadful hour,
When, feeling Death's resistless power,
My hand she pressed, wet with her falling tears;
And, thus, in faltering accents, spake her fears —

"Ah, my loved lord, the transient scene is o'er;
"And we must part, alas! to meet no more.
"But, oh! if e'er thy Emma's name was dear,
"If e'er thy vows have charmed my ravished ear,

"If from thy loved embrace my heart to gain
"Proud friends have frowned, and fortune smiled in vain,
"If it has been my sole endeavour still
"To act in all obsequious to thy will,
"To watch thy very smiles, thy wish to know,
"Then only truely blessed when thou wert so,
"If I have doated with that fond excess
"Nor Love could add, nor Fortune make it less,
"If this I've done, and more — oh! then be kind
"To the dear lovely Babe I leave behind!
"When time my once loved memory shall efface,
"Some happier maid may take thy Emma's place,
"With envious eyes thy partial fondness see,
"And hate it for the love thou borest to me!
"My dearest Shaw, forgive a woman's fears!
"But one word more — I cannot bear thy tears!
"Promise — and I will trust thy faithful vow;
"(Oft have I tried, and ever found thee true)
"That to some distant spot thou wilt remove,
"This fatal Pledge of hapless Emma's love;
"Where safe thy blandishments it may partake;
"And, oh! be tender for its Mother's sake!
"Wilt thou? ——
"I know thou wilt! sad Silence speaks assent;
"And in that pleasing Hope thy Emma dies content."

I, who with more than manly strength have bore
The various ills imposed by cruel Fate,
Sustain the firmness of my soul no more;
But sink beneath the weight:
Just Heaven! I cried — from memory's earliest day
No Comfort has thy wretched suppliant known;
Misfortune, still, with unrelenting sway,
Has claimed me for her own:
But, oh! in pity to my grief, restore
This only source of bliss; I ask — I ask no more —
Vain hope! the irrevocable doom is passed,
E'en now she looks — she sighs her last!
Vainly I strive to stay her fleeting breath,
And, with rebellious heart, protest against her Death.

When the stern Tyrant closed her lovely eyes,
How did I rave, untaught to bear the blow!
With impious wish to tear her from the skies,
How curse my fate in bitterness of wo!
But whither would this dreadful phrensy lead?

Fond man! forbear;
Thy fruitless sorrow spare;
Dare not to tax what Heaven's high Will decreed;
In humble reverence kiss the afflictive rod,
And prostrate bow to an offended God.

Perhaps, kind Heaven in *mercy* dealt the blow,
Some saving truth thy roving soul to teach;
To wean thy heart from groveling views below,
And point out bliss beyond misfortune's reach:
To show that all the flattering schemes of Joy,
Which towering Hope so fondly builds in air,
One fatal moment can destroy;
And plunge the exulting maniac in Despair.
Then, oh! with pious fortitude sustain
Thy present loss — haply thy future gain;
Nor let thy Emma die in vain:
Time shall administer its wonted balm,
And hush this storm of grief to no unpleasing calm.

Thus the poor Bird, by some disastrous fate,
Caught and imprisoned in a lonely cage,
Torn from its native fields, and dearer mate,
Flutters awhile, and spends its little rage;
But finding all its efforts weak and vain,
No more it pants and rages for the plain;
Moping awhile, in sullen mood,
Droops the sweet mourner — but, ere long,
Prunes its light wings, and pecks its food,
And meditates the song:
Serenely sorrowing, breathes its piteous case,
And, with its plaintive warbling, saddens all the place.

Forgive me, Heaven! — yet, yet the tears will flow,
To think how soon my scene of bliss is past!
My budding joys, just promising to blow,
All nipped and withered by one envious blast!
My hours, that laughing wont to fleet away,
Move heavily along;
Where's now the sprightly jest, the jocund song?
Time creeps, unconscious of delight:
How shall I cheat the tedious day;
And, oh! the joyless night;
Where shall I rest my weary head;
How shall I find repose on a sad widowed bed!

Come, Theban drug, the wretch's only aid,
To my torn heart its former Peace restore;
Thy votary, wrapped in thy Lethean shade,
Shall cease, awhile, his sorrows to deplore:
Haply, when locked in sleep's embrace,
Again I may behold my Emma's face;
Again with transport hear
Her voice soft whispering in my ear;
May steal once more a balmy kiss,
And taste, at least, of *visionary* bliss —

But ah! the unwelcome morn's obstruding light
Will all my shadowy scenes of bliss depose;
Will tear the dear illusion from my sight,
And wake me to the sense of all my woes:
If to to the verdant fields I stray,
Alas! what pleasures now can these convey?
Her lovely form pursues where'er I go,
And darkens all the scene with wo.
By nature's lavish bounties cheered no more,
Sorrowing, I rove,
Through valley, grot, and grove;
Naught can their beauties or my loss restore;
No herb, no plant, can med'cine my disease,
And my sad sighs are borne on every passing breeze.
Sickness and sorrow hovering round my bed,
Who now, with anxious haste, shall bring relief,
With lenient hand support my drooping head,
Assuage my pains, and mitigate my grief?
Should worldly business call away,
Who now shall in my absence fondly mourn,
Count every minute of the loitering day,
Impatient for my quick return?
Should aught my bosom discompose,
Who now, with sweet complacent air,
Shall smoothe the rugged brow of care,
And soften all my woes?
Too faithful Memory — cease, oh! cease —
How shall I e'er regain my peace!
Oh, to forget her! — but how vain each art,
Whilst every virtue lives *imprinted* on my Heart.

And thou, my little Cherub! left behind,
To hear a Father's plaints, to share his woes,
When reason's dawn informs thy infant mind,
And thy sweet lisping tongue shall ask the cause,

How oft, with sorrow, shall my eyes run o'er,
When, twining round my knees, I trace
Thy Mother's smile upon thy face!
How oft, to my full heart, shalt thou restore
Sad memory of my joys — ah, now, no more!
By blessings once enjoyed now more distressed;
More beggar by the riches once possessed.
My little Darling! — dearer to me grown
By all the tears thou'st caused — oh, strange to hear!
Bought with a life yet dearer than thy own;
Thy Cradle purchased with thy mother's Bier!
Who now shall seek, with fond delight,
Thy infant steps to guide aright?
She, who, with doating eyes, would gaze
On all thy little artless ways,
By all thy soft endearments blessed,
And clasp thee oft with transport to her breast,
Alas! is gone —— yet shalt thou prove
A father's dearest, tenderest love.
And, O, sweet senseless smiler! (envied state!
As yet unconscious of thy hapless fate,)
When years thy judgement shall mature,
And Reason show those ills it cannot cure,
Wilt thou, a father's grief to assuage,
For virtue prove the Phenix of the earth,
(Like her, thy mother died to give thee birth,)
And be the Comfort of my age?
When sick and languishing I lie,
Wilt thou my Emma's wonted care supply?
And, oft as to thy listening ear,
Thy Mother's virtue's, and her fate I tell,
Say, wilt thou drop the tender tear,
Whilst on the mournful theme I dwell?
Then fondly stealing to thy Father's side,
Whene'er thou seest the soft distress,
Which I would vainly seek to hide,
Say, wilt thou strive to make it less?
To soothe my sorrows all thy cares employ,
And in my cup of grief infuse *one drop* of Joy.

SHAW.

See Shaw's *Address to the Nightingale*, among the Pieces after the IX Lecture.

VOLTAIRE, *and his Followers.*

In the midst of this tempest of scorn an extraordinary man arose, to guide and deepen it into public ruin — Voltaire — a personal profligate; possessing a vast variety of that *superficial* knowledge which gives importance to Folly: frantic for popularity, which he solicited at all hazards; and sufficiently opulent to relieve him from the necessity of any labors but those of *national undoing*. Holding but an inferior and struggling rank in all the manlier provinces of the mind — in Science, Poetry, and Philosophy — he was the *Prince of Scorners*. The splenetic pleasantry which stimulates the wearied tastes of High-life; the grossness which, half concealed, captivates the loose, without offence to their feeble decorum; and the easy brilliancy which throws what colors it will on the darker features of its purpose; made Voltaire the very Genius of France. But under this smooth and sparkling surface, reflecting, like ice, all the lights flung upon it, there was a dark and fathomless depth of malignity. He hated Government; he hated Morals; he hated Man; he hated Religion. He sometimes bursts out into exclamations of rage and insane fury against all that we honor as best and holiest, which sound less the voice of human lips than the echoes of the final place of agony and despair. A tribe worthy of his succession — showy, ambitious, and malignant — followed; each with some vivid literary contribution, some powerful and popular work, a new deposite of combustion in that mighty mine on which stood, in thin and fatal security, the Throne of France: — Rousseau, the most impassioned of all Romancers, the *great corrupter* of the Female mind, — Buffon, a lofty and splendid speculator, who dazzled the whole multitude of the minor Philosophers and fixed the creed of Materialism; — Montesquieu, eminent for knowledge and sagacity, in his "Spirit of Laws" striking all the Establishments of his country into contempt, and, in his "Persian Letters," levelling the same blow at her morals; — D'Alembert, the first Mathematician of his day, an eloquent writer, the declared pupil of Voltaire, and, by his Secretariship of the French-Academy, furnished with all the facilities for propogating his master's opinions; and — Diderot, the projector and chief conductor of the "Encyclopedie," a work justly exciting the admiration of Europe, by the novelty and magnificence of its design, and by the comprehensive and solid extent of its

knowledge; but, in its Principles, *utterly evil!* a condensation of all the treasons of the school of anarchy, the *lex scripta* of the Revolution.

The Freethinking, which the brilliant celebrity of France had made almost a Fashion in England fifty years ago, has hid its head. It is no longer the boast of men ambitious of fame, that they are *Unbelievers*. No man of Character now dares to insult the common feeling of Society by a Caricature of Religion. The name of *Atheist* now, implies not a lofty superiority to prejudice, but a melancholy and frightful abandonment of understanding; not Genius, but Insanity. Voltaire is no more the lord alike of Wit and Wisdom, but a pitiable evidence of the utter worthlessness of Talent without Principle. The bustling tribe of his Imitators are sunk into contemptuous oblivion; or remembered only with horror, as the realisers of his dreams of evil, the actors in the Pagan abominations, the remorseless murders, the mad and blind blasphemers of the Revolution.

CROLY'S *Apocalypse of St. John.*

Monsieur Voltaire, during a long life, was continually treating the Holy Scriptures with contempt, and endeavouring to spread the Poison of Infidelity through the nations. See however the end of such a conduct. In his last illness, he sent for Doctor Tronchin; who, found Voltaire in the greatest agonies, exclaiming, with the utmost horror, "I am abandoned by God and Man!" He then said, "Doctor, I will give you half of what I am worth, if you will give me Six month's Life." The Doctor answered, "Sir you cannot live Six weeks." Voltaire replied, "Then I shall go to Hell, and you will go with me!" and soon after expired. This is the Hero of modern Infidels. Dare any of them say, *Let me die the death of Voltaire, and let my last end be like his?* Wonderful infatuation! this unhappy gentleman occupies the first niche in the French pantheon! That he was a man of great and various talents, none can deny: but his want of sound learning and moral qualifications will ever prevent his being ranked with the Benefactors of mankind, by the wise and good. Such a Hero, indeed, is befitting a Nation under judicial infatuation, to answer the wise ends of the Governor of the World.

Since the publication of the first edition of this little work, (*A Plea for Religion and the Sacred Writings,*) we have had an account of the last days of this extraordinary

man, by the abbé Barruel, author of *The History of the French Clergy;* and it is so extremely interesting, that I will lay it before the reader in a translation of that gentleman's own words.

It was during Voltaire's last visit to Paris, when his triumph was complete, and he had even feared that he should die with glory, amidst the acclamations of an infatuated Theatre, that he was struck by the hand of Providence, and made a very different termination of his career.

In the midst of his triumphs, a violent hemorrhage raised apprehensions for his life. D'Alembert, Diderot, and Marmontel, hastened to support his resolution in his last moments, but were witnesses only to their mutual ignominy, as well as to his own.

Here let not the historian fear exaggeration. Rage, remorse, reproach, and blasphemy, all accompany and characterise the long agony of the dying athiest. His death — the most terrible ever recorded to have stricken the Impious man, will not be denied by his companions in impiety. Their silence, however much they may wish to deny it, is the least of those corroborative proofs which might be adduced. Not one of the Sophisters has ever dared to mention any sign given of resolution or tranquility, by the *premier chief*, during the space of Three months, which elapsed from the time he was crowned in the Theatre, until his decease. Such a silence expresses how great their humiliation was in his Death.

It was on his return from the Theatre, and in the midst of the toils he was resuming in order to acquire fresh applause, when Voltaire was warned, that the long career of his impiety was drawing to an end.

In spite of all the Sophisters flocking around him, in the first day of his illness, he gave signs of wishing to return to the God whom he had so often blasphemed. He called for the Priest, who ministered to him Whom he had sworn *to crush* under the appellation of *The Wretch.* (*a*) His danger increasing, he wrote the following note to the abbé Gualtier — "You had promised me, Sir, to come and hear me. I entreat you would take the trouble of calling as soon as possible."

Signed VOLTAIRE.

Paris, 26 Feb. 1778.

(*a*) It had been customary, during many years, for Voltaire to call our blessed Saviour — *The Wretch;* and he vowed that he would *crush* him. He closes many of his Letters to his Infidel-friends with the same words — "*Crush the Wretch!*"

A few days after this, he wrote the following Declaration, in presence of the same abbé Gualtier, the abbé Mignot, and the marquis de Villevielle, copied from the minutes deposited with Mr. Momet, notary at Paris —

"I, the underwritten, declare, that for these four days "past, having been afflicted with a Vomiting of Blood, "at the age of Eighty-four, and not having been able to "drag myself to Church, the Rev. the rector of St. Sulpice, having been pleased to add to his good works, that "of sending to me the abbé Gualtier, a priest, I confessed "to him; and, if it please God to dispose of me, I die in "the Holy Catholic Church, in which I was born; hoping "that the Divine Mercy will deign to pardon all my faults. "If ever I have scandalised the Church, I ask pardon of "God and the Church.

"2 March 1778. *Signed* VOLTAIRE; in Presence of the abbé Mignot, my Nephew, and the marquis "de Villevielle, my Friend."

After the two witnesses had signed this declaration, Voltaire added these words, (copied from the same minutes —

"The abbé Gualtier, my Confessor, having apprised "me, that it has been said among a certain set of people, "*I should protest against every thing I did, at my death;* "I declare I never made such a Speech, and that it is an "old jest, attributed long since to many of the learned, "more enlightened than I am."

Was this Declaration a fresh instance of his former hypocrisy? for he had the mean hypocrisy, even in the midst of his efforts against Christianity, to receive the Sacrament regularly, and to do other acts of religion, merely to be able to deny his Infidelity, if accused of it. Unfortunately, after the explanations we have seen given of his exterior acts of religion, might there not be room for doubt? Be that as it may, there is a public homage paid to that Religion in which he declared he meant to Die, notwithstanding his having perpetually conspired against it during his Life. This Declaration is also signed by that same Friend and adept, the marquis de Villevielle, to whom, eleven years before, Voltaire was wont to write, "Conceal your march from the enemy, in your endeavours to *Crush the Wretch.*"

Voltaire permitted this Declaration to be carried to the Rector of St. Sulpice, and to the Archbishop of Paris, to know whether it would be sufficient. When the abbé Gualtier returned with the answer, it was impossible for

him to gain admittance to the patient. The conspirators had strained every nerve to hinder the Chief from consummating his recantation; and every avenue was shut to the Priest, whom Voltaire himself had sent for. The demons haunted every access; rage succeeded to fury, and fury to rage again, during the remainder of his life.

Then it was that D'Alembert, Diderot, and about twenty others of the conspirators, who had beset his apartment, never approached him, but to witness their own ignominy; and often Voltaire would curse them, and exclaim — "Retire! It is you that have brought me to my present state! Begone! I could have done without you all, but you could not exist without me! And what a wretched glory have you procured me!" Then would succeed the horrid remembrance of his conspiracy. They could hear him, the prey of anguish and dread, alternately supplicating and blaspheming that God, against whom he had conspired; and in plaintive accents he would cry out — "Oh Christ! Oh Jesus Christ!" and then complain that he was abandoned by God and man. The hand which had traced, in ancient writ, the sentence of an impious and reviling king, seemed to trace before his eyes — *Crush the Wretch.* In vain he turned his head away; the time was coming apace when he was to appear before the tribunal of Him whom he had blasphemed; and his Physicians, particularly Doctor Tronchin, calling in to adminster relief, thunderstruck, retired, declaring that "the Death of the Impious man was terrible indeed!" The pride of the conspirators would willingly have suppressed these Declarations, but that was impossible. The mareschal de Richelieu fled from the bed-side, declaring "it to be a sight too terrible to be sustained:" and Doctor Tronchin, that "the furies of Orestes could give but a faint idea of those of Voltaire."

This Account of the unhappy end of Voltaire is confirmed by a Letter from M. de Luc, an eminent philosopher, and a man of the strictest honor and probity.

Diderot and D'Alembert also, the friends and companions of Voltaire in Infidelity, are said to have died with remorse of Conscience somewhat similar to their Chief.

SIMPSON.

The two Orphans.

My chaise the village Inn did gain,
Just as the setting sun's last ray
Tipped, with refulgent gold, the vane
Of the old Church, across the way.

Across the way I silent sped,
The time till Supper to beguile,
In moralising o'er the dead,
That mouldered round the ancient Pile.

There many an humble green-grave showed
Where Want, and Pain, and Toil, did rest;
And many a flattering stone I viewed
Oe'r those who, once, had wealth possessed.

A faded Beech its shadow, brown;
Threw o'er a Grave, where sorrow slept;
On which, though scarce with grass oe'rgrown,
Two ragged Children sat and wept.

A piece of Bread between them lay,
Which neither seemed inclined to take;
And yet they looked so much a prey
To Want, it made my heart to ake.

" My little Children let me know
Why you in such distress appear;
And why you, wasteful, from you throw
The Bread, which many a heart would cheer?"

The little Boy, in accents sweet,
Replied, whilst tears each other chased,
" Lady! we've not enough to eat;
" And if we had we would not waste:

" But sister Mary's naughty grown,
" And will not eat, whate'er I say;
" Though sure I am the Bread's her own,
" And she has tasted none *today!*

' Indeed!' — the wan-starved Mary said,
' Till Henry eats, I'll eat no more;
' For *yesterday* I got some Bread,
' But he's had none since *the day before!*'

My heart did swell, my bosom heave,
I felt as though deprived of speech;
I straight sat down upon the grave,
And pressed a clay-cold-hand of each.

With looks that told a tale of wo,
With looks that spoke a grateful heart,
The shivering Boy did nearer draw,
And thus their Tale of wo impart —

" Before my Father went away,
" Enticed by bad-men o'er the sea,
" Sister and I did naught but play;
" We lived beyond yon great ash-tree:

" And then poor Mother sore did cry,
" And looked so changed, I cannot tell;
" She told us, that she soon should Die,
" And bade us love each other well:

" She said, that when the War is oe'r,
" Perhaps we might our Father see;
" But if we never saw him more,
" That God our Father then would be:

" She kissed us both, and then she Died;
" And we no more a Mother have:
" How many a day we've sat and cried
" Together, on poor mother's Grave!

" But when our Father came not here,
" I thought, if we could find the Sea,
" We should be sure to meet him there;
" And once again might happy be:

" We, hand in hand, went many a mile,
" And asked our way of all we met;
" And some did sigh, and some did smile,
" And we of some did victuals get:

" But when we reached the Sea, and found
" 'Twas one great Water round us spread,
" We thought, that Father must be Drowned,
" And cried, and wished we both were Dead!

"So we returned to Mother's grave,
"And only long with Her to be;
"For Goody, when this Bread she gave,
"Said, Father died beyond the sea:

"And since no Parents we have here,
"We'll go and seek for God around —
"Pray, Lady! can you tell us, where
"That God, our Father, may be found?

"He lives in Heaven, Mother said,
"And Goody says that Mother's there;
"So, if she thinks we want his aid,
"I think, perhaps, she'll send Him here."

I clasped the Prattlers to my breast,
And cried, "Come both and live with me;
I'll feed you, clothe you, give you rest,
And will a Second-mother be:

And God will be your Father still;
'Twas he, in mercy, sent me here,
To teach you to obey His Will,
Your steps to guide, your hearts to cheer."

By a Lady.

The Whistle.

A Fact.

When I was a Child, at seven years old, my friends, on a holiday, filled my pockets with Coppers. I went directly to a shop where they sold Toys for children; but, being charmed with the sound of a *Whistle*, that I met by the way in the hands of another boy, I voluntarily offered him all my money for it. I then came home, and went Whistling all over the house, much pleased with my *Whistle*, but disturbing all the family. My brothers, and sisters, and cousins, understanding the bargain I had made, told me I had given four times as much for it as it was worth. This put me in mind what good things I might

have bought with the rest of the money; and they laughed at me so much for my folly, that I cried with vexation; and the reflection gave me more chagrin than the *Whistle* gave me pleasure.

This, however, was afterwards of use to me, the impression continuing on my mind; so that often, when I was tempted to buy some unnecessary thing, I said to myself — *Don't give too much for the Whistle!* and so I saved my money.

As I grew up, came into the world, and observed the actions of men, I thought I met with many, very many, who *gave too much for their Wistles.*

When I saw any one too ambitious of court favors, sacrificing his time in attendance on levees, his repose, his liberty, his virtue, and perhaps his friends, to attain it, I have said to myself — *This man gives too much for his Whistle.*

When I saw another fond of popularity, constantly employing himself in political bustles, neglecting his own affairs, and ruining them by that neglect — *He pays, indeed,* said I, *too much for his Whistle.*

If I knew a Miser, who gave up very kind of comfortable living, all the pleasure of doing good to others, all the esteem of his fellow-citizens, and the joys of benevolent friendship, for the sake of accumulating wealth — *Poor man!* said I, *you do indeed pay too much for your Whistle.*

When I met a man of pleasure, sacrificing, every laudable improvement of the mind, or of his fortune, to mere corporal sensations — *Mistaken, man!* said I, *you are providing pain for yourself instead of pleasure: you give too much for your Whistle.*

If I saw one fond of fine clothes, fine furniture, fine equipage, all above his fortune, for which he had contracted debts, and ended his career in prison — *Alas!* said I, *he has paid dear, very dear, for his Whistle.*

When I saw a beautiful, sweet-tempered Girl married to an ill-natured brute of a Husband — *What a pity it is,* said I, *that she has paid so much for a Whistle.*

In short, I conceived that great part of the miseries of mankind were brought upon them by the false estimates they had made of the *value of things*, and by their having given *too much* for their *Whistles.*

FRANKLIN.

Notwithstanding the following Soliloquy presents more passages requiring Interpretation than any Piece in the Collection, yet I shall waive all Remarks and Translations upon it, at present; as I never met with but One gentleman who had apprehended it, as it meets my mind; and as this is not the place to enter into a formal disquisition of what Commentators and Translators have made of it, I shall reserve my Interpretations and Animadversions for some fitter occasion.

HAMLET's *Soliloquy, on Life and Death.*

To be, or not to be? that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the Mind, to *suffer*
The slings and arrows of outrageous Fortune,
Or to take arms against a siege of troubles,
And, by opposing, *end* them. To Die? to sleep;
No more: and, by a Sleep, to say, we end
The heartake, and the thousand natural shocks
That Flesh is heir to —— 'Tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished! To Die? to sleep —
To Sleep! perchance, to Dream —— ay, there's the Rub!
For, in that Sleep of Death, what Dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us Pause. There's the respect
That makes Calamity of so long life ——
For Who would bear the whips and scorns o' the time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his *quietus* make
With a bare bodkin! Who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of Something *after death* —
That undiscovered country from whose bourne
No traveller returns — puzzles the Will;
And makes us rather bear those Ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of!
Thus, Conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus, the native hue of Resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of Thought;
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of Action.

SHAKESPEARE.

LECTURE IX.

On the Pronunciation of the English Language, continued.

Sir Humphry Davy, *Bart.*

L L.D. & M. R. I. A. &c.

Late President of the Royal Society.

This celebrated man, whose Death the world of Science has had so lately to deplore, was born at Penzance, in Cornwall, December 17th, 1779. Having received the rudiments of his education, the latter part of which was entrusted to a medical gentleman of the name of Tomkins, he was articled, at the age of fifteen, to Mr. Borlase, a respectable Surgeon at Penzance. While occupying the situation of an Apprentice, he devoted himself, with an energy which suprised all who knew him, to almost every branch of study, connected not only with his professional views, but with Philosoply in general. It was, however, on the phenomina which Chymistry seemed to him to have the power of unfolding, that his mind fixed itself with the greatest earnestness. Nor was his ardor without encouragement. Having made several experiments on the nature of water-weeds, he discovered these plants have the same effect in purifying the air contained in water, as others have on the common atmosphere. This discovery was not only highly interesting, but made at a time when it served as a first step to the fortune and eminence he was destined to attain. Doctor Beddoes, who was then actively employed in endeavouring to establish an Institution at Bristol for the relief of Consumption, happening to hear of the experiment, entered into a correspondence with Mr. Davy, which produced their nearer intimacy. The object of the Doctor was, to apply to the disease in question oxygen gas; and for this purpose he was desirous of com-

mencing a series of experiments on the nature and qualities of that and other gaseous elements. No one appeared so well qualified for his assistant in this design, as Mr. Davy, and he was accordingly engaged by him; the former stipulating, as a part of the agreement, that he should have the uncontrolled management of the Laboratory.

The residence of our young philosopher at Bristol was made agreeable by the friendship of many excellent individuals; among whom was Mr. Davies Gilbert, the present President of the Royal Society, Mr. Glayfield, and Mr. Cottle, the poet. The latter gentleman observes, when speaking of this life, and of the friends whom he most esteemed —

"I might add, that during a portion of the time to which a reference has been made, our circle was now enlivened by the valuable accession of Mr. Humphry Davy, who, on quitting Bristol, for a permanent residence in London, presented me with Corrie's edition of Burns's works, accompanied with the following note:

'Dear Cottle,

'Will you be pleased to accept of the copy of Burns's Life and Poems, sent with this? and when you are reading with delight the effusions of your brother bard, occasionally think of One, who is, with sincere regard and affection your friend.

'March 9th, 1801.'

By the same gentleman we are reminded, that in the younger part of his life, Sir Humphry was himself a Poet, and a large contributor to the Poetical Anthology. — 'Sir Humphry Davy favored me,' continues Mr. Cottle, 'with more affection perhaps, than critical feeling, with several of his own M S. poems; which clearly indicate, that if he had not been the first *philosopher* of his age, he would have ranked among the first of its *poets*. In one of the poems, which breathes the true fire of the ode, two stanzas occur, which are characteristic of the election which he deliberately made between two rival *candidates*. Every reader will be pleased with a perusal of them.' The following are the verses alluded to —

Thus, to the sweetest dreams resigned,
The fairy *fancy* ruled my mind,
And shone upon my youth;
But now, to aweful *reason* given,
I leave her dear *ideal* heaven,
To hear the voice of *truth*:

She claims my best, my loftiest song;
  She leads a brighter maid along —
Divine Philosophy;
  Who bids the mounting soul assume
Immortal wisdom's eagle plume,
  And penetrating eye.

Mr. Davy continued at Bristol to the time above mentioned, pursuing his investigations with undiminished ardor, and daily adding to his reputation by the felicity of their results. His discovery of the respirability of nitrous oxide, was regarded by his friends as indicative of the most splendid talents; and the publication of his "Researches, Chymical and Philosophical," in which he detailed the processes by which he arrived at the discovery, introduced him to Count Rumford. The influence which his new acquaintance possessed, in the Scientific world, was of important service to him. The Professorship of Chymistry in the Royal Institution having just become vacant, offered a situation in which he would have not only ample room for the exhibition of his superior abilities, but the most advantageous opportunity for their further cultivation. By the exertions of the Count, and the reputation he had already gained, he received the appointment to the vacant Chair, and thus found himself master of a philosophical and chymical Apparatus, which compete in splendor and extensiveness with any in Europe.

It had always been Mr. Davy's intention to finish his Medical education, by graduating at Edinburgh; but on receiving the above appointment, he finally resigned all idea of professional pursuits, and devoted himself, with fixed and concentrated energy, solely to Chymistry. His first Experiments in the Royal Institution had relation to the discoveries of the celebrated French chymist, M. Seguier, on the process of Tanning, and to the phenomena of Galvanism; but in 1802, he commenced a series of Lectures, which, both for the talent they displayed, and their practical utility, were still better adapted to raise his reputation. Nothing contributes more to the advancement of Science, or its diffusion among a people, than a demonstration of its applicability to the common uses and necessities of life. It is the characteristic of Chymistry, that the discoveries which delight the philosopher by their beauty or splendor, bear directly upon the supply of some daily want, or the removal of some danger or inconvenience. Agriculture has derived from its assistance some of the most important rules which guide the practical farmer; and the Lectures which Mr. Davy

delivered for three successive years, before the Board of Agriculture, served considerably to comfirm the enlightened views which were beginning to gain ground respecting the union of these two beneficial sciences.

In 1803, his increasing celebrity obtained him the honor of being elected a Fellow of the Royal Society; and two years after, he was made a Member of the Royal Irish Academy. In 1806, the Secretariship to the Royal Society becoming vacant, he was chosen to fill that office, and was now the intimate friend of the most distinguished men of the time. This country has seldom seen a brighter phalanx of Philosophers than it possessed. Sir Joseph Banks, Wollaston, Cavendish, &c. were pursuing in full vigor the investigations which the scientific spirit of the continent had so laudably begun; and it was the high honor of the subject of this memoir, to be destined to advance farther than any of them in the importance and originality of his discoveries.

During the same year in which he was elected its Secretary, he was appointed to deliver before the Royal Society the Bakerian Lecture, in which he made known the results of many year's diligent inquiry into the mysteries of Electricity and Galvanism. While occupied on this subject, he effected the splendid discovery of the compound nature of the two fixed alkalies, potash and soda, which he found were formed of metallic bases in composition with oxygen. This interesting fact he communicated in the Bakerian Lecture, which he delivered in 1807; and, following the same course of experiment with the different earths, which he had pursued so successfully with the alkalies, found they were equally susceptible of decomposition.

The high estimation in which Mr. Davy was held for these and other similar discoveries, may be well understood from the circumstance, that he received, in 1810, notwithstanding the war, the prize of the French *Institut*. About the same period, he gave a course of Lectures before the Dublin Society, and received the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws.

In 1812 he was knighted; the Prince Regent then, for the first time, conferring that honor; and, a few days afterwards, he married Mrs. Apreece, the widow of S. A. Apreece, Esq. a lady of considerable fortune, and many personal endowments. Two years after this, he was elected a Member of the French *Institut*, and Vice-President of the Royal Society. The following year gave birth to one of his most important and most brilliant Discoveries,

because most serviceable to Humanity. The dreadful accidents which had been repeatedly occurring in the Mining districts, from explosions, induced a number of proprietors of mines to form, in 1815, a Committee, at Sunderland, for investigating the causes of these destructive disasters. A resolution was passed, to request the assistance of Sir Humphry Davy; and, with his accustomed benevolence and energy, he immediately set out for the Collieries, where he commenced a most extensive personal investigation of the circumstances which led to the formation of the explosive gases. It was, at one time, thought possible that a new mode of ventilation might remove the danger; but, any improvement of this kind being found impracticable, he was led to conclude, from various experiments, that the object desired might be effected by a Lamp of a peculiar structure; and the celebrated Safety Lamp, after a short time, gave security to hundreds of laborious men, who, before its invention, were every instant in peril of a sudden and frightful death. The Proprietors of the Coal-works on the Tyne and Wear rewarded this noble discovery, by presenting its author with a Service of Plate worth £2000.

In 1817 Sir Humphry was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy; and, in 1818, went to Italy, where he passed that and the following year, employing his leisure in a series of interesting observations on Roman antiquities, and in examining the condition of the Herculaneum manuscripts; for the unrolling of which he invented a process, which in some instances was employed with success. During his absence on the continent, he was advanced to the Baronetage; and, on his return to England, the death of Sir Joseph Banks leaving the Presidentship of the Royal Society vacant, he was placed, with the mere nominal opposition of Lord Colchester, in that honorable situation.

Till 1827 Sir Humphry continued to discharge the duties of this high office when increasing ill health obliged him to resign it, and again seek relief from the mild air of the continent. His retirement, however, was neither without its labors nor its honors. He communicated, during his absence, the valuable results and experiments on various electrical combinations, which were undertaken with the view of discovering some method for the preservation of copper-bound ships; and he received, in return for the communication, the royal medal — in awarding which, his early and attached friend, Mr. Gilbert, reverted, in an

interesting manner; to his long acquaintance with the distinguished object of his praise. 'It is with feelings most gratifying to myself,' said he, 'that I now approach to the award of a royal medal to Sir Humphry Davy; and I esteem it a most fortunate occurrence, that this award should have taken place during the short period of my having to discharge the duties attached to the office of President; having witnessed the whole progress of Sir Humphry Davy's advancement in science and in reputation, from his first attempts in his native town to vary some of Dr. Priestley's experiments on the extraction of oxygen from marine vegetables, to the point of eminence which we all know him to have reached.'

Sir Humphry's general residence was at Rome; but, having suffered from an alarming paralysis, he was induced to return to Geneva, which place he reached by slow stages, in company with Lady Davy. Almost immediately, however, after his arrival, he was seized by a sudden and fatal attack; and on Friday, May 29, of the present year (1829,) he closed his useful and honorable career. The highest respect which private friendship and public esteem can bestow upon the Dead, attended his remains. The most eminent men of Geneva volunteered their assistance to his Widow, in the necessary cares of the interment; and different public bodies, both literary and civil, were present at his funeral. Nor was the testimony thus borne to his celebrity unmerited or exaggerated. No man in Europe had done more for Science, and no one had cultivated it with a more serious or firmer individual regard to all the interests of mankind, moral as well as physical. In the little work, Salmonia, which occupied his hours of sickness, the sentiments he utters are those of the purest and noblest nature, and we feel a new and higher admiration for the genius of a man who thus invested it with the dignity of so deep a moral feeling.

"In my opinion," says he, "Profound minds are the most likely to think lightly of the resources of human reason; and it is the pert, superficial thinker who is generally strongest in *every kind of unbelief*. The deep philosopher sees changes of causes and effects, so wonderfully and strangely linked together, that he is usually the last person to decide upon the impossibility of any two series of events being independent of each other; and in Science, so many natural miracles, as it were, have been brought to light — such as, the fall of stones from meteors in the atmosphere; the disarming a thunder cloud by a metallic

point; the production of fire from ice by a metal white as silver; and referring certain laws of motions of the sea to the moon — that the physical inquirer is seldom disposed to assert, confidently, on any abstruce subjects belonging to the order of natural things, and still less so on those relating to the more mysterious relations of moral events and intellectual natures." — Again, "I envy no quality of the mind or intellect in others; not genius, power, wit, or fancy: but if I could choose what would be most delightful, and I believe most useful to me, I should prefer *a firm religious belief*, to every other blessing; for it makes life a thorough discipline of goodness; creates new hopes, when all earthly hopes vanish; and throws over the decay, the destruction of existence, the most gorgeous of all lights; awakens life even in death, and from corruption and decay calls up beauty and divinity; makes an instrument of torture and of shame the ladder of ascent to Paradise; and, far above all combinations of earthly hopes, calls up the most delightful visions of palms and amaranths, the gardens of the blessed, the security of everlasting joys, where the Sensualist and the Sceptic view only gloom, decay, annihilation, and despair."

Sir Humphry's published works, besides the one above alluded to, are — Chemical and Philosophical Researches, Electro-Chemical Researches, Elements of Chemical Philosophy, Elements of Agricultural Chemistry, and several pamphlets and papers in the different philosophical journals.

HENRY STEBBING.

A Hymn:

On the Goodness of God.

O God! — of Good the unfathomed Sea —
Who would not give his Heart to Thee!
Who would not love Thee with his might!
O Jesu! — lover of mankind —
Who would not his whole Soul and Mind,
With all his Strength, to Thee unite!

Thou shinest with everlasting rays!
Before the insufferable blaze
Angels, with both wings, veil their eyes —

Yet, free as air, thy Bounty streams
On all thy works! thy Mercy's beams,
Diffusive, as the Sun's, arise!

Astonished, at thy frowning brow,
Earth, Hell, and Heaven's strong pillars bow;
Terrible Majesty is thine!
Who, then, can that vast Love express
Which bows thee down to Me! who less
Than Nothing am, till Thou art mine.

High-throned, on heaven's eternal hill,
In number, weight, and measure, still
Thou sweetly orderest all that is:
And yet Thou deignest to come to Me,
And guide my steps; that I with Thee,
Enthroned, may reign in endless bliss!

Fountain of Good! all blessing flows
From Thee — no want thy fulness knows:
What but Thyself canst Thou desire?
Yes! self-sufficient as thou art,
Thou dost desire my worthless Heart —
This, only this, dost Thou require!

Primeval Beauty! in thy sight,
The first-born, fairest sons of Light,
See all their brightest glories fade:
What, then, to Me thy eyes could turn!
— In Sin conceived — of Woman born —
A Worm — a Leaf — a Blast — a Shade!

Hell's Armies tremble at thy Nod —
And, trembling, own Thee — "Almighty God!
"Sovereign of Earth, Hell, Air, and Sky!"
But Who is this, that comes from far,
Whose garments rolled in Blood appear?
'Tis God made Man! for Man — to Die!!

O God! — of Good the unfathomed Sea —
Who would not give his Heart to Thee!
Who would not love Thee with his Might!
O Jesu! — lover of mankind —
Who would not his whole Soul and Mind,
With all his Strength, to Thee unite!!!

WESLEY.

The following is extracted from "JULIET GRENVILLE; OR, THE HISTORY OF THE HUMAN HEART:" *one of the Best Novels* I ever read.

Among the Pieces after the X Lecture, may be found an extract from "THE FOOL OF QUALITY;" a work by the same author, *the best Novel* in the English Language, according to my judgement. "JULIET GRENVILLE" is out of Print; "THE FOOL OF QUALITY" is scarce; but one of the most chaste Critics of the last age, very judiciously abridged the "FOOL OF QUALITY," and gave it again to the world, under the Title of "THE HISTORY OF HENRY EARL OF MORELAND;" and this Work may be had, in One Volume, Octavo, *Price Seven Guilders.* It deserves a place in the Library of "all Lovers of God and Man."

On Courage and Chastity.

True Courage has a twofold virtue in it. First, it has that of disregarding the danger and damage that may threaten itself; and, secondly, it has the virtue of extending its powers to the support of the weak, the defence of the assaulted, the vindication of the injured, and the suppression and castigation of the spoiler and oppressor. While Courage is thus employed, it is benevolent, it is beneficent, it is justly, it is exaltedly respectable and amiable. But, when a spurious and false appearance of the quality called Courage, through motives of ambition or desire of applause, or any other incitements merely Personal and Selfish, exerts its powers in a manner seemingly worthy of praise, it yet loses the whole *nature* and ought to forfeit the *name* of Virtue; and it wants nothing save to have those motives detected, to become contemptible and detestable in the eyes of mankind.

Few things have occasioned so great a variety of clashing opinions, or have had so wide an influence on the tempers, the morals, and the customs of mankind, as the sentiments entertained respecting this quality, called Courage.

The World — who has been a blockhead from the beginning and is not likely to grow a whit wiser to the end — the World has, almost universally, held Courage to consist in *action* and *prowess;* in the wrathfulness and death-doing hand of an Achilles; or in the kindling spirit of those, who will not bear the smallest appearance of an insult, who will burst through all the bands of *friendship* and *humanity* rather than allow the slightest word or look of imagined disrespect to pass unrevenged or unblooded. Wherefore, as Truth and Nature lie buried under such an accumulation of *customs* and *prejudices*, it may be necessary to set up such criterions and landmarks, as shall save us from straying in our disquisition and search after this so highly-respected *male* Virtue.

All are clearly agreed in their ideas of this position — that Courage and Fear are in their natures incompatible; that wherever Courage is, so far as it prevails, it casts aside Fear; and that wherever Fear is, so far as it prevails, it casts aside Courage.

Now, one of the surest symptoms of Fear, is *anger;* for, what should provoke us to *anger* against that from which we have nothing to apprehend? I once saw a huge Mastiff walking peaceably through a village, when a little wretch of a Cur rushed from one of the hamlets and made a furious assault: he sprung up toward the throat of the patient creature; but not being able to reach it, he exercised his inveteracy by biting at his heels. The noble brute, being thus teased and pestered by his despicable adversary, set a monstrous fore-paw upon him and pressed him to the earth; then, lifting a hind-leg, he poured upon him the lowest mark of contempt; when he permitted the impotent animal to rise, which ran all dismayed and yelping away. I question if this prince of dogs, in all his conquests and engagements with his equals in combat, had ever given so incontestable a proof of the truth of his Courage as he did at this period.

This little anecdote may serve to illustrate an approved observation — that Cowards are *cruel*, but that the Brave delight in *forbearance* and *mercy*. The reason of this is deeply founded in Nature.

Cowardice has no concern or interest in anything save Self. Provided Self is safe and unhurt, it cares not what calamities may fall or be poured upon the rest of mankind. When it feels an apprehension of Danger, however distant, it conceives an implacable hatred against the point or party from whence the danger may proceed: wrath and revenge anticipate the dreaded damage in its bosom; and it is studious and solicitous, by all, by any means, however treacherous or deadly, to prevent the nearer approach of the hurt apprehended.

Let us now inquire, what portion of genuine Courage the heroes of the applauded custom of Duelling can boast.

The man who, purposely and deliberately, thirsts after the blood and life of his fellow, is possessed by as dark and inhuman a demon, as he who dwelt among the tombs. But, Duellists are not wholly of this malignant nature; it is not *cruelty*, but *cowardice*, that compels them to engage. The World, dispassionately, halloos them at each other, as it would set mastiffs or game-cocks at variance, for the diversion of the spectators. It says to these combatants —

"Forshame! gentlemen; be just to your own honor; respect yourselves above God and mankind; better to bleed, to perish, than to live with reproach!" And thus, frequently, without resentment or ill-will to their opponents, men plunge their reluctant weapons into the bosoms of each other, being scared and impelled thereto by the spectre called Censure, which they dread even worse than *death* or *futurity*.

Courage may well be supported in time of *action* or *contest;* it has not leisure to sink or droop during an agitation of spirits. But, when these stays are removed, when *calamity* or *death* comes to meet us in all the silent apparatus and black pomp of impending Destruction, the Courage that can give it an undismayed and calm welcome must be from above.

The most indubitable, the most divine species of Courage, subsists in *patience*—when the soul is divested and stripped of all external assistances; when the assaults are all on one side, and no kind of action, offensive or defensive, are admitted on the other, to maintain the flame of life, or support failing existence; but where all the concerns of Self are submitted, without reluctance, to the worst extremes, to all that the World can inflict, or that Time can bring to pass. Such a *Patience* opens the gates of the soul upon Eternity, and lends it wings to issue forth in beatified *Benevolence* upon God and all his Creatures.

Agreeable to this, the devoted "Captain of our Salvation," was informed with a *Patience*, and, consequently, with a Courage, infinitely surpassing all that can be imagined of the spirit and heroism of renowned antiquity. Earth and Hell had united their utmost efforts against him; his disappointed countrymen gnashed at him with their teeth; they, and their forefathers, had looked for a temporal Messiah, who should deliver them from subjection, and constitute them Lords and Rulers and Princes upon earth. But when this, their true and all-gracious Messiah declared, that he came to invite them to a better kingdom of peace, and that his dominion was not of this world; they could set no limits to the inveteracy and madness of their rage; which was farther inflamed by all the Powers of Darkness, against this their only feared and formidable fo. Wherefore, they took, and bound, scourged, buffeted, reviled, mocked, spurned, and spit upon him; they pierced through, and rent in sunder, the fibred and feeling seats of the most exquisite sensation; and, while he cried — "Father! forgive them; they know not what they do!"

they lifted his agonizing body on high, that all might deride and make sport of his anguish; till being nearly all a wound, and every suffering inflicted and expended upon him, by tortures the most poignant, most bitter and excruciating, that humanity, on this side Death, could sustain, he bowed his sacred head, triumphantly cried — "It is finished!" and issued forth in warm and limitless *Benevolence* to the Salvation which he purchased through his Love, transcending love, for the universe of his lapsed creatures.

I am very sensible that the matters which I have presumed to set forth, stand counter to all the opinions, persuasions, and customs, received and established, from the beginning of the world, by almost all mankind: but, in the investigation of Truth, one ought to examine things simply as they stand in Nature, without bias or attention to any authority save that of Truth alone.

With regard to the virtue of Chastity, which is emphatically termed *female*, independent of that purity of heart and inclinations which render a Chaste woman a special object of delight to God and his holy Angels, it is a Virtue, of all others, the most important to mankind, and of the most diffusive tendency, respecting *Benevolence*, of any of the virtues. On this capital hinge, the whole family of the Human species, the great and extensive brotherhood of Man is suspended.

The consequences and influences of Female Chastity reach through earth and heaven, through time and through eternity. Woman is the sacred repository, wherein and whereto the Supreme of Beings hath been pleased to entrust the divine semblances and images of his ever blessed person; the grand nursery, the appointed community of those saints that are to rejoice with their all-gracious Prototype from eternity to eternity. Wo to the wretch! who shall make a breach or inroad into this divine institution and economy of her Creator; who shall horridly introduce the brutal custom of common Bestiality into the elect Species of the children of God. But thrice blessed is She, who shall preserve the entrusted temple of the human-form-divine, to be returned to Him a chaste deposite and oblation without spot or defilement!

History affords several shining instances of Female Chastity. The most celebrated, but least of all entitled to praise, as I take it, is that of Lucretia.

Young Tarquin, son to the King of Rome, became desperately enamored of her, though Wife to his friend and

kinsman Collatinus. He entered her chamber at midnight, with a dagger in his grasp, and threatened instant Death if she refused to comply with his wishes; but she boldly bid him strike, and said, she chose Death before Dishonor! He then swore, that if she did not consent to his embraces, he would cover her Name and Character with everlasting infamy; that after killing her, he would stab one of her male slaves, and lay him in her bed, and declare that he had caught them in the act of Adultry. This last threat prevailed. She could not bear to be reputed a Strumpet by the public, and she surrendered her Virtue to save her Reputation. She afterwards shed her blood in atonement of her consent — but the Stain still remains! I pity, but cannot acquit or honor her.

How incomparably more worthy the plaudit of Men and Angels, was the Daughter of Susannah! Two of the principal Elders of Israel, whose Characters were held sacred and reverable among the people, conspired against her for the gratification of their lusts. They came upon her in her garden, while bathing alone; and threatened, if she refused to admit their caresses, they would bear witness they had caught her in the fact with a Paramour, and, by their joint testimony, at once deprive her of Reputation and Life. This, she was sensible, was in their power, and she doubted not of their resolution to effect their execrable purpose. But she continued unshaken; determined to surrender both Life and Fame, rather than swerve from the ordinance of her God, or yield her Chaste body to the touch of polution. She was, consequently, arraigned and condemned upon the testimony of her false accusers, grown ancient in sin. But on the way, while they conducted her to execution, God sent his young Prophet to deliver his approved servant, and to retort on the grey and perjured heads of her adversaries the Death and Defamation which they had machinated against her.

There are several other signal proofs of Female Purity recorded in Story. Such as that of a young lady, who, to avoid the caresses of Demetrius, the most beautiful and accomplished prince of the age, cast herself into a Cauldron of boiling water. But that which stands foremost in the rolls of Female renown, which tends highest to the estimation and respectableness of the Sex, was exhibited at the celebrated Abbey of Glastonbury.

A little preceding the reign of Alfred the Great, the Danes invaded England; and, in their rout through the land, a party of their army approached and begirt the Abbey, carrying on a degenerate and ignominious warfare

against feeble and defenceless Women — against the very persons whom Nature, Honor, Manhood, enjoined them to protect. But the obscene and licentious soldiery had confederated among themselves, to sate their lusts by the rape of all the Virgins. The alarmed and forlorn Ladies were aware of their intention; and, after some consultation, determined on the manner in which they would receive their adversaries; for the princely and beauteous Abbess had represented to her associates, that the most effectual way to repulse and to quell the abherred lust of their invaders, would be — wholly to deface those external attractions that excited their desire. Wherefore, the moment they heard the gates breaking open, the young Mother of these Maidens began the wonderous precedent, and all her Daughters followed the glorious example. They mangled their fair and lovely faces with bloody and affrighting gashes. — O the unparalleled beauty of such deformity! — The Dames rushed in, but suddenly stopped, shrunk back with horror, and made a slow and silent retreat. Again, provoked to be thus defeated of their prey, they gathered heaps of combustibles, and set fire to the pile on all sides; when this company of sacred and incomparable Virgins ascended in the flame, the purest and most acceptable oblation to the Throne of Grace and Purity, that ever was offered either before or subsequent to "the Sacrifice on the Cross." BROOKE.

CATO'S *Soliloquy*,

On the Immortality of the Soul.

CATO *sitting in a thoughtful posture: in his hand* Plato's *book on the Immortality of the Soul. A drawn Sword on the table by him.*

It must be so! — Plato! thou reasonest well:
Else, whence this pleasing hope, (*a*) this fond desire,
This longing after Immortality?
Or, whence this secret dread, and inward horror,
Of falling into naught? Why shrinks the Soul
Back on herself, and startles at Destruction? (*b*)
'Tis the Divinity that stirs within us; (*c*)

(*a*) Else, whence this pleasing hope — *Vanwaar anders, deze aangename hoop?*
(*b*) And startles at Destruction? — *En schrikt voor de Vernietiging?*
(*c*) That stirs within us — *Die in ons werkt.*

'Tis Heaven itself that points out an Hereafter,
And intimates (*d*) Eternity to man.
Eternity! thou pleasing — dreadful thought!
Through what variety of untried being, (*e*)
Through what new scenes and changes must we pass?
The wide, the unbounded prospect lies before me;
But shadows, clouds, and darkness, rest upon it.
Here will I hold — If there's a Power above us,
(And that there is, all Nature cries aloud
Through all her works,) He must delight in Virtue;
And *that* which He delights in, must be happy!
But when! or where! this world was *made* for Cesar (*f*)
I'm weary of conjectures — This must must end 'em!
(*Laying his hand on his Sword.*
Thus am I doubly armed; my death and life,
My bane and antidote, (*g*) are both before me —
This in a moment brings me to an end;
But *this* informs me I shall never die.
The Soul, secured in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point: (*h*)
The Stars shall fade away, the Sun himself
Grow dim with age, and Nature sink in years,
But Thou! shalt flourish in Immortal Youth,
Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds!
What means this heaviness that hangs upon me?
This lethargy that creeps through all my senses?
Nature oppressed, and harrassed out with care,
Sinks down to rest! This once I'll favor her,
That my awakened soul may take her flight
Renewed in all her strength, and fresh with life,
An Offering fit for Heaven (*i*). Let guilt or fear
Disturb man's rest, Cato knows neither of 'em —
Indifferent, in his choice, to Sleep or Die.

ADDISON.

(*d*) Intimates — *geeft te kennen.*

(*e*) Untried being — *onbeproefd bestaan.*

(*f*) This world was made for Cesar — for, had it not been so, the Gods, whom I have endeavoured to serve, would surely have permitted me to have conquered Cesar; instead of which, He goes on, from conquest to conquest; in spite of all oppositions; and now, at length, I see that the Gods ordain that Cesar, and not Cato, must be victorious.

(*g*) My bane and antidote — *mijn vergift en tegengift;* that is, my cross and blessedness.

(*h*) Smiles at the drawn dagger, and defies its point — *Glimlagt tegen de uitgetogene dolk, en tarts zijn punt.*

(*i*) An Offering fit for Heaven — *Eene offerhande geschikt voor den Hemel.*

MARIA, *of Moulines.*

— They were the sweetest notes I ever heard; and I instantly let down the foreglass to hear them more distinctly. —— 'Tis Maria; said the postillion, observing I was listening — Poor Maria! continued he, (leaning his body on one side to let me see her, for he was in a line between us) is sitting upon a bank playing her Vespers upon her pipe, with her little Goat beside her.

The young fellow uttered this with an accent and a look so perfectly in tune to a feeling heart, that I instantly made a vow, I would give him a four-and-twenty sous piece, when I got to Moulines:

— And who is poor Maria? said I.

The love and pity of all the villages around us; said the postillion—it is but three years ago, that the sun did not shine upon so fair, so quick-witted, and amiable a maid; and better fate did Maria deserve, than to have her banns forbid, by the intrigues of the curate of the parish who published them—

He was going on, when Maria, who had made a short pause, put the pipe to her mouth and began the air again, —they were the same notes — yet were ten times sweeter; It is the evening service to the Virgin; said the young man —but who has taught her to play it—or how she came by her pipe, no one knows; we think that Heaven has assisted her in both; for ever since she has been unsettled in her mind, it seems her only consolation—she has never once had the pipe out of her hand, but plays that Service upon it almost night and day.

The postillion delivered this with so much discretion and natural eloquence, that I could not help deciphering something in his face above his condition, and should have sifted out his history, had not poor Maria taken such full possession of me.

We had got up by this time almost to the bank where Maria was sitting; she was in a thin white jacket, with her hair, all but two tresses, drawn up in a sik net, with a few olive leaves twisted a little fantastically on one side—she was beautiful; and if ever I felt the full force of an honest heart-ake, it was the moment I saw her.

God help her! poor damsel! above a hundred masses, said the postillion, have been said in the several parish churches and convents around for her—but without effect; we have still hopes, as she is sensible for short intervals,

that the Virgin at last will restore her to herself; but her parents, who know her best, are hopeless upon that score, and think her senses are lost for ever."

As the postillion said this, Maria made a cadence so melancholy, so tender and querulous, that I sprung out of the chaise to help her, and found myself sitting betwixt her and her goat before I relapsed from my enthusiasm.

Maria looked wistfully for some time at me, and then at her goat — and then at me — and then at her goat again — and so on alternately:

— 'Well, Maria,' said I softly — What resemblance do you find?

I do entreat the candid reader to believe me, that it was from the humblest conviction of what a Beast man is, that I asked the question; and that I would not have let fall an unseasonable pleasantry in the venerable presence of Misery, to be entitled to all the wit that ever Rabelais scattered.

Adieu, Maria! — adieu, poor hapless damsel! — some time, but not now, I may hear thy sorrows from thy own lips — but I was deceived; for, that moment she took her pipe, and told me such a tale of wo with it, that I rose up, and with broken and irregular steps walked softly to my chaise.

Second part.

When we had got within half a league of Moulines, at a little opening in the road leading to a thicket, I discovered poor Maria sitting under a poplar — she was sitting with her elbow in her lap, and her head leaning on one side within her hand — a small brook ran at the foot of the tree.

I bade the postillion go on with the chaise to Moulines — and La Fleur to bespeak my supper — and that I would walk after him.

She was dressed in white, and much as my friend described her, except that her hair hung loose, which before was twisted within a silk net. She had superadded likewise to her jacket, a pale green ribband, which fell across her shoulder to the waist; at the end of which hung her pipe. Her Goat had been as faithless as her Lover; and she had got a little Dog in lieu of him, which she had kept tied by a string to her girdle; as I looked at her dog, she drew him towards her with the string — "Thou shalt not leave me, Sylvio," said she. I looked in Maria's eyes, and saw she was thinking more of her Father than of her lover or

dier little goat; for as she uttered them, the tears trickled down her cheeks.

I sat down close by her; and Maria let me wipe them away as they fell, with my handkerchief. I then steeped it in my own — and then in her's — and then in mine — and then I wiped her's again — and, as I did it, I felt such undescribable emotions within me, as I am sure could not be accounted for from any combinations of matter and motion.

I am positive I have a soul; nor can all the books with which Materialists have pestered the world ever convince me of the contrary.

When Maria had come a little to herself, I asked her if she remembered a pale thin person of a man, who had sat down betwixt her and her goat, about two years before? She said, she was unsettled much at that time, but remembered it upon two accounts — that, ill as she was, she saw the person pitied her; and next, that her goat had stolen his handkerchief, and she had beat him for the theft — she had washed it, she said, in the brook, and kept it ever since in her pocket, to restore it to him in case she should ever see him again; which, she added, he had half promised her. As she told me this, she took the handkerchief out of her pocket, to let me see it; she had folded it up neatly in a couple of vine leaves, tied round with a tendril — on opening it, I saw an S marked in one of the corners.

She had since that, she told me, strayed as far as Rome, and walked round St. Peter's once — and returned back — that she found her way alone across the Appennines — had travelled over all Lombardy, without money — and through the flinty roads of Savoy, without shoes: how she had borne it, and how she had got supported, she could not tell — but God tempers the wind, said Maria, to the shorn lamb.

Shorn indeed! and to the quick, said I; and wert thou in my own land, where I have a cottage, I would take thee to it and shelter thee; thou shouldst eat of my own bread, and drink of my own cup — I would be kind to thy Sylvio — in all thy weaknesses and wanderings I would seek after thee, and bring thee back — when the sun went down I would say my prayers, and when I had done, thou shouldst play thy evening song upon thy pipe nor would the incence of my sacrifice be worse accepted, for entering heaven along with that of a broken heart.

Nature melted within me, as I uttered this; and Maria observing, as I took out my handkerchief, that it was steeped too much already to be of use, would needs go wash it in the stream — And were will you dry it, Maria?

said I — I will dry it in my bosom; said she — it will do me good.

And is your heart still so warm, Maria? said I.

I touched upon the string on which hung all her sorrows — she looked with wistful disorder for some time in my face; and then, without saying anything, took her pipe, and played her service to the Virgin — The string I had touched ceased to vibrate — in a moment or two Maria returned to herself — let her pipe fall — and rose up.

And where are you going, Maria? said I — She said to Moulines — Let us go, said I, together — Maria put her arm within mine, and lengthening the string to let the dog follow — in that order we entered Moulines.

Though I hate salutations and greetings in the market-place, yet when we got into the middle of this, I stopped to take my last look and last farewel of Maria.

Maria, though not tall, was, nevertheless, of the first order of fine forms; Affliction had touched her looks with something that was scarce earthly — still she was feminine: and so much was there about her of all that the heart wishes, or the eyes look for in Woman, that could the traces be ever worn out of her brain, and those of Eliza's out of mine, she should not only eat of my bread and drink of my own cup, but Maria should lie in my bosom, and be unto me as a daughter.

Adieu, poor luckless maiden! — imbibe the oil and wine which the compassion of a stranger, as he journeyeth on his way, now pours into thy wounds — that Being only, who has twice bruised thee, can bind them up for ever.

STERNE.

The Orphan and Lord LINSEY-WOLSEY.

"Pity, my lord! the wretched plight
Of a lone Orphan, faint and weary;
No home by day, no bed by night,
Exposed to tempests wild and dreary:

"I have no friend, I have no food,
Alas! I know not Where to wander;
But I was told, you folks were good,
Who roll in wealth and shine in grandeur."

'Young gipsy! if your tale be true,
Say, Where your parents Life departed?'
"My Father fell at Waterloo;
My Mother died quite broken-hearted:

"She sought my Sire among the dead,
And sunk upon his bosom gory" —
'O, if they died on Honor's bed,
My child, they're covered o'er with Glory!'

"And what is Glory, my good lord?
Will it relieve the Orphan's hunger,
A shelter, food, and clothes, afford?
O say — for I can't live much longer!"

'The Nation, child! will see you fed,
Posterity will learn your story;
Your parents died on Honor's bed,
And they are covered o'er with Glory!'

This said, he, with a hasty pace,
From the lone Orphan, whistling, parted;
The tears bedewed her pallid face,
And down she sunk, half broken-hearted:

When, to her aid, a Soldier flew,
Who had o'erheard her artless story;
He knew her Sire at Waterloo,
And saw him — *covered o'er with Glory* —

"Come, Orphan! to my arms," he cried,
"And I will screen thee from the weather;
"Close at my side thy parents died,
"And, for their sakes, we'll lodge together:

"I have a pension — and a cot,
"Where thou shalt live till I am hoary;
"Here, wrap thee, in this old *Watch-coat*,
"'Tis warmer than his lordship's *Glory*."

Anonymous.

The Reading of the Common-Prayer.

The well Reading of the *Common-Prayer* is of so great importance, and so much neglected, that I take the liberty to offer to your consideration some particulars on that subject. And what more worthy your observation than this? A thing so public, and of so high consequence. It is indeed wonderful, that the frequent exercise of it should not make the performers of that duty more expert in it. This inability, as I conceive, proceeds from the little care that is taken of their Reading while Boys, and at School, where, when they have got into Latin, they are looked upon as above English, the reading of which is wholly neglected, or at least read to very little purpose, without any due observations made to them of the proper accent and manner of reading; by this means they have acquired such ill habits as will not easily be removed. The only way, that I know of, to remedy this, is, to propose some person of great ability in that way, as a Pattern for them; example being most effectual to convince the Learned, as well as instruct the Ignorant.

You must know, Sir, I have been a constant frequenter of the Service of the Church of England for above these four years last past, and until Sunday was seven-night never discovered, to so great a degree, the excellency of the *Common-Prayer*. When, being at Saint James's Garlic-Hill Church, I heard the *Service* read so distinctly, so emphatically, and so fervently, that it was next to an impossibility to be unattentive. My eyes and my thoughts could not wander as usual, but were confined to my Prayers. I then considered that I addressed myself to the Almighty, and not to a beautiful face. And when I reflected on my former performances of that duty, I found I had run it over as a matter of *form*, in comparison to the manner in which I then discharged it. My mind was really affected, and fervent wishes accompanied my words. The *Confession* was read with such a resigned humility, the *Absolution* with such a comfortable authority, the *Thanksgivings* with such a religious joy, as made me feel those affections of the mind in a manner I never did before. To remedy, therefore, the grievance above complained of, I humbly propose, that this excellent Reader, (*a*) upon the next and every annual Assembly of Sion-College, and all other Conventions, should Read *Prayers* before them. For then those that are afraid of stretching their mouths, and spoiling their

(*a*) Mr. Philip Stubbs — the Rector of the Parish.

soft voices, will learn to read with *clearness*, *loudness*, and *strength*. Others that affect a rakish, negligent air, by folding their arms and lolling on their books, will be taught a *decent* behaviour, and comely erection of body. Those that read so fast, as if impatient of their work, may learn to speak *deliberately*. There is another sort of persons whom I call Pindaric-Readers, as being confined to no set measure; these pronounce five or six words with great deliberation, and the five or six subsequent ones with as great celerity: the first part of a sentence with a very exalted voice, and the latter part with a very submissive one: sometimes with one sort of a tone, and immediately after with a very different one. These gentlemen will learn of my admired Reader an *evenness* of voice and delivery; and all who are innocent of these affectations, but Read with such an *indifferency* as if they did not understand the language, may then be informed of the *Art of Reading* movingly and fervently, how to place the emphasis, and give the proper accent to each word, and how to vary the voice according to the nature of the sentence. There certainly is a very great difference between the reading of a Prayer and a Gazette, which I beg of you to inform a set of Readers, who affect, forsooth, a certain gentlemanlike familiarity of tone, and mend the language as they go on, crying, instead of "pardoneth and absolveth," '*pardons and absolves*.' These are often pretty classical scholars, and would think it an unpardonable sin to read Virgil or Martial with so little taste as they do Divine Service, &c.

As the matter of Worship is now managed in Dissenting Congregations, you find insignificant words and phrases raised by a lively vehemence; in our own Churches, the most exalted sense depreciated by a dispassionate indolence. I remember to have heard Doctor S——e (*a*) say in his pulpit, of the *Common-Prayer*, that, at least, it was as perfect as anything of human institution. If the gentlemen who err in this kind would please to recollect the many pleasantries they have read upon those who recite good things with an ill grace, they would go on to think that what in that case is only ridiculous, in themselves is impious. But leaving this to their own reflections, I shall conclude this essay with what Cesar said upon the irregularity of tone in one who read before him — "Do you Read or Sing? If you Sing, you sing very ill."

STEELE.

(*a*) S——e, Dr. Smalridge.

An Evening Address

To the Nightingale.

Sweet Bird! that, kindly perching near,
Pourest forth thy plaints, melodious, in my ear;
Not like base Worldlings, tutored to forego
The melancholy haunts of Wo;
Thanks! for thy sorrow-soothing strain:
For surely thou hast known to prove,
Like me, the pangs of hapless love;
Else, why so feelingly complain,
And with thy piteous notes thus sadden all the grove?
Say, dost Thou mourn thy ravished Mate,
That oft enamored on thy strains has hung?
Or, has the cruel hand of fate
Bereft thee of thy Young?
Alas — for BOTH I weep!!!

In all the pride of youthful charms,
A beauteous Bride — torn from my circling arms!
A lovely Babe — that should have lived to bless
And fill my doating eyes with frequent tears,
At once the source of Rapture and Distress,
The flattering prop of my declining years!
In vain from Death to rescue I essayed,
By every art that Science could devise;
Alas! It languished for a Mother's aid,
And winged its flight, to seek her in the skies!
Then, O! our comforts be the same —
At evening's peaceful hour,
To shun the noisy paths of wealth and fame,
And breathe our Sorrows in this lonely bower.

But why, alas! to Thee complain —
To Thee, unconscious of my pain!
Soon shalt Thou cease to mourn thy lot severe,
And hail the dawning of a Happier year:
The genial warmth of joy-renewing Spring
Again shall plume thy shattered wing;
Again thy little heart shall Transport prove,
Again shall flow thy notes responsive to thy Love.
But, Oh! for Me in vain may Seasons roll,
Naught can dry up the fountain of my tears;
Deploring still the *Comfort of my Soul*,
I count my Sorrows by increasing years.

Tell me, thou Syren Hope! deceiver, say,
Where is the promised Period of my woes?
Full three long lingering Years have rolled away,
And yet I weep, a stranger to Repose:
O, what Delusion did thy tongue employ!
"That Emma's fatal *Pledge of Love* —
"Her last bequest — with all a Mother's care,
"The *bitterness of sorrow* should remove,
"Soften the *horrors* of Despair,
"And *cheer* a Heart long lost to joy!"

How oft, when fondling in my arms,
Gazing — enraptured — on its angel face,
My soul the maze of Fate would vainly trace,
And burn with all a Father's fond alarms!
And, O, what flattering scenes had Fancy feigned —
How did I rave of Blessings yet in store!
Till every aking sense was *sweetly pained*,
Nor my full Heart could bear, nor Tongue could utter, more.

'Just Heaven!' I cried, with recent Hopes elate,
'Yet I will Live — will live, though Emma's dead —
'So long bowed down beneath the storms of Fate,
'Yet will I raise my wo-dejected head!
'My little Emma — now, my ALL —
'Will want a Father's care;
'Her looks, her wants, my rash resolves recal,
'And for her Sake, the *Ills of Life* I'll bear:
'And oft together we'll complain —
'Complaint — the only bliss my soul can know!
'From Me, my Child shall learn the mournful strain,
'And prattle Tales of Wo:
'And, O, in that auspicious hour,
'When Fate resigns her persecuting power,
'With duteous zeal, Her hand shall close —
'No more to Weep — my Sorrow-streaming eyes,
'When Death gives Misery repose,
'And opes a glorious passage to the skies.'

Vain thought! it must not be — She too is Dead!
The flattering scene is o'er!
My Hopes for ever — ever fled —
And Vengeance can no more!
Crushed by Misfortune — blasted by Disease —
And none — None left to bear a *friendly* part!

To meditate my welfare, health, or ease,
Or soothe the anguish of my aking heart!
Now all one gloomy scene, till welcome Death,
With *lenient* hand — O, falsely deemed *severe* —
Shall kindly stop my Grief-exhausted breath,
And dry up every tear:
Perhaps, obsequious to my *will*;
(But ah! from my *affection* far removed!)
The last sad office Strangers may fulfil —
As if I ne'er had been beloved:
As if, unconscious of Poetic fire,
I ne'er had touched the trembling lyre;
As if my niggard hand ne'er dealt relief,
Nor my heart melted at *another's* Grief.

Yet, while this weary life shall last,
While yet my tongue can form the impassioned strain,
In piteous accents shall the Muse complain,
And dwell, with fond delay, on Blessings past:
For, O, how grateful to a wounded heart,
The Tale of Misery to impart!
From other's eyes bid artless sorrows flow,
And raise Esteem upon the base of Wo!
E'en He, the noblest of the Tuneful throng, (*a*)
Shall deign my Love-lorn Tale to hear;
Shall catch the soft contagion of my Song,
And pay my pensive Muse the tribute of — a Tear.

SHAW.

(*a*) Lord Lyttleton; whose Monody was considered the finest in the Language, until Shaw's Monody appeared; (see page 173 of this Volume;) when his Lordship, in a eulogium on Shaw's production, resigned all claim to eminence.

Cowper's are classed among the best-written *Familiar Letters* in the English Language. The following has not been selected, but taken indiscriminately, merely as a specimen of his easy style.

From Rev WM. COWPER *to Rev.* WM. UNWIN.

My dear William, Nov. 10, 1783.

I have lost, and wasted, almost all my writing time, in making an alteration in the Verses I either inclose, or subjoin, for I know not which will be the case at present. If Prose comes readily, I shall transcribe them on another sheet, otherwise on this. You will understand, before you have read many of them, that they are not for

the Press. I lay you under no other injunctions. The unkind behaviour of our acquaintance, though it is possible that, in some instances, it may not much affect our happiness, nor engage many of our thoughts, will sometimes obtrude itself upon us with a degree of importunity not easily resisted; and then, perhaps, though almost insensible of it before, we feel more than the occasion will justify. In such a moment it was, that I conceived this poem, and gave loose to a degree of resentment, which, perhaps I ought not to have indulged, but which in a cooler hour I cannot altogether condemn. My former intimacy with the two characters was such, that I could not but feel myself provoked by the neglect with which they both treated me on a late occasion. So much by way of preface.

You ought not to have supposed, that if you had visited us last summer, the pleasure of the interview would have been all your own. By such an imagination you wrong both yourself and us. Do you suppose we do not love you? You cannot suspect your Mother of coldness; and as to me, assure yourself I have no friend in the world with whom I communicate *without the least reserve*, yourself excepted. Take heart then; and when you find a favorable opportunity to come, assure yourself of such a welcome from us both, as you have a right to look for. But I have observed in your two last letters, somewhat of a dejection and melancholy, that I am afraid you do not sufficiently strive against. I suspect you of being too Sedentary. *You cannot Walk* — Why you cannot is best known to yourself. I am sure your legs are long enough, and your person does not overload them. But I beseech you Ride, and ride often. I think I have heard you say you cannot even do that without an Object. Is not Health an object? Is not a new prospect, which in most countries is gained at the end of every mile, an object? Assure yourself, that Easy-chairs are no friends to Cheerfulness, and that a long winter, spent by the Fire-side, is a prelude to an Unhealthy spring. Everything I see in the fields, is to me an object; and I can look at the same Rivulet or at a handsome Tree, every day of my life, with new pleasure. This indeed, is partly the effect of a Natural taste for Rural beauty, and partly the effect of Habit; for I never, in all my life, have let slip the opportunity of breathing Fresh-air, and conversing with Nature, when I could fairly catch it. I earnestly recommend a cultivation of the same Taste to you, suspecting that you have neglected it, and suffer for doing so.

HENRY *Vth's Address to his Soldiers,*

at the Siege of Harfleur.

Alarums, Enter King HENRY, EXETER, BEDFORD, GLOSTER, *and Soldiers, with scaling Ladders.*

Once more unto the breach (*a*), dear friends! once more;
Or close the wall up with our English dead.
In Peace, there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility:
But when the blast of War blows in our ears,
Then, imitate the action of the Tiger;
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard-favored rage:
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;
Let it pry through the portage of the head,
Like the brass cannon; let the brow o'erwhelm it,
As fearfully, as doth a galled rock
O'erhang and jutty (*b*) his confounded base,
Swilled with the wild and wasteful ocean.
Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostril wide;
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
To his full height. On — on, you Noblest English!
Whose blood is fetched from Fathers of War proof;
Fathers! that like so many Alexanders,
Have, in these parts, from morn till even fought,
And sheathed their swords for lack of argument.
Dishonor not your Mothers; now attest
That those, whom you called Fathers, did beget you.
Be copy now to men of grosser blood;
And teach them *how* to war! — And you, good Yeomen! (*c*)
Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
The mettle of your pasture; let us swear
That you are worth your breeding! which I doubt not;
For there is none of you so mean and base,
That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.
I see you stand like Greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start: the game's afoot;
Follow your spirit; and, upon this Charge,
Cry — *God for Harry! England! and Saint George!*

SHAKESPEARE.

(*a*) Breach — *bres.*
(*b*) Jutty — *vooruitstekend.*
(*c*) Yeomen — *lijfwachten*, here *landlieden.*

LECTURE X.

On the Pronunciation of the English Language, concluded.

Lord Chatham.

The Secretary stood alone. Modern degeneracy had not reached him. Original and unaccommodating, the features of his character had the hardihood of antiquity. His august mind overawed Majesty itself. No state chicanery, no narrow system of vicious politics, no idle contest for ministerial victories, sunk him *to the vulgar level of the Great;* but, overbearing, persuasive, and impracticable, his *object* was England, his *ambition* was Fame. Without dividing, he destroyed party; without corrupting, he made a venal age unanimous. France sunk beneath him. With one hand he smote the House of Bourbon, and wielded in the other the Democracy of England. The sight of his mind was Infinite; and his schemes were to affect, not merely England, not the present age only, but Europe and posterity. Wonderful were the means by which these schemes were accomplished; always seasonable, always adequate—the suggestions of an understanding animated by ardor, and enlightened by prophecy.

The ordinary feelings which make life amiable and indolent were unknown to Him. No domestic difficulties, no domestic weakness reached Him: but, aloof from the sordid occurrences of life, and unsullied by its intercourse, he came occasionally into our system, to counsel and to decide.

A character so exalted, so strenuous, so various, so authoritative, astonished a corrupt age, and the Treasury trembled at the name of Pitt, through all her classes of venality. Corruption imagined, indeed, that she had found defects in this Statesman, and talked much of the inconsistency of his glory, and much of the ruin of his victories, but the History of his Country and the Calamities of the Enemy, answered and refuted her.

Nor were his Political abilities his only talents. His Eloquence was an era in the Senate, peculiar and spontaneous, familiarly expressing gigantic sentiments and instinctive wisdom; not like the torrent of Demosthenes, or the splendid conflagration of Tully; it resembled sometimes the thunder, and sometimes the music of the spheres. He did not conduct the understanding through the painful subtilty of argumentation; nor was he for ever on the rack of exertion; but rather lightened upon the subject, and reached the point by the flashings of the mind — which, like those of his eye, were felt, but could not be followed.

Upon the whole, there was in this man something that could *create*, *subvert*, or *reform*; an understanding, a spirit, and an eloquence, to summon mankind to society, to break the bonds of slavery assunder, and to rule the wildness of free minds with unbounded authority; something that could establish or overwhelm Empire, and strike a blow in the world that should resound through the Universe.

ROBERTSON.

The Actor.

The Player's province they but vainly try
Who want these powers — Deportment, Voice, and Eye.
The Critic's sight 'tis only *grace* can please;
No figure charms us if it has not *ease*.
There are, who think the *stature* all in all;
Nor like the hero, if he is not tall.
The *feeling sense* all other want supplies;
I rate no Actor's *merit* from his *size*:
Superior height requires superior grace;
And what's a giant with a vacant face?
Theatric monarchs, in their tragic gait,
Affect to mark the solemn pace of state;
One foot put forward, in position strong,
The other, like its vassal, dragged along:
So grave each motion, so exact and slow,
Like wooden monarchs at a puppet-show.
The mein delights us that has *native* grace,
But *affectation* ill supplies its place.
Unskilful Actors, like your mimic apes,
Will writhe their bodies in a thousand shapes —

However foreign from the Poet's art,
No tragic Hero but admires a Start:
What though *unfeeling* of the nervous line,
Who but allows — his *attitude* is fine?
While a whole minute equipoised he stands,
Till Praise dismiss him with her echoing hands!
Resolved, though *nature* hate the tedious pause,
By perseverence to extort applause:
When Romeo, sorrowing at his Juliet's doom,
With eager madness bursts the canvas tomb,
The sudden whirl, stretched leg, and lifted staff,
Which please the Vulgar, make the Critic laugh.
To paint the Passion's force, and mark it well,
The proper Action *nature's self* will tell:
No pleasing power Distortions e'er express,
And nicer judgement always lothes excess.
Of all the evils which the Stage molest,
I hate your Fool who overacts his jest;
Who murders what the poet finely writ,
And, like a bungler, haggles all his Wit —
With shrug, and grin, and gesture out of place,
And writes a foolish comment, with his face.
The Word and Action should conjointly suit,
But Acting *words* is labor too minute.
Grimace will ever lead the Judgement wrong;
While sober Humor marks the impression strong.
Her proper traits the fixed attention hit,
And bring me closer to the poet's wit;
With her, delighted, o'er each scene I go,
Well-pleased — and not ashamed of being so.
But let the generous Actor still forbear
To copy features with a Mimic's care:
'Tis a poor skill, which every fool can reach,
A vile stage-custom, honored in the breach:
Worse as more close — the disengenuous art
But shows the wanton looseness of the heart.
When I beheld a wretch, of talents mean,
Drag *private* foibles on the public scene,
Forsaking nature's fair and open road
To mark some whim, some strange, peculiar mode;
Fired with disgust, I lothe his servile plan,
Despise the mimic, and *abhor* the Man!
Go to the Lame, to Hospitals repair,
And hunt for humor in *distortions* there!
Fill up the measure of the moteley whim
With shrug, wink, snuffle, and convulsive limb;

Then shame, at once, to please a trifling Age;
Good sense, good manners, virtue, and the stage!
'Tis not enough the Voice be sound and clear,
'Tis *modulation* that must charm the ear.
When desperate heroines grieve with tedious moan,
And whine their sorrows in a see-saw tone,
The same soft sounds of unimpassioned woes
Can only make the yawning hearers — doze.
The Voice *all modes of passion* can express,
Which marks the proper word with proper stress:
But none *emphatic* can that Actor call,
Who lays an equal emphasis on *all*.
Some o'er the tongue the labored measures roll
Slow and deliberate as the parting toll;
Point every stop, mark every pause so strong,
Their words, like stage-processions, stalk along:
All Affectation but creates disgust —
And e'en in Speaking we may seem *too just*.
In vain for them the pleasing measure flows,
Whose Recitation runs it all to prose;
Repeating what the poet set not down —
The verb disjointing from its friendly noun,
While pause, and break, and repetition join
To make a Discord in each tuneful line.
Some placid natures fill the allotted scene
With *lifeless drone*, insipid and serene:
While others *thunder* every couplet o'er,
And almost crack your ears with rant and roar.
More Nature oft, and finer strokes, are shown
In the low whisper, than tempestuous tone:
And Hamlet's *hollow* voice and *fixed* amaze
More powerful terror to the mind conveys,
Than he, who, swolen with big, impetuous rage,
Bullies the bulky phantom off the stage.
He who in earnest studies o'er his part,
Will find true Nature cling about his *heart*.
The modes of grief are not included all
In the white *handerchief* and mournful *drawl*;
A single *look* more marks the internal wo,
Than all the windings of the lengthened Oh!
Up to the *face* the quick sensation flies,
And darts its meaning from the speaking *eyes*;
Love Transport, Madness, Anger, Scorn, Despair,
And all the Passions — all the Soul is *there*.
O, ne'er may Folly seize the throne of Taste,
Nor Dulness lay the realms of Genius waste!

No bouncing crackers ope the thunderers fire,
No tumbler float upon the bending wire!
More natural uses to the Stage belong,
Than tumblers, monsters, pantomime, or song;
For other purpose was that spot designed —
To *purge* the Passions and *reform* the Mind;
To give to Nature all the force of Art,
And while it Charms the *Ear*, to Mend the *Heart*.

LLOYD.

Few men have left behind such purity of character, or such monuments of laborious piety, as Dr. Watts. He has provided instruction for all ages, from those who are lisping their first lessons, to the enlightened readers of Malbranche and Locke; he has left neither corporeal nor spiritual nature unexamined; he has taught the Art of Reasoning, and the Science of the Stars.

As his mind was capacious, his curiosity excursive, and his industry continual, his writings are very numerous, and his subjects various. With his theological works I am only enough acquainted to admire his meekness of opposition, and his mildness of censure. It was not only in his book, but in his mind, that *orthodoxy* was *united* with *charity*.

Of his philosophical pieces, his Logic has been received into the Universities, and therefore wants no private recommendation.

Few books have been perused by me with greater pleasure than his "*Improvement of the Mind;*" of which the radical principles may indeed be found in Locke's "*Conduct of the Understanding;*" but they are so expanded and ramified by Watts, as to confer upon him the merit of a work in the highest degree useful and pleasing. WHOEVER HAS THE CARE OF INSTRUCTING OTHERS, MAY BE CHARGED WITH DEFICIENCE IN HIS DUTY IF THIS BOOK IS NOT RECOMMENDED.

Every man acquainted with the common principles of human action, will look with *Veneration* on the writer, who is at one time combating Locke, and at another making a Catechism for children in their Fourth year! *A voluntary descent from the dignity of Science, is, perhaps, the hardest lesson that Humility can teach.*

His character must be formed from the multiplicity and diversity of his attainments, rather than from any single performance.

JOHNSON.

Watts's intire Works may be had in 6 volumes, quarto, and 12 volumes, octavo, closely printed.

On Living Instructions and Lectures,

and

On Teachers and Learners.

I. There are few persons of so penetrating a genius, and so just a judgement, as to be capable of learning the Arts

and Sciences without the assistance of Teachers. There is scarce any Science so safely and so speedily learned, even by the noblest genius and the best books, without a Tutor. Books are a sort of dumb teachers; they point out the way to learning; but if we labor under any doubt or mistake, they cannot answer sudden questions, or explain present doubts or difficulties: this is properly the work of a Living instructer.

II. There are very few Tutors who are sufficiently furnished with such universal learning as to sustain all the parts and provinces of Instruction. The Sciences are numerous, and many of them lie far wide of each other; and it is best to enjoy the instructions of Two or Three tutors at least, in order to run through the whole encyclopedia, or circle of Sciences, where it may be obtained; then we may expect that each will teach the few parts of learning which are committed to his care in greater perfection. But where this advantage cannot be had with convenience, one *great* man must supply the place of two or three *common* instructers.

III. It is not sufficient that Instructers be competently skilful in those sciences which they profess and teach; but *they should have Skill also in the Art or Method of Teaching*, AND PATIENCE IN THE PRACTICE OF IT.

It is a great unhappiness indeed, when persons by a spirit of party, or faction, or interest, or by purchace, are set up for Tutors, who have neither due *Knowledge* of Science, nor *Skill* in the way of Communication. And, alas! there are others, who, with all their Ignorance and Insufficiency, have *self-admiration* and *effrontery* enough to set up themselves; and the poor Pupils fare accordingly, and grow lean in their understandings.

And let it be observed also, there are some very Learned men, who know much themselves, but have not *the talent of communicating* their own knowledge; or, else, *they are lazy*, and will take no pains to do it. They have an obscure and perplexed way of talking — or they show their Learning uselessly, and make a long periphrasis on every word of the book they explain — or they cannot condescend to beginners — or they run presently into the elevated parts of the Science, because it gives themselves greater pleasure — or they are soon angry and impatient, and cannot bear with a few impertinent questions of a young inquisitive and sprightly genius — or, else, they skim over a Science, and never lead their Disciples into the depths of it.

IV. A good Tutor should have characters and qualifications very different from all these. He is such a one as both *can* and *will* apply himself with diligence and concern, and indefatigable *Patience*, to effect what he undertakes; to teach his disciples, and see that they learn; to adapt his way and method, as near as may be, to the various Dispositions, as well as to the Capacities, of those whom he instructs, and to inquire often into their progress and improvement.

And he should take particular care of his own Temper and Conduct, that there be nothing in him or about him which may be of ill example; nothing that may savor of a haughty temper, or a mean and sordid spirit; nothing that may expose him to the aversion or to the contempt of his Scholars, or create a prejudice in their minds against him and his instructions: but, if possible, he should have so much of a natural candor and sweetness mixed with all the improvements of learning, as might convey knowledge into the minds of his Disciples with a sort of gentle insinuation and sovereign delight, and may tempt them into the highest improvements of their Reason by a resistless and insensible force.

V. The Learner should attend with *constancy* and *care* on all the instructions of his Tutor; and if he happens to be at any time unavoidably hindered, he must endeavour to retrieve the loss by double industry for the time to come. He should always recollect and review his Lectures, read over some other author or authors upon the same subject, confer upon it with his Instructer, or with his Associates, and write down the clearest result of his present thoughts, reasonings, and inquiries, which he may have recourse to hereafter, either to re-examine them and to apply them to proper use, or to improve them farther to his own advantage.

VI. A Student should never satisfy himself with bare attendance on the Lectures of his Tutor, unless he clearly takes up his sense and meaning, and understands the things which he teaches. A Disciple should behave himself so well as to gain the affection and ear of his Instructer, that upon every occasion, he may, with the utmost freedom, ask questions, and talk over his own sentiments, his doubts, and difficulties with him, and in an humble and modest manner desire the solution of them.

VII. Let the Learner endeavour to maintain an honorable opinion of his Instructer, and heedfully listen to his Instructions, as one willing to be led by an experienced guide; and though he is not bound to fall in with every

sentiment of his Tutor, yet he should so far comply with him as to resolve upon a just Consideration of the matter, and try and examine it thoroughly, with an honest heart, before he presume to determine against him: and then it should be done with great modesty, with an humble jealousy of himself, and apparent unwillingness to differ from his Tutor, if the force of argument and truth did not *constrain* him.

VIII. It is a frequent and growing folly in our age, that pert young Disciples soon fancy themselves wiser than those who teach them: at the first view, or upon a very little thought they can discern the insignificancy, weakness, and mistake of what their Teacher asserts. The Youth of our day, by an early petulancy, and pretended liberty of *thinking for themselves*, dare reject at once, and that with a sort of scorn, all those Sentiments and Doctrines which their Teachers have determined, perhaps, after long and repeated consideration, after years of mature study, careful observation, and much prudent experience.

IX. It is true, *Teachers and Masters are not Infallible; nor are they always in the right;* and it must be acknowledged, it is a matter of some difficulty for younger minds to maintain a just and solemn veneration for the authority and advice of their Parents and the instructions of their Tutors, and yet, at the same time, to secure to themselves a just freedom in their own thoughts. We are sometimes too ready to imbibe all their sentiments without examination, if we reverence and love them; or, on the other hand, if we take all freedom to contest their opinions, we are sometimes tempted to cast off that love and reverence to their persons which God and Nature dictate. *Youth is ever in danger of these two extremes.*

X. But I think I may safely conclude thus — Though the *Authority* of a Teacher must not absolutely determine the *Judgement* of his Pupil, yet young, and raw, and unexperienced Learners should pay all the deference that can be to the Instructions of their Parents and Teachers, *short of absolute submission to their dictates.* Yet, still we must maintain this, that they should *never receive any opinion into their assent,* whether it be conformable or contrary to the Tutor's mind, *without sufficient evidence of it first given to their own Reasoning Powers.*

WATTS.

An Emblem.

Enter not into Judgement with thy servant; for in thy sight shall no man living be justified.

Psalm CXLIII. 2.

JESUS. JUSTICE. SINNER.

Jesus. Bring forth the prisoner, Justice.
Justice. Thy commands
Are done, just Judge! see, here the prisoner stands.
Jesus. What has the prisoner done — say, what's the cause
Of his commitment?
Justice. He hath broke the laws
Of his too gracious GOD; conspired the death
Of that great Majesty that gave him breath,
And heaps transgression, LORD, upon transgression.
Jesus. How knowest thou this?
Justice. E'en by his own confession:
His sins are crying — and they cried aloud;
They cried to Heaven — they cried to Heaven for blood.
Jesus. What sayest thou, Sinner — hast thou aught to plead
That sentence should not pass? hold up thy head,
And show thy brazen, thy rebellious face.
Sinner. Ah me! I dare not: I'm too vile and base
To tread upon the earth, much more to lift
My eyes to Heaven; I need no other shrift
Than my own conscience; LORD! I must confess,
I am no more than dust, and no whit less
Than my indictment styles me. Ah! if Thou
Search too severe, with too severe a brow,
What flesh can stand? I have transgressed thy laws;
My merits plead thy vengeance — not my cause.
Justice. LORD! shall I strike the blow?
Jesus. Hold! Justice, stay —
Sinner, speak on; what hast thou more to say?
Sinner. Vile as I am, and of myself abhorred,
I am thy handy-work, thy creature, LORD;
Stamped with thy glorious image, and, at first,
Most like to Thee, though now, a poor, accursed,
Convicted caitiff, and degenerate creature,

Here trembling at thy bar.
Justice. Thy fault's the greater!
LORD! shall I strike the blow?
Jesus. Hold! Justice, stay —
Speak, Sinner — hast thou nothing else to say?
Sinner. Nothing but Mercy — Mercy — LORD! my state
Is miserably, poor, and desperate;
I quite renounce myself, the world, and flee
From LORD to Jesus — from Thyself —— to THEE.
Justice. Cease thy vain hopes! my angry GOD has vowed,
Abused Mercy must have blood for blood —
Shall I now strike the blow?
Jesus. Stay! Justice, hold —
My bowels yearn, my fainting blood grows cold,
To view the trembling wretch: methinks I spy
My Father's image in the prisoner's eye. —
Justice. I cannot hold! —
Jesus. Then turn thy thirsty blade
Into my side — let there the wound be made:
Cheer up, dear Soul! redeem thy life with mine;
My soul shall smart, my heart shall bleed for thine.
Sinner. O, groundless deep! O love beyond degree!
The Offended dies —— to set the Offender free!!!

QUARLES.

From Lord CHESTERFIELD *to his Son.*

(*The Son in his Nineteenth year.*)

London, July the 9th, O. S. 1750.

My dear Friend,

I should not deserve that appellation in return from you, if I did not freely and explicitly inform you of every corrigible defect, which I may either hear of, suspect, or at any time discover in you. Those who in the common course of the world will call themselves your friends, or whom, according to the common notions of friendship, you may possibly think such, *will never tell you of your Faults*, still less of your Weaknesses. But, on the contrary, more desirous to make you their friend, than to prove themselves yours, they will flatter both, and, in truth, not be sorry for either. Interiorly, most people enjoy

the inferiority of their best friends. The useful and essential part of Friendship, to you, is reserved singly for Mr. Harte and myself; our relations to you stand pure, and unsuspected of all private views. In whatever we say to you, we can have no interest but yours. We can have no competition, no jealousy, no secret envy or malignity. We are therefore authorised to represent, advise, and remonstrate; and your Reason must tell you that you ought to attend to and believe us.

I am credibly informed, that there is still a considerable *hitch* or *hobble* in your Enunciation; and that when you speak fast, you sometimes speak unintelligibly. I have formerly and frequently laid my thoughts before you so fully upon this subject, that I can say nothing New upon it now. I must therefore only repeat, that your *whole* depends upon it. Your trade is *to speak well*, both in public and in private. The manner of your speaking is full as important as the matter, as more people have ears to be tickled, than understandings to judge. Be your productions ever so good, they will be of no use, if you stifle and strangle them in their birth. The best compositions of Corelli, if ill executed, and played out of tune, instead of touching, (as they do when well performed,) would only excite the indignation of the hearers, when murdered by an unskilful performer. But to murder your own productions, and that *coram populo*, is a *Medean* cruelty, which Horace absolutely forbids. Remember of what importance Demosthenes, and one of the Gracchi, thought Enunciation; read what stress Cicero, and Quintilian lay upon it; even the herb-women at Athens were correct judges of it. Oratory, with all its graces — that of Enunciation in particular — is full as necessary in our government, as it ever was in Greece or Rome. *No man can make a fortune or a figure in this Country, without speaking; and speaking Well in public.* If you will Persuade, you must first Please; and if you will Please, you must tune your voice to Harmony, you must articulate every Syllable distinctly, your emphases and cadences must be strongly and properly Marked; and the whole together must be Graceful and Engaging; if you do not speak in that manner, you had much better *not speak at all!* All the Learning you have, or ever can have, is not worth one Groat without it. It may be a comfort and an amusement to you in your Closet, but can be of no use to you in the World. Let me conjure you, therefore, to make this your only object, till you have absolutely conquered it — for that is

in your power; *think of nothing else, read and speak for nothing else.* Read aloud, though alone, and read articulately and distinctly, as if you were reading in public and on the most important occasion. Recite pieces of eloquence, declaim scenes of tragedies to Mr. Harte, as if he were a numerous audience. If there is any particular Consonant which you have a difficulty in articulating—as I think you had with the R—utter it *millions* and *millions of times*, till you have uttered it right. Never speak *quick*, till you have first learned to speak *well.* In short, lay aside every Book and every Thought that does not *directly* tend to this great object, *absolutely decisive of your future fortune and figure.*

The next thing necessary in your Destination, is, Writing *correctly*, *elegantly*, and in a *good hand* too; in which three particulars, I am sorry to tell you, that you hitherto fail. Your Hand-writing is a very bad one, and would make a scurvy figure in an Office-book of letters, or even in a Lady's pocket-book. But that fault is easily cured by care, since every man who has the use of his Eyes and of his Right-hand, *can Write whatever Hand he pleases.* As to the Correctness and Elegancy of your writing, attention to Grammar does the one, and to the best Authors the other.

Thus I have, with truth and freedom of the tenderest affection, told you all your defects, at least all that I know or have heard of. Thank God! they are all very curable, they must be cured, and I am sure you will cure them. That once done, nothing remains for you to acquire, or for me to wish you, but the *turn*, the *manners*, the *address*, and the *graces*, of the Polite World; which experience, observation, and good-company, will insensibly give you. Few people at your age have Read, Seen, and Known, so much as you have; and, consequently, few are so near as yourself to what I call *perfection* — by which, I only mean, being very near as well as the best. Far, therefore, from being discouraged by what you still want, what you already have should encourage you to attempt, and convince you that by attempting you will inevitably obtain it. The difficulties which you have surmounted were much greater than any you have now to encounter. Till very lately, your way has been only through thorns and briers; the few that now remain are mixed with roses. Pleasure is now the principal remaining part of your Education. It will soften and polish your manners; it will make you pursue and, at last, overtake the *Graces.* Pleasure is, necessarily, reciprocal; no one feels, who does,

not at the same time give it. To be pleased, one must please. What pleases you in others, will, in general, please them in you. Paris is, indisputably, the *Seat of the Graces;* they will even court you, if you are not too coy. Frequent and Observe the *best companies* there, and you will soon be naturalised among them; you will soon find how particularly attentive they are to the *correctness* and *elegancy* of their Language, and to the *graces* of their Enunciation: they would even call the Understanding of a man in question, who should neglect, or not know the infinite advantages arising from them. *Narrer*, *Réciter*, *Déclamer*, *bien* — are serious studies among them, and well deserve to be so everywhere. The conversations, even among the women, frequently turn upon the elegancies and minutest delicacies of the French Language. &c.

Shut up your Books then now, as a *business*, and open them only as a *pleasure:* but let the great Book-of-the-World be your *serious study;* read it over and over, get it by heart, adopt its style, and make it your own.

When I cast up your account, as it now stands, I rejoice to see the Balance so much in your favor; and that the items *per contra* are so few, and of such a nature that they may be very easily cancelled. By way of *debtor* and *creditor*, it stands thus:

Creditor by	French,	*Debtor* to	English,
	German,		Enunciation,
	Italian,		Manners.
	Latin,		
	Greek,		
	Logic,		
	Ethics,		
	History,		
Jus	Natura,		
	Gentium,		
	Publicum.		

This, my dear friend, is a very true Account, and a very encouraging one for you. A man who owes so little, *can* clear it off in a very little time, and if he is a prudent man *will;* whereas, a man, who by long negligence owes a great deal, despairs of ever being able to pay; and therefore never looks into his accounts at all.

Cultivate your Italian, while you are at Florence; where it is spoken in its utmost purity, but ill pronounced.

Adieu. Endeavour to please others, and divert yourself as much as ever you can, *en honnête et galant Homme.*

A Paraphrase on XIII *Chap.* I. *Corinthians.*

Did sweeter sounds adorn my flowing tongue,
Than ever man pronounced, or angel sung;
Had I all knowledge, human and divine,
That thought can reach, or science can define;
And had I power to give that knowledge birth,
In all the speeches of the babbling earth;
Did Shadrach's zeal my glowing breast inspire,
To weary tortures, and rejoice in fire;
Or had I faith like that which Israel saw,
When Moses gave them miracles, and law —
Yet, gracious Charity, indulgent guest!
Were not thy power exerted in my breast,
Those speeches would send up unheeded prayer;
That scorn of life would be but wild despair;
A cymbal's sound were better than my voice;
My faith were form; my eloquence were noise.

Charity, decent, modest, easy, kind,
Softens the high, and rears the abject mind;
Knows with just reins, and gentle hand, to guide
Betwixt vile shame, and arbitrary pride:
Not soon provoked, she easily forgives;
And much she suffers, as she much believes;
Soft peace she brings wherever she arrives;
She builds our quiet, as she forms our lives;
Lays the rough paths of peevish nature even,
And opens in each breast a present heaven.

Each Other gift which God on man bestows,
Its proper bounds and due restriction knows;
To one fixed purpose dedicates its power,
And finishing its act, exists no more.
Thus, in obedience to what heaven decrees,
Knowledge shall fail, and prophecy shall cease —
But lasting Charity's more ample sway,
Nor bound by time, nor subject to decay,
In happy triumph shall for ever live,
And endless good diffuse, and endless praise receive!

As through the Artist's intervening glass,
Our eye perceives the distant planets pass,
A little we discover; but allow
That more remains unseen, than Art can show —

So whilst our mind its knowledge would improve,
(Its feeble eye intent on things above,)
High as we may, we lift our Reason up,
By *Faith* directed, and confirmed by *Hope*:
Yet we are only able to survey
Dawnings of beams, and promises of day —
Heaven's fuller effulgence mocks our dazzled sight;
Too great its swiftness, and too strong its light!

But soon the mediate clouds shall be dispelled:
The Son shall soon be face to face beheld,
In all his robes, with all his glory on,
Seated sublime on his meridian throne.
Then constant *Faith*, and holy *Hope* shall die;
One lost in certainty, and One in joy:
Whilst thou! more happy power, fair *Charity*,
Triumphant Sister, greatest of the Three,
Thy office, and thy nature still the same,
Lasting thy lamp, and unconsumed thy flame,
Shalt still survive!!!
Shall stand before the host of heaven confessed,
For ever blessing, and for ever blessed.

PRIOR.

Temporary Evil productive of Lasting Good.

Could creatures, without the experience of any lapse or evil, have been made duely sensible of the darkness and dependance of their created nature, and of the distance and distinction between themselves and their God; could they have known the nature and extent of his attributes, with the infinity of his love; could they have known the dreadful consequences of falling off from him, without seeing any example, or experiencing any consequence of such a fall; could all intelligent creatures have been continued in that lowliness, that resignation, that gratitude of burning affection which the slain will of the mortified sinner feels, when called up into the grace and enjoyment of his God; could those endearing relations have subsisted in creation, which have since newly arisen between God and his lapsed creatures, wholly subsequent thereto; those relations of redemption, of regeneration, of a power of conversion that extracts good out of evil; if these eternal benefits could

have been introduced, without the admission of Evil, no lapse would ever have been.

In the dark and the boundless mirror, called Nature, God beheld and contemplated, from all eternity, the lovliness of his own light, and the beauty of his own ideas: he saw, that, without intelligence no creature could be excellent, or formed in his likeness: but he also saw, that, unless such intelligence should be ruled by his wisdom, and wholly conformable to his will, the creature could not be wise, the creature could not be happy. — In the impossibility of the creature's desire of independance, God saw the possibility of moral and natural Evil: but he saw that such partial and temporary Evil might be converted to the production of an infinity of Good; and he saw, that without the admission of such evil, the good that bore relation thereto could not arise. —— He knew, that, till the Lapse of some of his creatures, his own infinite attributes could not duely be manifested, could not be duely adored in the glory of their contrast: that no creature, till then, could be duely sensible of its own fallibility, could be duely sensible that sufficiency and perfection were solely in God, and that all things depended on him, as well for every quality of *blessedness* as of *being*. — He foresaw all the misery that would attend upon error; but he saw also how beneficial was the Sense of such error; how it might sap the self-confidence of the creature, and engage him to cast his trust where his strength alone lay. — And he the more willingly permitted the sufferings of his fallen offspring, as the future blissful period was already present to him, when the miseries of the short parenthesis, called Time, should be for ever shut up between the two Eternities; and when all his beloved and rectified creatures should enter upon the fulness of the enjoyment of their God. — From the blackness of guilt, and the cloud of pains, calamities, diseases, and deaths, God saw remorse, contrition, humility, patience, and resignation, beaming forth into new wonders of light and eternal life. — He saw new relations, new connections, new endearments arise, between created good and created evil, between transgression and redemption, repentance and pardon; and he joyed, in calling his loved offspring from error to rectitude, from lowliness to exaltation, from death into life, from time to eternity, and from transitory afflictions into ever enduring and ever increasing blessedness.

God foresaw, in future worlds of new and wonderful construction, the frailty and lapse of his favorite family

of Man — He saw him sunk into the inclemency of outward elements, and into the inward darkness of his distinct and limited nature: externally besieged and tempted by lying offers of enjoyment, and internally rent by dissappointed desires and malignant passions — But he had provided a redemption of such stupendous potency, as would not *suffer* the perverse creature to tear itself out of the arms of his affection — He had provided a seed, in the SON OF HIS LOVE, that should take root in Man's world of inward and outward evil, that should grow as a fragrant flower through corruption, into the freedom, the light, and the purity of heaven; that should reprove his unrighteousness, that should convict him of wickedness, that should convince him of weakness, and soften him into sorrow for his transgressions; that should melt him into a sense of the calamity of others; that should diffuse, as a dawning light through his dark nature, subduing his pride, assuaging his passions; calling him forth into the expansion of benevolence, into all the charities and amities, the feelings and offices of the human heart *thus made divine;* and lastly, maturing in him a different nature; that God may be in ALL men the ONE WILL to the ONE GOODNESS, thereby uniting ALL men, as one man, in their God.

That a creature, inexperienced or newly brought into being, should fall by attempting something through its *own* will, and the presumption of its *own* power, does not appear to have anything wonderful in it; but that a creature, fallen into the misery and depravity of a second and base nature, should rise again superior to its original goodness and glory, this is the work produced in Time that will be matter of amazement throughout Eternity — That man fallen into a body of mortal flesh, fallen into an evil nature, fallen into circling elements of hostility, distemperature and dissolution to his frame; that man, thus degraded, thus oppressed and assaulted from within and from without, should yet advance and proceed through his course of appointed warfare, denying his own appetites, pulling down his own pride, combating sufferings with patience, subduing injuries with love, delighting to labor under the hinder part of that cross which Simon the Cyrenian was compelled to bear; conquering, rising, triumphing over desires, disappointments, tribulations, languor, sickness, and death; and all this, without any violation of that principle of liberty which his ETERNALLY FREE PROGENITOR imparted unto him; this indeed is a wonder to Cherubim and Seraphim, and, from Eternity to Eternity, the GREATEST WORK OF GOD!!!

BROOKE.

The Love of Country and Home.

There is a Land — of every land the pride —
Beloved by Heaven o'er all the world beside;
Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
And milder moons emparadise the night;
A land of beauty, virtue, valor, truth,
Time-tutored age, and love-exalted youth:
The wandering Mariner, whose eye explores
The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,
Views not a realm so bountiful and fair,
Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air;
In every clime the magnet of his soul,
Touched by remembrance, trembles to that pole:
For in this land of heaven's peculiar grace,
The heritage of nature's noblest race,
There is a Spot of earth supremely blessed,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest;
Where Man — creation's tyrant — casts aside
His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride,
While in his softened looks benignly blend
The sire, the son, the husband, brother, friend:
Here Woman reigns; the mother, daughter, wife,
Strews with fresh flowers the rugged path of life;
In the clear heaven of her delightful eye
An Angel-guard of loves and graces lie;
Around her knees domestic duties meet,
And fire-side pleasures gambol at her feet.
"Where shall that Land, that Spot of Earth, be found?"
Art thou a man? a patriot? — look around —
O, thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,
That Land *thy Country*, and that Spot *thy Home!*

MONTGOMERY.

On War with America;

and on the employment of Indians therein.

I cannot, my Lords, I will not join in congratulation, on misfortune and disgrace. This, my Lords, is a perilous and tremendous moment: it is not a time for adulation;

the smoothness of flattery cannot save us in this rugged and aweful crisis. It is now necessary to instruct the Throne in the language of truth. We must, if possible, dispel the delusion and darkness which envelope it; and display, in its full danger and genuine colors, the ruin which is brought to our doors. Can Ministers still presume to expect support in their infatuation? Can Parliament be so dead to their dignity and duty, as to give their support to measures thus obtruded and forced upon them? Measures, my Lords, which have reduced this late flourishing empire to scorn and contempt! But yesterday, and England might have stood against the world; now, none so poor to do her reverence! The people whom we at first despised as rebels, but whom we now acknowledge as enemies, are abetted against you, supplied with every military store, have their interest consulted, and their ambassadors entertained by your inveterate enemy — and Ministers do not, and dare not, interpose with dignity or effect. The desperate state of our army abroad, is, in part, known. No man more highly esteems and honors the British troops, than I do; I know their virtues and their valor; I know they can achieve anything but Impossibilities; and I know that the conquest of English America is an Impossibility. You cannot, my Lords, you cannot conquer America! What is your present situation there? We do not know the worst — but we know, that, in three campaigns we have done nothing and suffered much. You may swell every expense, accumulate every assistance, and extend your traffic to the shambles of every German despot; your attempts will be for ever vain and impotent — doubly so, indeed, from this mercenary aid on which you rely; for it irritates, to an incurable resentment, the minds of your adversaries, to over-run them with the mercenary sons of rapine and plunder, devoting them and their possessions to the rapacity of hireling cruelty. Were I an American, my Lords, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I never would lay down my arms —— Never, never, never! But, my Lords, Who is the man, that, in addition to the disgraces and mischiefs of the War, has dared to authorise, and associate to our arms, the *Tomohawk* and *Scalpingknife* of the Savage? to call, into civilized alliance, the wild and inhuman inhabitant of the woods? to delegate to the merciless Indian the defence of disputed rights, and to wage the horrors of his barbarous war, against our bretheren? My Lords, these enormities cry aloud for redress and

punishment. But, my Lords, this barbarous measure has been defended, not only on the principles of policy and necessity, but also on those of morality; "for it is perfectly allowable," says Lord Suffolk, "to use all the means which God and Nature have put into our hands" — I am astonished, I am shocked, to hear such principles confessed; to hear them avowed in this House, or in this Country! My Lords, I did not intend to encroach so much on your attention; but I cannot repress my indignation — I feel myself impelled to speak. My Lords, we are called upon as Members of this House, as Men, as Christians, to protest against such horrible barbarity! "That God and Nature have put into our hands"— What ideas of God and Nature that noble Lord may entertain, I know not; but I know, that such detestable principles, are equally abhorrent to Religion and to Humanity. What! attribute the sacred sanction of God and Nature to the massacres of the Indian-scalpingknife! to the Cannibal-savage, torturing, murdering, devouring, drinking the blood of his mangled victims! Such notions shock every precept of Morality, every feeling of Humanity, every sentiment of Honor. These abominable principles, and this more abominable avowal of them, demand the most decisive indignation. I call upon that Right Reverend and this most Learned Bench, to vindicate the Religion of their God, to support the Justice of their Country. I call upon the Bishops, to interpose the unsullied sanctity of their lawn; upon the Judges, to interpose the purity of their ermine, that we may be preserved from this pollution! I call upon the honor of your Lordships, to reverence the dignity of your ancestors, and to maintain your own. I call upon the spirit and humanity of my Country, to vindicate the national character. I invoke the Genius of the Constitution!!! From the tapestry that adorns these walls, the immortal ancestor of this noble Lord, frowns with indignation at the disgrace of his Country. In vain did he defend the liberty, and establish the religion of Britain, against the tyranny of Rome, if these worse than Popish cruelties and Inquisitorial practices, are endured among us. To send forth the merciless Cannibal, thirsting for blood — against whom? your Protestant brethren! — to lay waste their country, to desolate their dwellings, and extirpate their race and name, by the aid and instrumentality of such horrible hell-hounds of war! Spain can no longer boast pre-eminence in Barbarity. She armed herself with Blood-hounds, to extirpate the wretched natives of Mexico; we — more ruthless! loose these Indian-

dogs of war against our countrymen in America, endeared to us, as they are, by every tie that can sanctify Humanity. I solemnly call upon your Lordships, and upon every order of men in the state, to stamp upon this infamous procedure the indeleble stigma of the public abhorrence. More particularly, I call upon the holy Prelates of our religion, to do away this iniquity; let them perform a lustration, to purify the country from this deep and deadly sin. My Lords, I am old and weak, and at present unable to say more; but my feelings and indignation were too strong, to have said less. I could not have slept this night on my bed, nor even reposed my head upon my pillow, without giving vent to my eternal abhorrence of such enormous and preposterous principles.

CHATHAM.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Epitaph.*

From IV Act of *The Tempest.*

The cloud capped towers,
The gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples,
The great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like the baseless fabric of a vision,
Leave not a wreck behind!!!

SHAKESPEARE.

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